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**JUNE 11, 1932**









**MEMOIRS**  
**OF THE**  
**COUNTESS DE GENLIS,**  
**ILLUSTRATIVE OF**  
**THE HISTORY OF THE**  
**EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.**  
**WRITTEN BY HERSELF.**

**VOL. IV.**

**LONDON:**  
**HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.**  
**1825.**



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# MEMOIRS

OF

## MADAME DE GENLIS.

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THE revolution broke out on the ninth of July, the evening previous to my birth-day, which was celebrated at Saint Leu by charming plays. A painter of the name of Giroux performed the character of Polyphemus in a pantomime; and while thus engaged, we were informed of the first commotions that took place in Paris. M. Giroux was so desirous of seeing what was going on, that the moment he had performed his part, he jumped into a cabriolet, and set off in all haste for the capital, without taking time even to change his dress. The costume he had on, and his painted eye-brows, caused such astonishment, that he was stopped at the barriers, where he was detained more than three hours, and interrogated very strictly as to the motives of this singular disguise.

Some time after the revolution, the Duke of Chartres went to join his regiment at Vendôme, and performed a humane and courageous action, which obtained for him the solemn presentation of a *civic crown* by the city. He had been to bathe in the river, and was dressing on the shore, when one of the bathers was seized with a violent cramp, and cried out for assistance ; he instantly jumped into the water, came up to him, took hold of him by the hair, and was so fortunate as to bring him safe to the shore. The man he saved was a custom-house officer, and he came to the duke's the next day, along with his wife and children, to throw himself at the feet of his benefactor. This adventure took place in the middle of the day, in presence of many spectators, and did great honour to the duke. He inclosed to me in a letter a leaf of his civic crown, which I carefully preserved and put in my book of recollections, (*Souvenirs*,) and which I keep at this moment. He thanked me most affectionately in his letter for having made him learn to swim. In fact, when I sent him and his brother to the swimming school, I often told them that it was a branch of knowledge they ought to acquire both for themselves and for others ;\*

\* There is to be found in a wretched work (the *Annales Françaises* of Salier) a ridiculous calumny concerning this incident. It

and for the same reason I taught them to bleed and to dress wounds. During a whole winter I took them regularly to the Hotel Dieu, to dress the wounds of the poor.

In 1790, we met with an adventure, which

is stated that the late Duke of Orleans, my pupil's father, *to imitate the Duke of Brunswick*, had pretended to save a drowning man, by ordering *one of his footmen* to jump into the river, and by the prince himself, who was an excellent swimmer, *pretending* to save him. This ridiculous tale is made up entirely from the actual adventure that occurred to the Duke of Chartres at Vendôme.

In general, the *historical* memoirs of this age are full of lies and calumnies; and those bearing the name of the Baron de Bezenval, (which he never wrote,) contain an immense mass of falsehoods, particularly relating to Madame de Barbantane, for every thing said to her prejudice is absolutely unfounded. That lady always was my enemy, so that my evidence on the subject is noways liable to suspicion; and I can have no personal motives to speak ill of the work, for I am not mentioned in it at all. In the *Memoirs* of Collé, there is a very false account given of Monsigny, who is much abused: yet I knew that celebrated composer from my childhood, and can aver that his virtues and integrity were as eminent as his talent. The *Memoirs* of Grimm are also full of little stories of his own invention. He mentions some verses *full of naïveté* sent me at a fête at Bercy, by Mesdemoiselles d'Orleans, and these two twin princesses were at that time just *eleven months old*; he likewise gives an impertinent answer of M. de Schomberg to the Duke of Orleans, which that gentleman not only never gave, but which, from his disposition, he was totally incapable of giving. M. Grimm says, that M. de Tressan praised me in a public discourse before the Academy, which is absolutely false.—(Note by the Author.)

urgently increased my desire of leaving France immediately. At four in the afternoon, Mademoiselle, the Count de Beaujolais, my niece, Henriette de Sercey, Pamela, and I set out in a barouche for a country-house at four leagues from Paris, and had occasion to pass through the village of Colombe. It happened, unfortunately, to be the fair day, so that an immense crowd of people was assembled from the neighbourhood ; and while passing through the place, the people crowded round the carriage, and took it into their heads that I was the queen, along with Madame and the Dauphin, escaping from Paris. They stopped us, made us come out of the carriage, which they laid hold of, as well as of our coachman and seryants. Amidst the confusion, the commander of the national guard (a very respectable young man, called M. Baudry) harangued the people to induce them to let us go, but they would only permit us to be taken into his house, which was close by, on his giving his word of honour that we should be detained prisoners till the whole matter could be cleared up. He took us to his house through an immense crowd, and though this occupied us but a minute, we heard on our way voices furiously calling out that we should be sent *à la lanterne*. We entered the house, but scarcely had been there

a quarter of an hour, before four thousand of the mob attacked the doors, forced them open, and entered with tremendous noise. M. Baudry, very kindly and courageously made every effort to calm their rage ; and as we were in the garden when we heard them approaching, I told my pupils to begin playing at some game at the different corners along with me. A multitude of men and women rushed into the garden, and were greatly surprised at finding us playing. We instantly stopped, and I advanced towards them with the greatest serenity, told them that I was the wife of one of their deputies, that I was going to write a note to Paris, and requested they would send forward a messenger to find out the alleged mystery. They listened for a moment, and then exclaimed, *all that is a lie*, for that I wanted to send for a reinforcement ; and they determined among themselves, that if any one was daring enough to go to Paris, they would hang him up *à la lanterne* on his return. M. Baudry addressed them also, and very energetically, but it was all in vain. During this discussion, I took some snuff and held the box open, and at the very moment I was proposing to them to give us a guard of ten or twelve men, and to leave us quiet till next day, an ugly peasant, dead drunk, the nastiest and most disgusting object I

ever saw, came and took a pinch out of my box ; but I threw away the remainder of the snuff, and coolly continued my address. This action struck them greatly, and produced a good effect, for several of them said, that if I were really the queen, I would not be so much at my ease. In the midst of all this, a person in the crowd took an opportunity of approaching me while the mob were all talking at once, and whispered to me "*I am an old gamekeeper of Sillery—be not alarmed—I am going to Paris.*" These words gave me some consolation.

At length, all the peasants consented to go away, but they left us a guard of twelve men armed with muskets and bayonets, who followed us wherever we went. Most of the mob were drunk, and remained in the street round the house, so that we could not possibly escape. At eight in the evening, the *maire* came to interrogate us, and to look more important, he had put on his tricoloured sash ; he gravely told me to *deliver up* all the papers I had in my pocket ; I handed him four or five letters, and as he was attentively examining the seals, I urged him to break them open, but he told me in a very gruff tone, that he could not read, though, after all, he would not return me the letters. In this situation we spent the whole

night ; the peasants besieging us fell asleep, got over their liquor, and wakened next morning with somewhat more common sense. At five o'clock the old gamekeeper came back from Paris, where he had gone to the municipality, and got an order for our deliverance. The kind gamekeeper had been pretty well assured that the order forbidding him to go to Paris would be forgotten as soon as their drunkenness had disappeared ; and, in fact, nobody remembered it, and every one acknowledged that I was not the queen ; and passing from one extreme to another, from thoughtless rage to fruitless repentance, the greater part of the crowd wished to take us back to Paris in triumph, which, had it taken place, would have made a shocking story in the papers. It required all my power of persuasion to turn them from their idea of rendering us this dangerous honour ; but I succeeded, after great efforts, and we set out at last, and arrived at Belle Chasse at half-past six in the evening. I was excessively tired, but not the least unwell, in spite of all the terrors that had agitated me during this dangerous crisis.

A short time after, I felt the most heart-rending sorrow at the death of my mother, whom I tended during three whole days and nights, without ever going to bed, without even leaving her for a



moment. My pupils wished, of their own accord, to be present at her funeral, for they truly loved her, and joined most sincerely and affectionately in grief for her loss.

At the beginning of the year 1789, the Duchess of Orleans had given me an enamelled ring, with these words over it, *You know how much you love me, but you cannot know how much I love you.* The initials of each word only were inscribed on the ring. In return, I gave her an enamelled ring, representing a knotted ribbon, and close to the knot these words, *It cannot be untied.\**

At this time I had numerous causes of anxiety

\* All my pupils, my friends, my mother, husband, brother, and daughters, gave me each a ring with a particular device. That of the Duke of Chartres (who was then seventeen) was, *What should I have been but for you?* This too modest sentiment affected me the more, as it was wholly of his own choice, as was the one on the ring given me by Mademoiselle, a large gold ring opening within, and containing these words, *Is there any thing I can prefer to the happiness of being with you?* and on the ring was inscribed *Adèle*, the name she bore in our family, while the Duke of Chartres took the name of *Théodore*. M. Pieyre made the following pretty device for the duke of Montpensier, *To love you is my duty, to please you my delight.* This was inscribed on a ring enamelled in black, a colour that painfully affected me; it was a presentiment. The Count de Beaujolais gave me a ring he had made himself, and he got these words engraved on it, *I am your work, and I present you mine.* The device of the Duchess of Orleans is taken from the *Letters of Madame de Sevigné*.—(Note by the Author.)

and discontent, amongst the rest, by the Duke of Orleans telling me that the Viscount de Segur had asked him for the place of *Secrétaire des Commandemens* to the Duke of Chartres for M. de Laclos, the author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*. I was confounded at this strange proposal, and answered, after a short interval of silence, that if he gave that place to such a man, I would next day give up the education of his children. The place was not given, but it seems he had seen M. de Laclos several times, and been much pleased with him; he subsequently formed a great intimacy with him, and consulted him on the most important affairs during the revolution, and the results of this confidence are well known. The Viscount de Segur had the hardihood and the want of sense to come to Belle Chasse, for the express purpose of speaking to me once more in favour of M. de Laclos; and he told me, amidst other things, that he was one of my *greatest admirers*, and that if I would reflect on it deeply I would really find a great deal of morality in his novel. In reply I told him what was the real fact, that I had just read it for the first time, and that I not only found it abominable in its principles, but that it seemed to me a very poor work, considered merely as a literary production. In fact, there is neither in-

vention displayed in it, nor characters, nor original nor faithful pictures of society. There is no talent in conceiving the abominable woman whom he describes, for she is merely vulgar and disgusting; and it was most absurd in him to praise the fertility of her imagination, and after all make her invent no means of being revenged on her rival, more ingenious than that of enticing him to her house for the purpose of getting him whipped by her footmen.

The melancholy alteration of the conduct of the Duchess of Orleans towards me, after twenty years of the warmest friendship and closest intimacy, became at last so obvious, that I determined on retiring from her household altogether. The causes of this change had indeed been laid ever since Madame de Chastellux became a widow, and the revolution only aggravated it, or rather served as a pretence. In my *Leçons d'une Gouvernante*, I have given the minutest details of my conduct during this melancholy emergency. Therein may be seen the purity of my views, and the astonishing efforts I made to gain and to preserve for her the affection of her children, in spite of all the unjust treatment I was subjected to. I shall here give a short sketch of the facts. I would not insert the particulars in my *Journal of Education*, that my

pupils might remain ignorant of the matter, and preserve unaltered their affectionate feelings towards their virtuous mother, an object I was always desirous of securing. Of the conduct of the duchess after our first differences, they never knew any thing but what I could not possibly conceal from them, namely, those incidents that took place in their presence. They were consequently wholly ignorant of the following details, till the month of May 1791. I spoke to them neither directly nor indirectly of the steps I took to change the opinion of the duchess, nor of the letters I am about to refer to. Not only did I conceal these fruitless endeavours from them, but that the crying injustice of the duchess towards me might be extenuated in their eyes, I told them again and again *that I had been in the wrong*, in so far as I had not taken the necessary steps to open her eyes to the truth, and to bring about a good understanding; that I still loved her, because I was certain that nothing could change the kindness of her heart;—but that I had a sort of stiffness and obstinacy in my disposition which prevented me employing those means of reconciliation that might have been successful; and that, lastly, whenever I lose a friend, I can only grieve in secret for the loss, and though I may not feel my goodwill

abated, I at least remain listless and inactive in the situation I have been left in. It was by such means that I extenuated to them *my* unwarrantable conduct, for which, in my own mind, I could find no excuse, and this was the sole artifice I employed; but when, in spite of the deep prejudice raised against me, I continually held up to their regard the virtue, the kindness, the amiable and affectionate disposition of the Duchess of Orleans, I merely fulfilled a duty, and did homage to truth. I related only what I had seen during the space of eighteen years, and what remained always unalterably the same. A susceptible and virtuous mind may be agitated and embittered, it may be urged to unfounded doubts and suspicions, but it cannot be hardened, cannot be changed. It would at any time be a base idea to think of destroying the mutual affection of a mother and her children, but the idea would seem still more absurd when that mother was the Duchess of Orleans.

On the 10th of September 1790, I wrote the following letter to the Duke of Orleans:—

“ The painful moment I have foreseen for more than a year past, has at length arrived.— I am absolutely compelled to ask you for leave to resign my place, unless I obtain (what, in fact, I have no hopes of) proper satisfaction for the injuries I

have received. You know how things stood, since they took place under your own eyes ; you know whether or not I was possessed of mildness, patience, and moderation ; but I am at last driven to take a step that makes my very heart bleed, but which it is now impossible for me to prevent. I did not inform you that a few days ago the duchess came to see Mademoiselle in the afternoon, a thing not usual with her : in about two minutes time she told her in presence of Mademoiselle Rime, that she wished to see her sons, and asked where they were, to which her daughter answered that they were along with me, *as usual at that hour ; in that case*, said the duchess, *I will not see them*. This was plain language, spoken loudly before Mademoiselle and a waiting-maid. However, I had determined on not mentioning this subject to you, as well as many other incidents. But you are aware that the duchess told her children in presence of all the persons in the academy,\* that she would receive them on Sunday to dinner. On rising at half past ten this morning, Mademoiselle came to clasp me in her arms, all bathed in tears, and informed me that her mother had come at nine o'clock, and had told her, *that very*

\* This was the name we gave to the apartment where the pupils learned drawing.

*strong reasons prevented her receiving her at home, but that she could not state these reasons, as she had not deserved to be trusted; that she hoped these reasons would soon cease, however, and that she would then explain the whole matter to her.* This notice was accompanied by several questions, by the following amongst others, *Is it really true that you are so fond of Madame de Sillery? I must,* replied Mademoiselle, *be very ungrateful indeed, if I did not love her fervently.* The Duke of Chartres and his brother had likewise their share in the investigation. The consequence of all this is, that it is now evident to your children that their mother hates me, and publicly disapproves of the confidence you placed in me, and which she herself so strongly placed in me heretofore; that you do not consequently act in concert with her, but are openly divided in feelings and opinions. Add to this, that they see the duchess but for a moment, that they are very coldly received, that they see I am entirely devoted to their happiness, that they reckon such attention should awake a mother's grateful feelings; and that, after all, in spite of the treatment I have received, and which they have themselves witnessed, I never speak of her but to praise her virtue, and to exhort them in every shape to love and revere her. Most as-

surely they will not say that I am in the wrong, and a continuance of such conduct must necessarily irritate them at last. Thus situated, I cannot honourably remain longer in the place I hold, and my final determination is as follows; have the kindness to persuade the duchess to authorize me to tell her children, *within three days*, that I have been to see her at the Palais Royal to form an arrangement of our differences, that I have fully justified myself from the charges brought against me, that she has shown me all her former affection, and that the whole be followed up by a suitable manner of living together in future, such as coming here in the evening as heretofore, &c. Then will I remain, and forget every thing that has passed, and be delighted in showing her every possible mark of respect and attachment, for in spite of her injustice towards me, evidently excited by the machinations of evil disposed persons, who make a shocking abuse of the easiness of her disposition, I shall always do justice to her virtue, the kindly feelings of her heart, and can easily excuse conduct of which I am well assured she did not foresee the natural consequences: lastly, I request you earnestly to obtain my prayer without delay, but if that cannot be, I must again say, accept my resignation. I can do every thing for your chil-



dren (and I have shown it,) but debasing myself ; and that I should do, were I to remain here in the present posture of affairs.

*" Belle Chasse, Friday, Sept. 10, 1790."*

Such was the language I employed in speaking of the duchess to the duke, at a period when my irritation for a long series of ill-usage was still more aggravated by the want of any specific charge; or any explanation on the part of the duchess; for whatever errors may be supposed to have been committed by a person, to whom, during the long period of nineteen years the most affectionate marks of friendship and confidence have been shown, surely that person ought at once to learn all the particulars of the things laid to her charge, and not be condemned unheard! The duke would not accept my resignation, but promised to obtain all that I wished for in a few days. In the interval, Mademoiselle, seeing me sorrowful and dejected, easily perceived the plan I had in view, for from what she had herself seen, she had long been alarmed lest I should at last resolve on withdrawing altogether; but she thought it better to say nothing about the matter, and the constraint thereby produced had a most baneful and obvious influence on her health. One day in the garden

at Belle Chasse she swooned away, when the ladies who were with her brought her home insensible; on hastening to her immediately, I found her in very dangerous fits, but the moment she opened her eyes and saw me, she burst into tears. This scene, which will never be obliterated from my memory, led to an explanation of the causes of her illness, when I at last solemnly engaged to finish her education, that is, *that I would not leave her of my own free-will, in a word, that I would not give in my resignation.* This new engagement made me more desirous than ever of being reinstated in the good graces of the Duchess of Orleans; but being naturally but little inclined to complain, I had spoken very vaguely to the duke about the particular inconveniences of my situation, and in a tone that doubtless made him believe I was noways offended; while he informed me in his answer that the duchess was far from showing the same moderation towards me, for her new friends had completely altered her disposition, though she was unable to bring against me a single charge, or to give the slightest reason for so great and sudden an antipathy. The duke thought that the real cause of the ill-will of the duchess's friends towards me, was their hatred of the new constitution; but he also thought that

she would never give this as the real motive, as my opinions were exactly the same as those of the duke on this subject, and that she could not possibly expect that a father would allow his children to be educated in opinions diametrically opposite to his own, as well as contrary to his oath, to the king's oath, and to the nature of the existing laws. For these reasons he was convinced that the duchess would soon return to more moderate and steady principles, and to bring this about, he thought it due to her virtuous conduct, and to the powerful and pure affection she had always displayed towards him down to the period of the revolution, to make use of every kind indulgence, of every affectionate attention, of every proof of warm and unalterable friendship, before he took upon him to employ his authority. Such conduct was a duty of gratitude on the part of the duke, and he fulfilled it in all its details. Such excess of mildness would undoubtedly have gained over the duchess had she been her own mistress, but the person who directed her councils saw nothing in it but carelessness and want of spirit, and her boldness consequently increased more and more.

I informed the duke of the engagement I had contracted with Mademoiselle, and added, that

I was desirous of mentioning it to the duchess, and of seizing this opportunity of having an explanation of the past. For this purpose I wrote the following letter, a copy of which I kept. I read it first of all to the duke, who promised to deliver it himself, and cause it to be read in his presence, along with several passages of my *Journal of Education*, which I had shown him. This was all put in execution, and the result will be seen presently :

“ I request the duchess to have the kindness to hear me free from prejudice, with that spirit of justice and impartiality that distinguishes her character, and to judge of me only by substantiated facts. I took charge of the education of your children, Madam, only because you were equally anxious with the duke that I should do so ; and you surely remember (what more than one hundred and fifty letters evince, and which, indeed, might be proved by the marks of friendship and confidence with which you have honoured me, down to the month of October last) that you were *happy* your children were under my care, and that *you could find no words to express your gratitude* for the unbounded attention I had bestowed upon them. I quote the very expressions used in al-

most all your letters. Such sentiments, I have the boldness to say, I merited. It is nearly twelve years since Mademoiselle has been placed under my care; my only duty was to preside over her lessons, and I have myself given her lessons with a zeal and perseverance that have never been surpassed. She is extremely forward for her age, and is a wonderful performer on the harp, an accomplishment she owes to me alone, for the humble musician who makes her go over her lessons, is totally unacquainted with the instrument, and cannot even tune it. Mademoiselle has many other accomplishments, besides, and I do not think any young lady of thirteen can be found, whose education is more finished, or whose character is more amiable and interesting. With respect to your sons, Madam, you are aware that I took charge of them for the sole purpose of showing you and the duke the unbounded attachment I felt towards you, for I refused every sort of salary, though I had my own daughters on my hands at the time, and was by no means comfortably situated, as the Messieurs de Brulart did not obtain the fortune of the Marechale d'Estrées till some years after. The education I gave your sons has been universally approved, even by my enemies, and you yourself, Madam, seemed perfectly satisfied with

it, till within these few months. Hence, I take the liberty of asking you, can you have forgotten all at once a satisfaction felt and expressed during eleven years, and the claims I have upon your regard for such a long series of services, for so much disinterestedness, so many cares and sacrifices, and for such distinguished success at last? What have I done in *eleven months* that can obliterate from the heart of an affectionate mother these *eleven years* of devoted attachment to the interests of her children? Could you fancy for a moment, that I ever neglected to awaken and to invigorate in the hearts of your children the affection they justly owe you? The idea would be monstrous, and consequently, unworthy of a soul like yours. At any rate, were I capable of a similar act of baseness, I should be as mad as viciously inclined. What is my interest, Madam, in educating your children? It is most evident that it cannot be hopes of fortune, or still less, motives of ambition. *Friendship*, in former times, was my sole motive; and since then, the desire and the hope of showing a model of accomplished education were the only causes that could support me in the performance of such arduous duties. My true interest, the only one I can possibly possess, is to make your children virtuous and accomplished. And

how could they become so, if I did not cultivate with the utmost care, all the sentiments that should adorn their minds ? Hence have I ardently desired that they should love you with the warmest affection, and hence have I never wished them to love me so intensely, as not to be able to do without me, for I have, from the first moment they were placed under my charge, down to the present time, constantly dispelled the idea that best sustains the force of affection, the idea that I should pass my whole life along with them. I have told them again and again, both in speech and writing, often, Madam, in your own presence, that as soon as their education was finished, my connexion with them would cease, for I would then leave Paris and society for ever. This determination may be considered final, for it has been settled in my own mind for more than a dozen years. Hence, Madam, why should I be desirous of creating any ill-will between them and you ? To govern them myself ? I have never had the ascendancy over any one, not even over my own children, for a great many reasons, but chiefly because great care, minute attentions, and suppleness are required for the purpose, and such qualities are completely contrary to my disposition and habits. At any rate, and I repeat it once more, I will not remain

in public life one minute longer, after recovering my liberty, so that I cannot have two plans completely opposed to each other, that of governing your children, and that of being separated from them for ever.

“ But even were I desirous of remaining with them, and of preserving great influence over their minds, why should I be desirous of making them disobedient or undutiful sons ? Far from it being necessary to corrupt them, for the purpose of establishing my influence more powerfully, I could not establish it on a surer foundation than by doing what I have always done without dreaming of such an object, by giving my whole attention towards rendering them perfectly honourable, kind, and virtuous. You may perhaps remember, that, during the time in which I had the happiness of seeing and addressing you, I requested you in person to take part with me in the cares I bestowed on the education of Mademoiselle ; because I had observed that her affection for me arose chiefly from the deep gratitude she felt for the attentions I paid her, and the assiduous lessons that occupied my time.

“ I had thought much on this subject, Madam, when I proposed to you, about a twelvemonth ago, an arrangement, by which Mademoiselle would



have been inspired with the same ardent feeling towards you as she felt towards me from a similar cause. This proposal, on my part, shows clearly the desire I had of taking every possible means of making your interests and those of Mademoiselle inseparable; but, thank heaven, there still remains a more convincing proof than all these facts, of the unbounded desire I felt at all times, that you might preserve the affections of your children, a proof clear to demonstration—I mean, the private journal I made for the use of your children, and which they read daily. How happy I should have been, if you would have read this journal—I should never have lost the happiness of being beloved by you! One of the greatest sorrows you ever caused me, Madam, was the refusal, in presence of Mademoiselle, to read this very book. I send it now—deign to peruse it, and you will see in every part of it, that my highest wish is that you be adored by your children, and that I constantly speak of *your affection for them, your heavenly virtues, and the love and unbounded confidence they owe you*. Such is the invariable language I have used, which has not been altered even by the strange treatment I have experienced for a year past. In the journal, you will likewise see that I have not neglected to inspire them with

the affectionate feelings they owe to the Duke of Penthièvre, and what they owe even to persons whom I am not bound personally to esteem, because their ingratitude has been so openly displayed towards me, as Madame Desrois for instance; but I address your children, not from my own private feelings, but from those they ought to preserve towards all mankind, as I have but one object in view, that of rendering them good and virtuous. Now, Madam, I entreat you for one moment to put yourself in my place. After twelve years' exertions, after so many sacrifices, after unbounded cares that have never been equalled, what is my reward? Doubtless, I have a great one, in so far as I have a pure conscience, the success of your children, their heart-felt gratitude, the gratitude of the Duke of Orleans, and the approbation of all men; but can I be satisfied when deprived of the consolation I cannot otherwise enjoy, that of seeing you, Madam, properly appreciate what I have done? But what do I say? You openly disapprove of my conduct before your children—they see clearly, what is at all times a baneful sight for children to see, that their father and mother have different opinions concerning their management, that they no longer act in concert, that what the one esteems, the other

openly disapproves of; in a word, Madam, they see the person who has devoted her whole time and cares to their interests for twelve years past, one whom you yourself honoured with your confidence and friendship till the month of October last, all at once become the victim of your openly avowed dislike! They know how much I have always endeavoured to strengthen the affection they owe you, and yet they see that you will no longer receive them at home because I go along with them! Every person employed in assisting their studies can testify that for the last six months you would not see me at all; now, such conduct, so opposite to that of the duke, ought naturally to make me suspected by those who witness it, for can they suppose that you would thus treat an old friend and the governess of your children, if you had not grievous and avowed wrongs to reproach me with, above all, when I am seen exposed to such improper treatment, and yet not giving up my post! Every other person would have left it eight months ago, and M. de Sillery was most anxious that I should take this step; my personal situation and the aspect of the times, gave great importance to the liberty I desired, but it was neither my duty nor my wish to give up my post while the duke was exposed to persecution, and the Palais

Royal every day losing part of its splendour and characteristics, for the injustice shown to the duke, and the calumnious stories invented against him, only drew closer the ties that bound me to him and to his family, and had I retired, my retreat would have been termed shameless cowardice, so that after all, it has been my duty to suffer every indignity, and yet to remain ; a duty I have performed. Besides, I always flattered myself that you would deign, at last, either to inform me of wrongs I have never heard of, which must in fact be phantoms of the imagination, or to render me full and impartial justice. I still hoped that the duke's return would have dispelled all these sombre clouds. When he arrived, I yielded to my first impression on seeing you the day of your arrival, and approaching you, took the liberty of embracing you, when you received me with the liveliest emotion, I saw the tears gliding down your cheeks, my tears were mingled with yours, my heart desired no other explanation of the past, and all, I thought, was now over. This pleasing error prevailed for several days, for you treated me infinitely better than before, came twice even into my own bed-chamber, and then, all at once, without any new incident having taken

place, without any apparent cause, you completely broke with me, and that in the most open and undisguised manner.

“ I could no longer be mistaken, and saw at length that you were determined on making me retire from my situation ; after numberless contests and unspeakable anguish, I resolved on giving in my resignation the moment the cause respecting a libel against the Duke of Orleans should be decided. It was easy for me to foresee, with a sorrow I cannot give utterance to, that the first information your children would receive of this event would give them a terrible shock, and that Mademoiselle, who would lose me altogether, would be particularly affected ; but I was desirous of offering you this mark of my respect for your wishes, and announced my final resolution to the duke, who increased my sorrow by the grief he displayed on learning the state of things. In the meantime Mademoiselle, who had long been uneasy and unhappy at my situation, perceived, or at any rate suspected my design, by the uneasiness she saw me display, for I never told her a single word about the matter. She concealed her suspicions from me, but on the same day, towards evening, when in the garden along with Made-

moiselle Rime, she was taken ill, and when I hastened to see her after she had been brought back to the drawing-room, I found her in a dreadful state of sobbing, and attacked with fits; she told me, *she was reduced to despair, and that her death would inevitably take place.* These were the very words she used. When I sent the servants out of the room, she explained to me her fears, and that with an impetuosity of grief and despair, I have never seen equalled at her age. I could do nothing at such a moment but attempt to calm her grief, and to quiet her fears, and therefore told her again and again, that the disagreeable circumstances that embittered her mind would soon disappear, that she possessed the most affectionate and virtuous of mothers, and the best of fathers, that she ought to put her whole confidence in them, and all the hopes of the happiness of her future life, and that she ought, above all things, to yield implicit submission to whatever their affection should decide she should do; that if they seemed for a moment to differ in some opinions, that difference was merely apparent and momentary, arising from some misconception on one side or the other; that their strong affection for their dear and amiable daughter would put to flight every difficulty; and that for my own part

I would promise her never to prefer my liberty to the happiness of finishing her education, and that I never would send in my resignation. It was thus that I re-established peace in the most susceptible and grateful heart ever formed by the hand of nature. These incidents (which I immediately gave information of to the duke) increased if possible my ardent affection for this admirable child. What has he not a right to expect, and you too, Madam, from such an elevated soul! I cannot therefore resign my situation, for in the state in which things are, I am certain that the delicate constitution of Mademoiselle could not resist such a violent chagrin. It is not that I think she will never be able to do without me, for that would be mad and foolish in the highest degree; and I have told her, times without number, that so soon as she would no longer require my care, I would quit public life for ever; that is, in three or four years at farthest. But it is a vastly different thing for her to leave me only when her education shall be completed, to see me happy at having finished the charge I undertook, to see me giving her back to your affectionate embrace, Madam, and hear you applauding all that I have done for her and for you, from that of seeing me compelled to leave her before the termination of her education, and

snatched away from her, covered with public marks of your discontent and avowed dislike! Consider besides, Madam, that Mademoiselle is in her fourteenth year, that she is entering upon a period of life very critical for young ladies, and that her extreme delicacy of health, and her unexampled sensibility render it much more dangerous to her than to any other. At the approach of this period every violent shock, every chagrin is excessively dangerous; allow me then to devote my cares to her till she be fully formed, till her health be such as to give no longer rise to anxiety. I have vainly endeavoured to find out the cause of your desire to snatch from me the child you entrusted with so much joy to my care. Till the month of October last, you always seemed delighted with the education I gave her, and from that time I have neither altered my plans nor my conduct; at any rate you have discontinued visiting me or paying any attention to the particulars of her education; so that you have not been able to judge if any change has been effected. Have I been blamed or abused for doing so by those round you? Who could blame me? None of the persons round you come to see me, and consequently cannot be judges of my conduct. I am told that Madame de Chastellux is my enemy,



and that she attacks me without mercy ; but why should she do so ? I have rendered her many services, I have ten of her letters, and as many of her husband's, which speak of nothing but the *affectionate, the eternal gratitude* they owe me, and which she promises therein to preserve *to the end of her life*. I have done her service in your mind, Madam, and in that of the Duke of Orleans ; I gained myself many enemies by eagerly defending her in society, immediately after her marriage. I took her at that time along with my daughter, to see Madame Necker, who had strong prepossessions against her, as well as to visit my aunt and daughter. Contrary to my usual habits, I assisted her in making all the visits that could be advantageous to her, and in spite of my various occupations, took charge of many things, such as purchases, &c. connected with her marriage ; I persuaded my brother to get the Duke of Orleans to lend her husband the money necessary for the settlement of his affairs, I offered her an apartment of which I had the disposal ; in a word, I was delighted when I saw that she was received into your friendship. I have never spoken of her to you but in her praise. These are undeniable facts, and yet Madame de Chastellux would ruin me in your opinion, Madam ! But with the rec-

titude and generosity that distinguish your soul, I doubt not that one moment's reflection will make you perceive that if Madame de Chastellux hates and abuses me, she is most ungrateful and unjust towards me; and that, seeing she does not visit me, and that she knows nothing of what takes place within my household, the ill she reports of me, should not be allowed the smallest weight. You have, times without number told me, that I had *the best heart you ever knew*, and that I was *incapable of maintaining a grudge* against any one, which I venture to say is perfectly true. Do you require, Madam, that I pardon Madame de Chastellux all the evil she has done me? As nothing will be a sacrifice to me in forwarding your interests, I will agree to it, and if I once promise, you may rely on my faithful performance; every thing that has passed shall be obliterated from my mind. What do you desire besides? Mention it, Madam, and to preserve Mademoiselle, to recover your goodwill, I shall find every thing possible. Would you have Mademoiselle to reside with you? You have never shown such a wish, on the contrary, you have always seemed to think that the unavoidable embarrassments occurring at the Palais Royal, would be extremely injurious to her education, and that the

fine garden and pure air of Belle Chasse, were absolutely necessary to her health. But, in fact, Madam, have you changed your opinion? I will agree to it.

“ I am willing to go to the Palais Royal; my apartment need not give you any trouble, for I will be satisfied with a single room, or a closet even, any thing, in fact, you please. Deign then, Madam, to explain your intentions; condescend to observe, that things cannot remain in their present state; condescend to render me the justice you owe, I venture to say it, to my unbounded and devoted attachment. My affection for Mademoiselle puts it wholly out of my power to give up my place; to do so, I must be asked; but as I prove the correctness of my conduct by facts and incontrovertible proofs, and no one can bring forward the slightest reproach against me relative to the education of my pupils, the knowledge I have of your disposition, principles, and equity, give me the assurance, that after this explanation, you will restore me to all my former happiness by restoring me to your good graces. Ah, Madam! listen to the movements of your own heart alone; be guided by your feelings alone, by your own understanding, and from this evening henceforth I shall be perfectly happy. After reading this letter, obey your first impressions, for they will be those of

justice and kindness, and will bring you to Belle Chasse; you will come here to console and comfort a heart full of respect and attachment towards you; you will come here to clasp in your arms that youthful daughter, who, though of such a tender age, already displays a feeling and grateful heart, and a lovely and valuable disposition—that child, who will prove, by her virtues and affection, the charm and felicity of your future life! How many things have I yet to say! In heaven's name, Madam, in the name of your children, deign to come along with the duke; come to hear me—come to restore me to the just rights I ought never to have been deprived of; and this return to justice I shall receive with all the gratitude, joy, and heart-felt emotion, with which the most generous pardon could inspire me.

*" 2d October, 1790."*

As I have already said, the Duke of Orleans took this letter and my journal to the duchess; she read the letter, seemed noways affected by it, and obstinately refused to read a single article of the journal. However, as she could not possibly bring forward a single reason for her conduct, and was strongly urged by the duke, who was anxious that she should return an answer before

she had time to consult Madame de Chastellux, she at last formally promised to follow the following arrangement; that she would treat me in future in a suitable manner, that she would sometimes come to dine with me, that she would receive her children at dinner every Sunday, that she would agree to me dining with them as heretofore, whenever it suited my convenience; that, in consequence of this arrangement, she authorized me to inform her children, that we had had an explanation, with which she was satisfied; and, finally, that she should, next morning, come to see me, but on this express condition, she added, that I should not say a single word relative to our explanation, and that the whole visit should pass without any allusion to former events, on either side. This treaty was accepted by the duke for me, and I ratified it. In effect, the duchess came to see me next day, accompanied by the duke; she did me the honour to embrace me; we spoke of indifferent subjects; and then, in about a quarter of an hour's time, she went to see her children in the next apartment, told them she had spoken to me, that she was satisfied, and that they would henceforth come to see her along with me, as usual. These facts I inserted in my *Journal of Education*. The Sunday afterwards I went with all my pupils

to dinner at the Palais Royal, the duke was there, and the duchess showed me every attention. The next day she sent me a note, which I preserved, of which the following is an exact copy :—

“ I request Madame de Sillery to make such arrangements, that my daughter may be free three times a week, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from twelve o'clock till a quarter past one. I will come and take my children at three every Sunday, and bring them back at six, when Madame de Sillery is not present.”

If I had had any thing to reproach myself with, I would have looked forward with anxiety to such private interviews, three times a week, between the duchess and a young lady of thirteen, from whom it was so easy to obtain the true state of things, by means of caresses, strict examination, and the natural claims of a mother. But, far from fearing this intimacy, I had always desired it ; I saw it now with great pleasure, and immediately proposed other means of procuring the duchess the pleasure of spending more time alone with her daughter. She seemed surprised and deeply affected by this conduct, and I saw plainly

that some one had had the want of tact to tell her beforehand, that I would act very differently. On this occasion she wrote me the following letter, which I carefully preserved, as well as the rest she sent me :—

“ I return you my thanks, Madam, for having pointed out to me the means of prolonging and multiplying the moments I shall be able to spend with my children. I should be sorry to interrupt the studies in which my daughter is engaged, though you mention that what remains is of little consequence. Every time I take her brothers to see a picture-gallery, or other collection, I shall, if possible, take her thither, at the same time; but as I receive notice of these things only the evening before, it might happen that I had a previous engagement, which makes me resolve to accept the offer you have kindly made, of giving me notice, so that the first time I take out my daughter, I shall drive her to the place agreed upon.”

Some time after, I wrote the duchess the following letter, which the Duke of Chartres never had any knowledge of :—

" This letter, Madam, is for you alone ; it relates to no one but the Duke of Chartres.

" There was a time, Madam, and that not very distant, when I could speak to you freely, and tell you my inmost thoughts, on whatever seemed interesting to your happiness. Now you will listen to me no longer ; but my conscience, and a paramount interest, force me to entreat you to do a thing, which is of still more importance to you than to me. M. de Chartres is seventeen, and his own master. He can go wherever he pleases, and enjoys unbounded liberty. His disposition is so good, his principles are so correct, his heart so excellent, that this liberty will be much less dangerous to him than to any other ; but, after all, at his age, it will always be so, more or less. He has the strongest desire of rendering you happy by his affection and behaviour ; my desire then is, Madam, that at this very moment, when his liberty is fully restored, you would very speedily have a private conversation with him, for the purpose of telling him : *That he can only contribute to your happiness, by conducting himself in an irreproachable manner ; that you hope he will carefully preserve his religious principles, and that if he abandons them, he will allow the purity of his morals to be corrupted, and render you very un-*



*happy ; and that, on the other hand, if he preserve his principles and moral habits, he will render you the happiest of mothers, and that you will love him with the most ardent affection.*

“ I am certain that such language, in your mouth, will strengthen and confirm him in his virtuous resolutions. Eighteen months ago, I flattered myself, that when the present moment came round, I should have the happiness of delivering him myself into your hands, when he left my care, and of informing you of every particular that could give you any insight into his disposition, that you might at once obtain the ascendancy I have over his mind, and which ascendancy nothing can give, but a perfect knowledge of his defects and virtues, and the peculiar turn of his mind, but which would be much more powerful in your hands, Madam, because it would be strongly aided by the affectionate bonds of nature, which are very deeply impressed on his heart, as well as on the hearts of the rest of your children. He is so perfectly disposed, by his natural disposition, and also, I venture to say it, by my guidance, to love you affectionately, that you must infallibly obtain this ascendancy, when you know him well ; but if you had listened to the sole person who was enabled to know him perfectly, already you would

have been as far forward in this point as myself; and it is of great importance to you that your influence be early established, for the most dangerous year of his life is the one that is about to elapse. I cannot watch over his conduct in society, for that is the duty of a kind and feeling mother; she alone can preserve him from the snares laid for his innocence, and from every allurements, if the means she adopts are suited to his disposition. I do not ask you to converse with me on the subject, though a single conversation would give you more information than twenty letters, and there are many circumstances peculiar to the time of life of the Duke of Chartres that cannot be expressed in writing, which it would be desirable for a mother such as you to be informed of; but if this letter be not displeasing to you, and you order me to write you every thing I think important, respecting his disposition, the behaviour proper to adopt toward him, &c., I shall address you with the zeal and sincerity I have felt at all times, and which I shall always feel, for whatever regards the happiness of your children. I await your answer to these topics; but I intreat you beforehand, Madam, to allow no one to become acquainted with the things I shall mention to you; you must be conscious, Madam, that

you alone on this subject ought to *enquire, decide, and perform.*"

Two days afterwards, Mademoiselle told me that she had fulfilled the commission I gave her for the Duchess of Orleans, respecting M. de Beaujolais, and that she had replied, she would go to hear his instructions in religion with great pleasure. I said to her: "Madam, you are an excellent mother, and will be one of the happiest, be well assured; Mademoiselle is fascinated by the manner in which you treat her; may you be both as happy as I sincerely desire; it will be my own happiness, and the most complete and satisfactory justification from all charges, that I could possibly hope for. Permit me to say one word about Mademoiselle; one of the things that pleases her most, and attracts her love, is familiarity at home; and when she is alone with you, I think it would be better for you to call her by little names of endearment, (*petits noms d'amitié,*) &c. These particulars may seem childish, but their effects are important, for from them arise a self-possession, confidence, and affectionate intimacy that cannot otherwise spring up."

This note shows that I had persuaded the duchess to direct the religious instruction of M.

de Beaujolais, which was carried on three times a week at his apartments, and which I was prevented from directing myself, on account of my occupations in directing the studies of his brothers and of Mademoiselle. Besides this, I persuaded her to read daily the morning journal of M. de Beaujolais, which was written by his first valet-de-chambre, a very worthy man, who had received an excellent education. Though the duchess would not read my journal, she seemed very much pleased with me for having advised her to read this, and it was afterwards taken to her every morning before being brought to me. These facts were mentioned in the journal itself, by the person who composed it. It was very circumstantial, and was written out fully every day without leaving any blanks, by M. Barrois; it came to several volumes, that were delivered to me, but as I held them of little value, they were afterwards lost. It was also mentioned in this very journal, that all the studies of the Count de Beaujolais, were for nearly six months interrupted or completely set aside by the orders of the duchess. He dined with her every Sunday, and did not return till half-past six or seven; besides this, I sent him and Mademoiselle to her once a fortnight, as I did not dine at Belle Chasse; and under the pretence

of making him sit for his portrait, the duchess sent for him regularly every morning, and kept him an hour and a half, which practice lasted for a long time ; while every evening she kept him an hour and a half, which made him go to bed at eleven o'clock, and consequently, rise much later than formerly. I was very sorry to see this complete interruption given to the studies of this charming child, who already gave tokens of the most happy and brilliant talents ; but being long accustomed to suffer in silence, I said nothing, and did not even mention the matter to the duke. Before feeling these last troubles, I had one moment of hope and joy. The Duchess of Orleans came to see me, and spoke to me of my last letter, and of the Duke of Chartres, with the feelings of the most affectionate mother, thanked me for the advice I had given her respecting Mademoiselle, and assured me she would follow it ; in a word, I found her once more what she was originally, when she consulted nothing but the feelings of her own heart, which was full of kindness, sweetness, and sensibility. She seemed affected at leaving me ; but she doubtless soon told the impression made on her mind by my last letter and this conversation, and I soon saw the cruel effect of the perfidious counsels she received.

Every thing remained in peace for a fortnight. The duchess came regularly in the morning three times a-week, for Mademoiselle kept her about an hour and a half, spent the whole time with her, covered her with caresses and the strongest marks of affection ; but all of a sudden these meetings ceased ; Madame de Chastellux and other persons were always along with the duchess, whether at home or in her carriage, and Mademoiselle could no longer enjoy the happiness of being alone with her mother. I had let three weeks slip away without going to dine at the Palais Royal, but at the end of that time, I requested Mademoiselle to inform the duchess that I would have the honour of taking her thither and of dining there the next day. The duchess simply said in reply, that in that case, she would not go for Mademoiselle, as I was bringing her. But the next day she sent me notice at two o'clock in the afternoon that she should not dine at home, as a disagreeable accident had taken place ; still I did not suspect the truth. The duke was in the country, but he returned, and informed me with emotion and discontent, that he had found the duchess more irritated than ever, without being able to allege a reason for it ; but that she had said she could not prevail on herself to receive me any more at the palace. This

conduct seemed still more inconceivable, as at our last agreement, the duchess had promised to receive me at dinner whenever it suited me to take the children, besides expressing the same wish in one of the notes I have mentioned. What had I done since the promise was made? I have already mentioned all that occurred. What could the duchess allege for not fulfilling her engagements? Nothing, but *an invincible repugnance to see or receive me*. On this occasion, the duke still made use of no other means than entreaties and argument, but all were of no avail.

The Sunday following, I allowed my pupils to go without me to the Palais Royal, and from that moment I never set my foot within it. Treatment of this kind continually became more common, and when the duke gave a dinner to his children at Mousseaux, their mother would not come, because I was there. She always came for Mademoiselle with two or three persons in her carriage, took her out to walk or to visit the shops, accompanied by Madame de Chastellux and other ladies, and Mademoiselle saw that I was the only person excluded from the party. During the winter, Mademoiselle gave, not exactly regular balls, for the small size of her apartments would not admit this, but *four collations with a dance*

*afterwards*, to all of which the duke came, but the duchess, notwithstanding the entreaties of her children, would never appear at them. In fact, the marks of her hatred became so evident and so strange, that after having endured her unjust conduct for a long period, with the most unalterable mildness and patience, the duke determined at last that it should be put an end to. He went one morning to the duchess, to tell her firmly that he required her to do what she had always refused to his entreaties, namely, to have a *final and full explanation* with me of what had occurred ; and the next day, after making many difficulties, the duchess consented, and gave her solemn promise. She came to me next morning at nine o'clock ; and as I expected her with the pleasing hope that since she agreed to hear me and to explain herself, I would be easily able to recover her goodwill, or at least, to make her feel the dangerous consequences of the plan of conduct she was advised to follow, I had resolved on saying to her, " If it be true that you cannot clear your mind from the prepossessions you have imbibed against me ; if it be true that the clear evidences of the rectitude of my conduct can have no effect upon you—at least adopt, with prudence and calmness, proper measures to obtain your object, which you



will not obtain so easily as you desire, but do it, at least, in a manner both decent and suitable for yourself and for me. I have promised Mademoiselle not to resign; therefore, I shall not do so. You cannot ask me to do so, as the Duke of Orleans is the master of his children, and you would not take a step contrary to his will, and consequently, contrary to your duty. Madame de Chastellux (who knows nothing but the habits of Liege, who has no ideas of ours, but thinks that money makes all things right) may perhaps have told you, that it depended on you to discharge me as you would discharge a waiting-maid, and that by offering me *an annuity*, I should find your conduct quite natural. But you, Madam, who possess a noble and delicate soul, who know the feelings of my heart, and are aware, that I never would accept for myself or my daughters, I do not say a kind action, but nothing that is properly called a *present*; you who know that I consented to take charge of your three sons, only under the express condition that I should never receive any salary for my services on this occasion—you cannot believe that you would thus act and speak. If, however, your heart be shut to me for ever, and if the interest attached to the education of your children, their attachment to me, and the will of the duke,

wish to keep my place against your wishes ; but obtain me the means of leaving it without a disagreeable publicity, and without causing a violent grief to your children. For this purpose, instead of seeming opposed to the duke's wishes, you ought to appear to yield to them, and make some arrangement with me. I do not ask you for the external symptoms of that intimacy which existed two years ago ; but at least treat me with the respect due to the person who has devoted twelve years of her life to the interests of your children ; you must neither seem to hate nor to avoid me. Speak to your children concerning me without bitterness ; praise them for the gratitude they evince towards me, while you show them your utmost confidence ; see them often by themselves, take interest in examining them respecting their opinions, studies, and principal occupations ; such conduct, kept up for five or six months, will establish between you and them that pleasing familiarity and confidence, which can alone give rise to true friendship. If you deign to follow this advice, I shall be able to withdraw honourably next winter ; you will then tell Mademoiselle, that as her education is almost entirely completed, by her own application and my attention, you are desirous of enjoying the happiness of having her with you ;

and this being the state of things, she will leave me without despair, and will joyfully see herself under no other authority than that of her affectionate mother. Seeing me well treated by you, she will not consider my retirement as a persecution or an eternal separation; her tears will flow without bitterness, and the attentions of a beloved mother will soon dry up their source."

Such was what I intended to tell her, with the firm resolve of entering into such engagements as might best convince her of my sincerity. Hence the only thing I asked for, was a delay of six or seven months, by offering means to remove the difficulties interposed by the promise I had given Mademoiselle, and to reconcile all the contending interests that affected the Duchess of Orleans. I was reflecting deeply on the subject, when the door opened, and the duchess appeared; scarcely had I turned my eyes towards her, than a great part of my hopes disappeared. She rushed in hastily, sat down, bid me be quiet, drew a paper from her pocket, and told me in a most commanding tone, that it would inform me of her intentions, and she then read out, in a loud voice and with great rapidity, the most singular writing that was ever heard of. In this document the duchess informed me, *that on account of the difference of*

*our opinions, I had no other steps to take, if I was a woman of honour and delicacy, than to withdraw instantly; that, if I took this step, she would make no noise about the matter, say any thing I pleased to the public about the causes of my retirement, and would assure the two young ladies I was educating the situation I should determine upon, on condition; however, that on my immediate retirement I should take the necessary precautions to prevent Mademoiselle being too much afflicted, which would be very easy for me to do, by saying that I was going to England to enjoy the benefit of the mineral waters; that I had already made a journey thither some years before, and that Mademoiselle would consequently see this journey without uneasiness; but that if I resisted, as she was excessively sorry that her children were placed in my hands, there was no public exposure I might not dread, and that she would never see me in the whole course of her life, &c. Such is a faithful copy of her speech, which the Duchess thought proper to call an explanation. When I recovered from the astounding surprise that kept me dumb, I answered that after such a final declaration, I had in fact no other step to take than to withdraw; not that I thought the duchess had any right to force me to do so—not that I was intimidated by her anger, which was*

useless because unjust, or by her menaces, which I feared not—but because the authority of a mother, though limited by law, was sacred in my eyes. That as to her offers, a moment's reflection would make her feel that I could only reject them with disdain; that I could offer a sacrifice but not make a bargain. As to what would be said in public concerning the subject, I had but one desire, and that was, that nothing but the exact truth should be known. I added, that after all, my respect for the Duchess of Orleans, and the knowledge I had of her disposition and delicacy of mind, would not allow me to attribute to her the singular paper she had just read me, and the style, arguments, and sentiments of which were so utterly unworthy of her.\* I ended by assuring the duchess that I would leave Belle-Chassé immediately after Easter, as I thought that the sorrow Mademoiselle would feel at my retirement would not leave her mind sufficiently unembarrassed to perform her religious duties after my departure. Finally I promised, not that I would tell Made-

\* In fact, whoever was acquainted with the simple and unaffected style of the duchess during twenty years, will never accuse her of having dictated the greater part of the writings she condescended to sign during the space of two years.—(*Note by the Author.*)

moiselle I was leaving her for the *Bristol waters*, which would only deceive her for a moment ; but to conceal from her, her own and my misfortune, by setting out secretly, and by taking every possible precaution to sweeten the bitterness of our cruel separation. In the mean time, the duke was waiting for the Duchess at the Palais Royal ; from the promise she had made him, he believed she would have an explanation with me, and his astonishment was as great as mine, when she told him what had taken place, and shown him the writing she had read to me, and which she would not leave in my hands.

Such a step, taken without the knowledge of a husband and a father, must necessarily have given rise to much astonishment, which the strange style in which the paper was drawn up, was by no means calculated to diminish. At any rate, this novel method of *reading* instead of *talking* in a private conversation, is of itself sufficiently singular. If my sorrow could have been augmented by any cause, it would certainly have been so by the profound chagrin of the Duke of Orleans, who saw that I was firmly resolved in setting out on the 26th of April, as I had told the duchess, unless she would herself ask me to remain, of which, most assuredly, I had no hopes whatever. The

duke flattered himself that he should be able to persuade her to take this step, by representing to her, that hitherto she had enjoyed the most unbounded influence over her children, but that if I left them, she would hereafter enjoy none whatever, as by forcing me to withdraw she openly displayed before her children and the public, opinions and designs directly opposed to his own; that she should always be able to see Mademoiselle at Belle Chasse, but was no longer to take her out alone, because if he left her all the authority she had hitherto enjoyed, the public might think he had changed his own opinions, or at least had permitted others to be adopted by his children. The duke employed to persuade her the powerful argument of the happiness health, and education of his daughter, who would forget her accomplishments, which could not be wholly finished at her age, and who would find no consolation for such an unforeseen misfortune, accompanied by such afflicting incidents. He asked what could be told her to console her for her loss, or to justify such proceedings. The duchess answered that the truth ought to be concealed from her, and that she ought to be told that I was desirous, of my own free will, to retire. The duke replied that this would injure my character in her mind, since I had

promised that I would not resign of my own accord, and that he would not allow such a falsehood to be employed, even were I to consent to it, but that he would tell her the whole truth. Finally, as a last resource, he employed the Duke of Chartres to persuade the Duchess of Orleans, and informed him of every particular. The heart of the duchess, naturally so kind and affectionate, was powerfully acted upon by the entreaties and tears of her son; it was doubtless feared that she would relent altogether, and she was carried off far away from him, for she set out suddenly for the town of Eu, accompanied only by Madame de Chastellux. The duke then sent a courier with a letter to Madame de Chastellux, the author of all these troubles, informing her, that as he attributed all the conduct of the duchess to her counsels, he desired her to seek some other abode than his house, and to give up to him, within fifteen days, the keys of her apartments in the Palais Royal. What was the consequence? The duchess made a *legal demand to be separated from her husband!* . . . . In the mean time, faithful to the promise I had given, I had the courage to conceal from Mademoiselle the sorrow with which I was overwhelmed. On the 26th of April, I allowed her to go out without me at eight in the morning,



and then departed. . . . . But before I left Belle-Chasse, I wrote three letters for Mademoiselle d'Orleans, desiring the attendants to deliver them to her at different periods of the day, and to inform her that she should not obtain them till she was calm, and restrained her grief. It was agreed between me and the duke that I should give her some faint hopes, not of my entering again into my place, but of our seeing each other again, which we thought an indispensable precaution to moderate the violence of the shock, and the transports of her grief. Of these letters I shall give exact copies. My first note was as follows :—

*" 25th April, 1791, 8 o'clock in the evening.*

" My dear child, I am compelled to leave you, at least for a time ; but I hope we shall meet again. I call upon you, by your affection for me, to be moderate in your sorrow, and to take care of your health. The Duchess of Orleans has forced me away, but my heart is with you. Reflect, my dear friend, that it is your duty to submit to the will of a mother, and that, in spite of this rigour, that mother loves you, and would adore you if she knew you better ;—reflect that her heart is all that is good and virtuous, and that the prejudice which separates us does not spring from herself. Believe

that though absent from my child, from my affectionate friend, my thoughts are of her alone. Yes I will write you daily, I will think of you every moment of my life. As a reward of my cares, be moderate in your affliction, conquer your grief! if I am dear to you, drive sorrow from your mind—I could not survive if you were ill. I will not leave France, because you are in it. You will constantly hear from me; I require of you to go out the day after to-morrow with your feeling and affectionate father.\* He loves you beyond all power of language to express. Do not render him miserable by giving yourself up to extravagant grief. Adieu, dear child of my heart, you should see the bottom of that heart, and learn all the emotions that afflict it. Never, never will it love any one so powerfully as you."

*Second Note, 25th—12 at night.*

"You felt, my dear child, that violent beating of the heart which I experienced when you were on the point of going to bed.† I wept not, my

\* This advice the alarming state of her health prevented her from following.—(*Author.*)

† While reclining on my knees, and leaning on my breast, she perceived this violent beating of my heart while embracing me. She went to bed without saying a word, and was immediately

countenance was unaltered, but you felt that involuntary movement. . . . The attendants came to inform me that you were ill; without being able to guess the cause, I had the courage to perform what you heard—I have deceived you, my beloved and affectionate friend! I have deceived you for the first time in my life, but I was anxious that you should pass a comfortable night. Had I otherwise left you with all your vague terrors, you would not have gone out next morning—and how could I bid you adieu on our separation? That could not be. I was desirous of sparing you adieus equally heart-rending to you and to me. . . . I

taken ill, but did not faint. Some questions were asked her, as she was crying, to which she replied that she wished to speak to me, but desired me not to be sent for till the persons with me had gone away; they promised to do so, but came to inform me of the circumstance. I was already uneasy, because I had heard some noise in the room, which was only separated by a glass door; and learning, by what I was told, that she had conceived some vague suspicion of my views, I began to play on the harp so as to be heard by her, which somewhat calmed her agitation. In about three-quarters of an hour, I approached the glass door to see if she were asleep, but she was sitting up in bed; I entered, when she burst into tears, and confessed her fears: I found it necessary to declare that her fears were totally without foundation—I never suffered so much in my life. I left her recovered from her alarm. The above letter was written immediately after leaving her.—  
(*Note by the Author.*)

have just left that very room, I have just embraced you once more.—My dear child, I should never have asked to leave you, whatever treatment I was exposed to; but the Duchess of Orleans in person required me positively to retire. It was necessary to obey. To-morrow morning I shall write you a long letter; but it will not be delivered to you till you are quiet and moderate in your grief. Dear child, I love you a thousand times more than my life; take care of your health, if you wish me to live. We shall meet again, be assured. Restrain yourself, do not give yourself up to extravagant sorrow. Your friend entreats you to do so by all that she has done for you.”

*“ Third Note, 26th—morning.*

“ My dear child, I am about to write to you more fully. I promised you that I would never seek to leave you, whatever treatment I should suffer; I have kept my word, for I have suffered what you have seen for the last two years. The treatment I have been exposed to, has been such as would not be offered to a waiting-maid; for the Duchess of Orleans forbade me to go to the Palais Royal, even along with you. I have suffered many other things you never saw. If I had not loved you, as none was ever loved, I would have

demand, and it was my duty to have demanded, my leave from the very first beginning of these proceedings; but to keep you, no sacrifice was too great. About a month ago, I entreated the Duke of Orleans to obtain for me at length an explanation of things from the duchess, because I was afraid that some public explosion might occur when we set out for the country, or when we should be there. On this occasion, the duchess, who had constantly refused every thing of the kind, and had refused even to read my journal, promised the duke that she would have an explanation with me. She came to Belle-Chasse at nine in the morning, and instead of any explanation, drew a paper out of her pocket (written without the knowledge of the duke) which she read to me, and the contents of which informed me that I had no other step to take than to withdraw, *on account of the difference of our opinions*, but that if I remained, she would never see me more. You conceive, my dear child, that after hearing such language from a mother's mouth, I could not possibly remain with her daughter. In my own mind, I knew well that she had been desirous of my retirement for two years past; but she had not required it, and I remained. At last, she pronounced the sentence, and it was necessary to submit. I

wished Easter over beforehand, that your religious duties might be performed while I was with you, and that was the reason I did not set out till the 26th. Think, my dear friend, of all I must have suffered in the last month I passed along with you ! While giving you your lessons, while I seemed tranquil and unembarrassed with care, how many tears have I been forced to restrain, what heart-rending emotions have I not experienced ! But I knew you could not bear my adieus ; hence, it was necessary to conceal my departure from you, and for me to suffer the most horrible restraint for a whole month ; I had the courage to do so, because it was for you. I would give my life to assure your happiness, my dear child, and you know it well : hence no sacrifice for your advantage can be too painful to me. Imitate this courage, then, my dear friend ; do not be dejected ; do not afflict the best of fathers by giving yourself up to your regrets and your sorrow, and do not add the most cruel anxiety to my other misfortunes.

“ As to the Duchess of Orleans, she separates us, it is true ; but reflect that it is to her will, that it is to her choice that you are indebted for twelve years of my care : hence you owe her the advantage you have derived from it. She is

blinded by an unjust prejudice against me ; but her heart is excellent. As I have told you numberless times, every thing that is good, generous, and virtuous is her own ; whatever singular conduct you may have seen for the last eighteen months did not spring from herself ; love her ever, for that sentiment is deeply engraved on your heart ; and show her by your submission and tender affection, the goodness of your heart, and the purity of your principles. The Duke of Orleans has not concealed from you his fears of the separation demanded by the duchess, fears that are heart-rending and horrible to you and your brothers. Make every effort to effect a reconciliation ; it is your bounden duty, and you will zealously fulfil it, I am well assured. Heaven be thanked, I am not even the pretence of this last explosion on the part of the duchess, for it is a month since she came into my chamber alone to require me to withdraw, which I replied that I would do, so that she obtained all her desires. . . . Some days after, the duke wrote to Madame de Chastellux to ask her to give up her apartment, and five or six days had not elapsed before the duchess demanded a separation. It is easy to guess what was the cause, and whose the advice that dictated such a step.

“Our separation is very painful, my kind friend, but it is not unexampled. Remember the history of Fenelon and his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy; they were separated in a manner very nearly similar. The young prince suffered an irreparable loss, a thousand times greater than yours;—he lost Fenelon, and was formed for a prince! He deeply felt his misfortune, loved Fenelon all his life, for he was faithful to friendship and gratitude; but his natural feelings of affection were not checked, his respect for his grandfather being equal to his regret; he lamented his loss, but complained not.

“I expect the following demeanour from my Adele. Do you hold of no account, my dear friend, the liberty of writing to me? You will ever read the hidden sentiments of my heart, I shall read yours, and we shall continually be thinking of each other. Will you give me a proof of real affection,—be firm, take care of your health; cultivate your varied acquirements, those acquirements you owe to the warmest affection that ever existed,—that harp! Oh! my love, I feel what effect the sound merely of a harp will produce on your susceptible heart, and what past scenes it will recall to your mind! Do you wish me to lose



all the hours I set apart for your lessons ? At the same hours, daily, will I perform myself on the harp, fancy that—from six to eight, will I play your favourite pieces, which I wish not to forget, as I have the hope of one day playing them again along with you. If I thought that you were playing at the same moments, I could form to myself the illusion that we were met together, which would be a momentary delight to my mind ; these hours would be for your friend, the happiest of the day. With this idea, I take my harp with me. Let me know, my dear child, that this idea pleases your heart as much as it pleases mine, and that you undertake this engagement. If you desire to change the hour, on account of your walks, let me know it, and I will take the precise hour that you fix upon.

“ Be always kind, mild, and even-tempered as heretofore. I recommend to your kindness all your attendants, who have shown me such endearing proofs of their attachment. I mention these particulars, because I am certain that you will consider it an additional reason to be kind to them ; be always very mild to Mademoiselle Rime, who is so worthy and virtuous.

“ Forget not the firm friendship I preserve for

Horain; \* I have told him to write to me, and he will let me know if my child is prudent, and follows my counsels. Reflect that you alone can console me by your conduct. If you are not prudent, you will kill me, for I am greatly weakened, and nearly worn out by want of sleep for the last month, and by the horrid restraint I have been forced to adopt. Place your confidence in God, my dear friend, for he commands us to be resigned, and rewards us for it. Pray to him that we may meet again, and to obtain your prayer, submit implicitly to his will. I embrace my child, my dear and charming child, with all the warmth of affection you know me to possess. Ah! never can I give you any proof equal to the powerful command over myself which I found it necessary to adopt for the purpose of obtaining you one comfortable night. Think of this, and see what courage, what command over oneself can be inspired by real affection!

“I authorize you, my dear child, to show all my letters, without exception, to the Duchess of Orleans. You ought to have no secrets for her, and there is nothing in my heart I should conceal.

\* Valet-de-chambre of Mademoiselle d'Orleans.—(*Note by the Author.*)

“ I flatter myself that you will kindly receive Madame Topin, that good and worthy lady, who feels so much friendship for me. I am also assured that you will fully feel the value of the friendship of Henriette, and that she will mitigate your sorrows.\* I take your young friend with me; you know the sensibility of her heart, and cannot doubt for a moment that we do nothing but speak and think of you.—Alas! we have great need of each other; the same sentiment occupies our mind exclusive of every thing else; we have but one subject of conversation, and my Adele will always be present with us.”

My intention was to travel six weeks in Auvergne and Franche Comté, then to return to Paris without the knowledge of Mademoiselle; to remain there only one month, for the purpose of getting my *Lessons of a Governess* printed under my own eyes, to go to Sillery till the approach of winter, which I intended to spend in England, a country which my own taste, grateful feelings, and long tried friendship rendered equally dear to me as

\* I had agreed with the duke to leave my niece with her on my departure, but merely for three or four months.—(Note by the Author.)

France, and where I hoped to enjoy more happiness, if I could find happiness far from my family, my pupils, and my country.

From Clermont I received letters concerning the health of Mademoiselle that already began to give me great uneasiness; but when I reached Lyons, the letters I received were so alarming, that I immediately gave up my journey into Franche-Comté, and determined to return in all haste to Paris, still thinking of remaining concealed from Mademoiselle. At six leagues from Auxerre, I met a courier from the Duke of Orleans, who had orders to go to Besançon, where I was reckoned to have arrived, and from him I received a parcel of letters from the duke, from M. de Sil-lery, my daughter, my pupils, M. Pieyre, and several other persons, all informing me that the fainting fits and convulsions of Mademoiselle were so far from diminishing, *that they were daily becoming worse, that she was visibly wasting away, and that her life was in the utmost danger if this shocking condition lasted any longer.*

The letter of the Duke of Orleans was as follows:—

“The following, *my dear friend*, is a copy of the letter which I wrote this morning to the

Duchess of Orleans, and on which I found my hopes of the health, life, and happiness of my daughter. I have shown it to her, and by the effect it produced, which it is out of my power to describe to you, I am confident that she cannot live if her hopes are disappointed.

“ Her mother, as you see by the letter she wrote to Montpensier,\* declares that she has no authority over her, that she does not wish to interfere, and depends entirely on me taking the necessary precautions for her safety. I say once more, *my dear friend* (anglicé), it is not probable that my daughter will live, most assuredly she will never live happy, unless you again take charge of her. She relies on it, her affection for you makes it a duty, and I and my children join her in entreaties to obtain your consent. You will not refuse our request, *dear friend*, and your answer, which we hope will not long precede your return, we look for with great impatience, but without any fears of your denial, for we know your affection, and that once more you cannot refuse to yield to our love.”

In this letter was inclosed the copy of one from

\* M. de Montpensier gave this letter to the duke, as it was an answer to one he had ordered his son to write, and it was a copy of this answer of the duchess that he sent me.

the Duke to the Duchess of Orleans. I shall not give any part but what relates to Mademoiselle and myself. It is as follows :—

“ You have told Montpensier that you were not uneasy about your daughter's health, and you make use of this language: *What gives me cheering prospects for the life of this unfortunate child, is that her father is with her, and will assuredly take every precaution for her safety.* The surest and most effectual precaution, in fact the only one I know of, is to persuade Madame de Sillery to enter again upon her former charge. I am going to make every exertion to obtain her consent.”

Of all the other letters inclosed in this parcel, I shall only give an extract from one written by M. de Sillery :—

“ You see by the letter of the Duke of Orleans how anxious he is for your return, and that he considers it as the only means of preserving his child ; and he must have thought the danger very great indeed, for he has told her all the steps he has taken to engage you to return, which proved the only consolatory moment we have been able to procure for her. The duke has solemnly assured

her that your return depends solely on yourself, and I cannot believe that you will hesitate for a single moment. I add nothing to the tokens of affection which all your children show you at this moment; and as for the poor child herself, she is mad with joy at the mere thought of seeing you again, for she doubts not for a moment that you will hasten hither to rescue her from death, or a situation a thousand times worse. Return, then, all who love you expect you with impatience, and cannot be happy till they see you again."

How could I hesitate to enter upon my former charge of Mademoiselle, when I knew her to be in such a shocking state, when she had been inspired with hopes of my speedy return, and when the duke sent me notice *that she could not live if her hopes were disappointed*; when the duchess constantly stayed at a distance of fifty-two leagues from her, and formally asked her father to do whatever was necessary for her health and peace of mind? No one can conceive how the duchess did not immediately hurry home to her daughter, after the expresses she was constantly receiving, after the affecting letters of her children, and the alarming reports of the physicians; but Madame de Chastellux doubtless endeavoured to persuade

her that the danger was exaggerated,—and what did *she* know about the matter? Were a father, brothers, physicians, and twenty other witnesses not more credible? Yet all these individuals positively declared that Mademoiselle was in the most dangerous state, and they were with her; but, forsooth, Madame de Chastellux *conjectured* that she was not dangerously ill.

I returned, and found my dear pupil in a state that pierced me to the heart. My cares and affectionate solicitude soon restored her to health, but nothing could ever bring me back the tranquillity I had lost. The cause of the sudden dislike entertained for me by the duchess was evidently the difference of our political opinions; but I now perceive that all her fears that then seemed to me so unreasonable, and even so unjust, were but too well founded. Such were, in fact, the natural, the inevitable consequences of the odious principles promulgated in Europe, and above all in France, for the last half-century, by the arts of an insidious philosophy. After so many efforts had been already made, the calling of the States General, and the proposal of millions of innovations must necessarily have produced the scenes we have witnessed. My indignation on account of various abuses, that were so easy of reformation, inspired



me with a sort of enthusiasm for the beginning of a revolution, of which I foresaw not any of the remote consequences, but which seemed to me calculated to consolidate the durability of the monarchy. Fancy did not lead the Duchess of Orleans astray; she yielded not to romantic dreams; she judged more soundly than I, for she saw what was about to happen. Yet I never went farther than the king himself, for he had taken the title of *restorer* of the French monarchy. The queen, (as may be seen in the papers of the time,) was continually saying in answer to the addresses presented to her, *that she was bringing up her son in the principles of the revolution*; a thing which, if untrue, was surely very useless, for her profession of political faith was not asked for, and it is not a queen who brings up her son, when she is neither a widow nor a regent. I have always thought that the king and queen were sincere in making these solemn declarations, and that by a sentiment praiseworthy in itself, because it is generous, they believed in the national gratitude! They then knew not that nations only are grateful when they are happy and submissive.

My principles have at all times been monarchical, and I have ever been friendly to the royal family, as all my works demonstrate. During the emi-

gration, I displayed these sentiments in the *Knights of the Swan* and *The Little Emigrants*. In the empire of Napoleon I put Louis XIV. in fashion by the *Duchesse de la Valliere* and Madame de Maintenon. I seized every opportunity during this reign of praising the heroes of old times ; in *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, I wrote the eulogium of the great Condé, and had the hardihood to say, *Where can we more appropriately dream of heroic deeds than in the gardens of Chantilly?* Again, in Napoleon's reign, I wrote a tale entitled *Un Trait de la Vie de Henri IV.* containing besides a very full eulogium of that great prince ; I wrote *Mademoiselle de la Fayette*, in which the same sentiments may be found. I wrote the *Memoirs of Dangeau*, but was not allowed to publish them. Prince Talleyrand, who is alive, several times asked leave in vain. I was desirous of writing the history of Henry the Great, and I even began it, but I knew to a certainty that I should not be allowed to print it ; I finished it at the restoration, and had the courage to publish it at Bonaparte's return. It is also true that I have always detested despotism, *lettres de cachet*, arbitrary imprisonment, and the rights of the chace. These are my sentiments, and all my politics, and they have never varied. Since the revolution, I had published

nothing in France but my *Leçons d'une Gouvernante*, and my *Moral Discourses*, in which there is a paper against *the suppression of convents*. In the rest there is not one word I could have any interest in denying at the present day; yet from the very beginning of the revolution I lost several friends, among the rest Madame de Montant and Madame d'Andlau. The former we doubly regretted at Belle Chasse, for she was the mother of a charming young lady, Josephine de Montant, whom Mademoiselle was extremely fond of.

Now that I have reached the grand epoch of the revolution, I have no intention whatever of refuting the ridiculous charges made against me; for I hold of no account the opinion of those who judge me from anonymous libels instead of well-known facts, long labours, and works, which, though perhaps ordinary enough, show at least some knowledge and pure principles. My conscience, and the retrospect of the way in which I have employed the years of my life give me the pleasing assurance that I may be calumniated, but that my character cannot be injured. None will believe that a woman who has constantly cultivated the arts and all kinds of accomplishments, who has never solicited a favour from the court, never appeared at a minister's, who has always been accused of being

wildly solitary and reserved, and who, lastly, immured herself at the age of thirty, in a solitary convent for the purpose of completing the education of her daughters, and there took charge of children yet in their cradles; who from that moment renounced the court and society, spent thirteen years of her life in giving lessons, and in writing two and twenty volumes; none, I say, will believe that such a person could be the votary of intrigue. I abase not myself, then, so far as to offer a *justification*; I need it not, and were it true that I did need it, I should feel no desire of giving it, for there are species of injustice so disgusting as to excite no other feeling than contempt and disdain.

It would be unjust to class among intriguers all those who engage in public affairs without holding public situations, for the love of the public good, and the desire of serving friends may govern the mind as well as avarice and ambition; I have known virtuous men and worthy ladies who had great talent for public affairs, and I approved of their conduct for interfering, because they were guided by honourable motives, and their disposition and talents were such as lead to success in this career. To succeed in public business, a sort of suppleness, if not hypocrisy, is necessary; all those

who may be of use, are not only to be rendered friendly, but to be absolutely gained over; prudence is absolutely necessary, and at least *a little dissimulation*; above all, a necessary quality is inconceivable, personal activity. Prudence, I have none; I cannot dissimulate, I cannot think of leaving my room; and nobody has ever talked to me for a quarter of an hour about public affairs, without perceiving that I was listening with the most absolute absence of mind. This sort of disposition has many inconveniences, and a sort of frivolity very ridiculous at my age; but I have been too busy with others to have the time to reflect upon or do any thing to myself; I have been able to correct the faults of my pupils, and I have kept all my own. Surely, these very defects should have protected me from the strange calumnies that have pursued me for so many years!

I never in my life interfered in affairs connected with politics or ambition; for my dislike to every thing that had the least resemblance to them, and, consequently, my incapacity, were so well known, that my most intimate friends never consulted me on their plans of that kind. They told me the opinions, and all the secrets of their families, but I had a most vague and imperfect notion of their hopes of fortune or ambition. To this species of

carelessness, I have always added a strong predilection for a retired, sedentary, and peaceful life ; and a violent aversion to every thing that could trouble that peace of mind so necessary to those who cultivate literature with real passion. With such a disposition, I could therefore be desirous of a revolution in the government, if I thought it necessary for the happiness of the nation ; but I ought to have feared the movements inseparable from a change. Hence, from the time the States General were assembled, I foresaw that the disorder in the finances, and the general discontent would give rise to many commotions ; I desired therefore to remove from the scene, and said publicly, that I should go to Nice with my pupils. Their parents agreed ; and it was settled, that we should set out in September. Unfortunately, I had mentioned it publicly, and the plan was so much blamed in the public papers, and seemed to have such an injurious effect upon the frail and dangerous popularity of the house of Orleans, that I was obliged to give up my design, at least in the meantime. It is true, that as I educated the young princes without any interested views, and never would receive any salary for their education ; and that as I possessed, by the death of a relation a very large fortune for the last two years, I might

have been perfectly independent if I had so wished ; but I loved these children as if they had been my own ; I could not bear the idea of leaving them. The eldest was still to be two years longer under my care, and to leave them sooner, would have sacrificed almost all their former education, and the labour of so many years. I remained ; it was a great sacrifice ; but in after times, I made sacrifices in their favour still more important !

However, I obtained a promise that we should be allowed to travel in England, as soon as the Constitution was established ; that business would be terminated it was then thought, in a very few months, but it took a much longer time. Notwithstanding all my remonstrances, and the strong desire I constantly had of leaving France, the time of our departure was put back from time to time, under various pretences ; but at last we received a formal promise that we should set out in the autumn of 1790. I made all my preparations accordingly, and thought myself on the eve of my departure, when M. de Valence called on me one evening, to inform me that he knew from unquestionable authority that the Duke of Orleans was that night setting out for England. I could not believe a thing so singular and so unexpected, but it was perfectly true notwithstanding ; for the

Duke set out at five in the morning. He left a note for me, in which he told me that he would return *within a month*, and at London he stopped nearly a whole year! . . . .

This journey was in every sense unaccountable, and totally prevented my pupils from leaving France, for the people were already displeased at their father's absence, looked to them narrowly, and would certainly have prevented them from leaving the country. In the whole of this business I was most surprised at the conduct of the Duke, who broke all his most solemn promises; but, I was not astonished at his keeping his private plans secret from me, for it is a fact well known to those who lived in his household, that since the revolution took place, he took counsel from none but from M. de Laclos, and had confidence in him only. Another circumstance I may mention is, that I knew none of the persons with whom he was intimate since the beginning of the revolution; for I never in my life met M. de Laclos or M. Shée, or had the slightest connection with them; in fact, I did not know them even by sight. I was so little acquainted with the Duke's affairs, that when his *Cahiers à ses Commettans* were published, they were seen in print by several



persons before I knew of their existence. The Dowager Madame de Boufflers came at this period to Belle Chasse, and mentioned these *Cahiers* to me; when I told her, that I did not know what they were, and had never heard about them before: this fact surprised her greatly, and she will doubtless remember the circumstance. This tract made much impression, and was exceedingly successful; it gave the first example of those generous sacrifices which served as a model for all those that have since obtained public approbation. After such distinguished success, if I had had any share in its composition, I could have no interest in denying it, nor of maintaining that I knew nothing of its contents before it was published; the falsehood would have been absurd on the face of it, and absolutely unaccountable; yet is it certain, that I openly declared from the very first that I knew nothing of them, a fact I inserted in one of my published works, which appeared in the end of August 1791, that is, about two months before I left France. That work is entitled *Journal of Education, or Lessons of a Governess*. It gives an account of my demeanour towards my pupils down to that period: I was then surrounded by people among whom I had passed my life; the Duke of

Orleans was alive, I was writing under his eyes, and yet I say in that work what I have just said here, namely, that I never interfered with public affairs ; that he never mentioned except in a very vague manner, his affairs to me ; that after the revolution he did not mention them at all in any way ; that I do not know, not even by sight, any of the people he employed ; and that I was ignorant of his *Cahiers*, till after they were published. In that same work I add, that to preserve scrupulous veracity, I ought to say, that he consulted me on one subject, and on one only, since the revolution ; that was relative to the regency, when there was much noise of declaring the king to have abdicated, after his return from Varennes. In that case the regency would have been offered to the duke, who told me that he was firmly resolved not to accept it, and that he would say so beforehand ; he requested me to draw up a declaration of the kind, which he wished to insert in the papers. I immediately wrote half a page, which contained the formal expression of his resolution not to accept the regency : the duke took it with him, and it was inserted in the newspapers. This declaration was as follows :

*To the Editor of the Journal called Assemblée  
Nationale.*

SIR,

HAVING read in your journal, No. 689, your opinion concerning the measures proper to be adopted after the king's return, and every thing concerning me—inspired by your impartiality and love of justice, I think it my duty to mention, that on the 21st and 22d of this month, I publicly declared to several members of the National Assembly, that I am ready to serve my country by sea or land, in the diplomatic career, in any post in fact which requires nothing but unbounded zeal and devotion to the public good; but that as to the regency, I renounce from this moment and for ever the rights given me by the constitution: I venture to say, that after having made so many sacrifices for the interest of the people and the cause of liberty, I have no longer any right to leave the rank of a private citizen, in which I have entered with the firm intention of always remaining, and that ambition would be an inexcusable piece of inconsistency after what I have done. I do not make this declaration to silence my enemies; I know too well that my zeal for national liberty, and for equality, which is its basis, will

always rouse up their hatred against me. Their calumnies I disdain; their ill-will and their malignity will be sufficiently shown by my conduct; but it was my duty on this occasion to show my opinion and unchangeable resolutions, so that public opinion may not rest upon a false foundation in its plans and calculations respecting the new measures that it may be necessary to adopt.

*L. P. D'Orleans.*

26th June, 1791.

This was the only occasion (as I have since mentioned in a newspaper) on which I was consulted by the Duke of Orleans; and he never after let me know any thing concerning his affairs. Will it be said that I took part in public affairs through other means and other connexions?—this would be a charge as destitute of foundation as the other. Since the revolution I have never changed my habits of life; after it, as before, my life was always devoted to the same cares, the same studies, and the same retirement. I spent five months in my convent at Paris, never going out but to accompany my pupils, to see collections of paintings, natural history, and manufactures; habitually seeing in my own house none but the family of my pupils and my own, and that only from eight to half-past nine in the evening, at

which hour the grates were closed. I saw company but once a week, and that only during five months of winter, for the rest of the year I constantly spent in the country, with my pupils, in the most complete solitude. I shall at present give some account of the new connections I formed at this epoch.

Some time before, one of my acquaintance spoke to me highly of a young deputy, who came from a remote part of the southern provinces, and who, I was told, was *passionately fond* of my works, and very desirous of knowing me. Since he was fond of my works, I thought he must possess the pure principles inspired by a taste for the arts, and respect for religion. I was confirmed in this idea by learning that he was himself a literary character, and was the author of two works that had contested the prizes offered by the literary academy of Toulouse. The two works to which his name was attached, though published for more than two years, were scarcely known in Paris. The author sent them to me; one was the *Eloge de Louis XII. Pere du peuple et Roi de France*, containing, besides a panegyrical character of that monarch, an essay *in praise of a monarchical form of government*; the second work was the *Eloge* of the late *M. Lefranc de Pompignan*, full of

praises of religion, and well-founded satirical remarks upon *modern philosophy*. These essays were badly written, (the author never made his style better afterwards,) but there was wit in them, judgment, ingenious allusions, and excellent moral principles. I agreed at last to receive this deputy—it was M. Barrere! This curious incident would have sent him to the scaffold, if I had taken notice of it in the reign of Robespierre; but my silence, and the profound oblivion into which his essays had fallen, obtained impunity to the author for having committed the *enormous offence* of displaying humane and religious feelings in the first productions of his pen, which in other respects were poor enough. I got acquainted with him in the way I have mentioned; he was young, enjoyed a very good reputation, to much talent added a supple disposition, a handsome look, and manners at once dignified, modest, and reserved. He was the only person I ever saw from a remote province who had all the refined language and polite manners that would fit high society or the precincts of a court. He was not very well informed; but his conversation was always pleasing, and sometimes fascinating; he displayed extreme sensibility, a passionate predilection for the arts, accom-

plishments, and rural life ; these mild and affectionate feelings, joined to a lively talent of satire, gave his person and disposition a very interesting and original character. Such he seemed to me to be, and doubtless he was so then, for cowardice only made him sanguinary ; but at any rate, my connexion with him (as with other persons I have known since the revolution) was never intimate. I only saw him once a week, on Sunday, the only day I saw company ; and I only wrote him once in my life, to ask him some particulars concerning the manners of the shepherds of the Pyrenees. He replied to me in a letter of three pages, on no other subject than this : he afterwards wrote me one single letter while I was in England, to persuade me to return. In this letter which I have preserved he added, that he could easily imagine *the terrible scenes that had occurred in Paris had produced an invincible terror upon my sensitive heart ; that he did not propose that I should return to Paris, but he offered me his house in the Pyrenees as an asylum, where I might remain till the conclusion of the troubles ; that there I should live peaceful in the midst of my solitude, or amidst the shepherds whose manners and patriarchal virtues I had so finely described, &c.* The rest of the letter

(which was dated the 1st October, 1792) contains nothing but compliments: I did not answer it, and here our correspondence ended.

My connexion with Petion was of the same kind, but I confess that I had a real esteem for the latter, down to the shocking event of the king's death; however, I saw him even less frequently than the other deputies who came to my house, because he was more engaged. I never wrote to him but once, I shall mention the occasion of it bye and bye. When I set out for England with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and two other young ladies whom I brought up along with her, I was much afraid lest our departure might give rise to a disagreeable sensation in the provinces we were to pass through, particularly as I should have no man with me who could in case of need speak to the people and the municipal bodies, if we were arrested. I communicated my fears to Petion, and he offered to accompany me to London. He was at that time in the very zenith of his popularity, and as I was sure that we should while along with him be protected from every danger and difficulty, I accepted his offer with the utmost joy. The election of a new mayor was just about to take place in Paris, and it was known before hand that Petion would be unanimously elected; he told me



frankly himself that he had no doubt of it, but that he was very glad to leave Paris at the moment, so that he might not be accused of intrigue, and at any rate, added he, it was of very little consequence, as he had firmly resolved to refuse accepting the situation. As I thought I had perceived a mixture of simplicity and want of resolution in his disposition, and an easiness that sometimes degenerated into weakness, I told him that I thought he would be urged so strongly, that he would accept the place at last. He replied to me in these words: *Whatever entreaties may be made, if I accept the place, I agree that you for ever afterwards should hold me as the most contemptible of mankind.* He repeated this phrase twenty times during our journey. When I learned that he had really accepted, I no longer esteemed the firmness or manliness of his mind, but I still believed him possessed of a most just and honourable heart, and the most virtuous principles. We reached Calais without any important incident; I took Petion as far as London, where he left me whilst we were changing horses as I was going farther, and we bade each other adieu without my leaving the carriage. He remained in London eight days, and then returned to Paris. We did not write to each other, for my private occupations never permitted me to

carry on regular correspondence with any one ; and, from my infancy, nothing but my indispensable duties, or my cares as a mother and a teacher, could prevail on me to write letters regularly and correctly : in fact I had long before, that is, some years before the revolution, wholly given up answering letters that came by post while at Paris. Both as an authoress, and as belonging to the household of a prince of the blood, I had been so harassed and injured by them, that I at last adopted this step, which assuredly was not fitted to create *partisans*.

These were all the relations I had with Petion : the following are the names of some of the other persons with whom I was connected. I often saw the unfortunate M. de Beauharnais\* (one of the most interesting victims of Robespierre) but I had known him long before the revolution, as well as M. Mathieu de Montmorency, and M. de Girardin. I received sometimes, but very rarely, some

\* Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais perished on the scaffold at the age of fifty-four, and was one of the victims of the informers then so common, but the mystery of which has never yet been completely unfolded. He was sent by the noblesse of Blois as their representative to the States General in 1789 ; he fought in the first wars of the revolution, and was commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine. The Viscount de Beauharnais, first husband of Josephine de La Pagerie, who afterwards married Napoleon, was born at Martinique in 1760.—(*Editor.*)

literary characters at my house, such as M. M. de Volney, Grouvelle, and Millin; and I likewise saw several artists, *David* among the number. I have no reason to offer any apology for having received the latter, for he was then nothing but the first painter in Europe, and had not become a deputy; besides, I had known him for six or seven years: however, more than a year before I left France, we had discussions which caused a quarrel, and I ceased altogether to see him. The cause of our discussion may be worth mentioning. Louis XVI. was still on the throne, when David made a sketch of the famous oath taken at the *Tennis Court*, and by a fancy, infernal rather than divine, he represented the Castle of Versailles as struck by lightning. I asked him the reason for such an idea, when he said it indicated *the destruction of despotism*. I told him that it seemed rather to indicate *the destruction of the royal family*, and we had a sharp dispute on the subject. Some time after this, I ridiculed in his presence the pompous honours offered to the remains of Voltaire, which was in fact the most foolish, abominable, and ridiculous absurdity that was ever seen in Paris prior to the festival given in honour of the goddess of *Reason*. David had planned the triumphal car on which the corpse of Voltaire was placed, so that

he found my criticisms very impertinent, and from that moment he came to see me no more.

These were all the new connections I formed since the revolution ; I had no others, though it is asserted in several libellous publications (by Gauthier and others) that I lived in *the most tender intimacy* with the Abbé Sieyès, whom I do not even know by sight, and with whom I never had the slightest connexion ; and that I saw secretly Messieurs de Lameth and Mirabeau, while I never spoke to the Messieurs Lameth in my life, nor even had the slightest connexion with them, even in directly. I notice this falsehood (as well as many other *lies*) not assuredly as a *charge* ; but by thus joining my name with the persons who have borne the most important share in the revolution by their talents, or the situations they held, my enemies endeavoured to hold out that I meddled with public affairs, and spent my life in intrigues. As to Mirabeau, though I felt for his oratorical talent when he spoke extempore, the admiration that cannot be refused to him by every impartial mind, I never wished to receive him at my house ; I met him twice in the same house, and he seemed to me as pleasing in his manners as he was eloquent ; we conversed on no other subjects than literature. He wrote me only once to ask me to receive him

for the purpose of hearing him *read a sketch of a speech he intended to make on the law of adoption*. I answered him, declined his offer, telling him frankly, that any connection between us would give rise to a thousand calumnies; I never met him since that time, and heard no more of him. I have only now to give an account of my public conduct. As I have already mentioned, my mode of life has always been the same, devoted solely to my pupils from the time I rose till half past eight in the evening, when I received my friends (that is, three or four persons) for an hour and a half; and then wrote till two or three in the morning. During winter, I had some of the persons I have mentioned at dinner, every Sunday: such was my invariable mode of life. I went sometimes to the National Assembly, but very rarely; and certainly none of the individuals known in public life was seen there seldomer than myself. I was twice at the meetings of the Jacobin club, and they were certainly not at that time what they became afterwards; but the speakers seemed to me extremely poor, and the principles maintained violent and dangerous; I never went again. Curiosity led me once to one of the public sittings of *the fraternal society of the Cordeliers*; and it was a sight at once striking, shocking, and ridiculous. The

women of the lower orders spoke in it, though they did not ascend the tribune, for they were continually interrupting the speakers, and making long harangues without leaving their places, to bring back the speakers, as they said, *to true principles* : the speeches were ludicrous, but the maxims maintained made one shudder. It has been said, that I took Mademoiselle d'Orleans to this sitting, which is absolutely false, for I did not even take her to the Jacobin club.

It has been said, that I had relations with Brissot, which is absolutely false ; but I had some connection with him before the revolution : the fact is as follows. Since ever I began writing, that is, since I became an author, the sentiments of humanity spread through my works have often given the unfortunate the idea of applying to me, and the more readily, as my situation afforded me several means of doing good, none of which I certainly ever neglected. About three or four years before the revolution, Brissot, who was employed on some newspaper or other, was put into the Bastille ; I had never heard of him ; I knew not that he was the author of five or six large volumes very little known then, and very little worthy of being known, which I have since looked over. He was then called *M. de Warville* ; he wrote me while in

the Bastile, and his letter as well as his misfortune excited my interest. I persuaded the Duke of Orleans (who was only Duke of Chartres at the time) to make some efforts in his favour. The duke displayed great zeal and activity in the business, and in a fortnight Brissot recovered his liberty. He came to present me his thanks, and in a few days more another letter from him informed me that he was in love with one of the attendants of Mademoiselle, called Mademoiselle Dupont. I was very fond of this young person, and told her that she would act very foolishly to marry a man without talent (such was my opinion) and without any fortune whatever; but as my advice had no effect, I engaged at her request to write to her mother, who lived at Boulogne, to ask her consent to the marriage of her daughter; and promised to solicit some small place for M. de Warville. The consent was given, the marriage took place immediately, and Madame de Warville left Belle Chasse, and set out for England with her husband. She remained there till the Duke of Chartres became by his father's death, Duke of Orleans. I then obtained for M. de Warville a place worth a thousand crowns, with apartments in the Chancery of Orleans. He came along with his wife to thank me for a situation so far surpassing his expectations. This visit was the

last : in spite of the ideas he afterwards displayed concerning the *perfect equality* that ought to reign among men, Brissot was not perhaps very fond of bringing his wife to a house where she had been as a waiting-maid, and where she had dined in the servants' hall, with the same domestics that were now there ; that is what the astonishing ingratitude of Brissot towards me has made me fancy, for from that moment I never received from him or his wife the slightest mark of remembrance, still less of interest. But of this I do not accuse Madame Brissot, for that unfortunate individual is as interesting by her virtues and disposition as by her misfortunes.

Since the king's flight to Varennes, and his forced return to Paris, I was burning with the desire of leaving France, and the Duke of Orleans at last gave me leave. The physicians ordered Mademoiselle to go to England to take the Bath waters. We set out with our passports in regular style, declaring that we had permission to remain in England as long as the health of Mademoiselle required. We set out on the 11th of October, 1791 : we reached Calais towards evening, and drove to Dessaint's hotel. A well-dressed young man, with two wax-candles in his hands came to light us and show us the way to our apartment,



and walked before us : as soon as we entered our room, he put the candles on the table, threw himself at my feet, and exclaimed, " I am Martin !". This young man's story was as follows : he was the son of what is called a *chasse mareé* (*dealer in fish*). Some months before my first journey to England, he was driving his cart loaded with fish, and was going down a hill, when a drunken man was stretched on the road : in spite of all the cries of Martin, who could not stop his horse, he moved not a step, and was crushed to death on the spot. There were fortunately three men along the road, who witnessed the accident ; but Martin, who was only seventeen, was frightened at this involuntary homicide, and instead of going to prison, he returned not to Calais, but embarked and escaped to Dover ; he was consequently outlawed. On my first journey, his mother had come to me, to entreat me to solicit his pardon when I returned to France. The owner of the hotel, Dessaint, felt great interest for him, and every one assured me that his character was excellent. I saw him on passing through Dover, where he was serving in a hotel ; he had a handsome look, and he greatly affected me by informing me, that the only pleasure he enjoyed was when he got on the top of the

cliffs to look at the coasts of France. When I returned to Saint Leu, I gave the Duke of Orleans a memorial concerning him, and the next day he brought me his pardon in proper form. Dessaint took him into his hotel, and in six months, thought so highly of him, that he gave him his niece, his sole heir, in marriage, and Dessaint's property was at least worth three hundred thousand francs. This young man has since shown me every imaginable mark of gratitude. At the beginning of the period of emigration, he discovered where I was, and wrote me to offer me a passage to England free of expense ; and he has displayed many more proofs of his attachment. I have experienced so much ingratitude in the course of my life, that I delight to collect in these memoirs all the instances of grateful feeling of which I have been the object or the witness.

We first went to London, to a house the Duke of Orleans had bought. We spent a fortnight there, and then went to Bath, where we remained two months. There was an excellent company of actors, who played tragedy and comedy. I hired a box, and to render ourselves familiar with the *spoken language*, we went almost daily to the theatre ; we could perfectly follow the whole of the tragedy, but it was very different with co-

medies, for the rapid pronunciation, vulgar and provincial dialects, and frequent abbreviations were continually putting us out. But we always took the printed plays with us, so that we read what we could not understand by the ear; and by this means, in six weeks' time, we understood English like the English themselves. At Bath we had but six acquaintances, but all most agreeable company,—an Irish catholic priest, who was our confessor; Lord and Lady Londonderry; Dr. Fothergill, physician at the wells; Dr. Warner, and Mr. Neagle. From Bath we went to Bristol, and from Bristol to Sir — Colt Hoare's, whose fine seat at Stourhead is in the immediate neighbourhood. There is a very venerable monument in the park—the tower on the top of which Alfred the Great proclaimed the deliverance of England, which he had just rescued from the Danish yoke after a series of brilliant victories. I ascended more than once alone to the top of this ancient tower; and loved to imagine to myself the noble thoughts that on this very spot had engaged the attention of the legitimate sovereign, the liberator, and the legislator of his nation, the prince whose life was as pure as it was brilliant and heroic; of that modest and generous conqueror; that justly celebrated poet; that saint on the throne and in the camp;

lastly, the monarch who received from heaven talents as various, and a genius as mighty as his soul was lofty and magnanimous! We stayed a fortnight at this beautiful seat, and spent our time very pleasantly; and then went to Bury St. Edmunds, where we took possession of a pretty little house I had hired. We became acquainted with several persons, whom I shall always preserve in affectionate remembrance;—Miss Ferguson and her sister, Lady Gage; Sir Charles Bunbury, who had very fine hot-houses, and sent us every Saturday a donkey loaded with magnificent fruits and flowers, amongst which there were always some peaches as fine as those of Montreuil; Mr. Howard, now Duke of Norfolk, with whom we often went to the country; he was young, a catholic, full of kindness and virtuous principles, and most agreeable company. At his house I saw a young man for whom Mademoiselle, my niece, Pamela, and I conceived a warm friendship, for with all the pleasing characteristics of youth, and with all his charming vivacity, he was prudent, and of such perfect purity of habits and conduct, that we naturally felt the same confidence in him as we could have felt for a man of the maturest age; and he merited all our esteem—this was Mr. Hervey, now Lord Bristol. At Bury I likewise

saw the well-known Arthur Young, who had ruined himself by trying experiments in economy and agriculture.

From Bury we went several times to the University of Cambridge and to the Newmarket races; and we likewise took a journey through the English counties. We saw the fine caverns of Derbyshire; the kind of alabaster of which the stalactites are formed, is invariably white, for the vases sold in the shops with blue and violet colours are thus variegated by means of a chemical process, which greatly surprised me on the following account. A justly celebrated architect, M. Bellenger, and who was an excellent painter in water colours, was a short time in England before the revolution, and brought back his portfolio full of charming drawings, all done by himself; he came to Belle Chasse to show them to me, and while we particularly admired the interior of the caverns of Derbyshire, we were struck with wonder at seeing the elegant tapestry of alabaster with which they were surrounded by nature, and all of which (in the drawings) was embroidered and variegated with blue and violet colours. The fact is that M. Bellenger had not seen these caverns, but had drawn them from engravings, and painted them according to the cups and vases he saw made of

the alabaster, which he imagined to be in the same state as in the caverns. That is the danger which often occurs to travellers, of judging by *induction*. In the second volume of the *Souvenirs de Felicie*, I have noticed several remarkable and curious instances of this danger, which is the more troublesome because it has had a powerful influence in producing such general prejudice against the veracity of travellers. Hence, when a young man is sent on his travels, he ought to be forewarned against the kind of mania, which is that of clever persons who like better to *imagine*, than to give themselves the trouble of asking questions, or of ascertaining facts, unless there be absolute necessity. We went into the principality of Wales, and stopped a short time at the village of Llangollen, to see on the summit of their mountains, the two friends (Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby), who have fixed themselves in this secluded spot. We had letters of introduction to them from Mr. Stuart, now Lord Castlereagh. I have elsewhere (*Souvenirs de Felicie*) mentioned these two interesting ladies. We also went to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. After many tours of this kind, we returned to Bury. During the long period I this time spent in England I wrote nothing but the *Cimetiere de Bury*, did not read a single French

book, but I read English for six hours a day, and made extracts. Besides, all the time not employed in my own studies was devoted to Mademoiselle.

I was busy also with my little Eglantine, who was only five years old, and who was the oldest sister of my Anatole : that child was endeared to me the more, as I had to act a mother's part towards her. She brought her own mother to my recollection by her sweetness, beauty, and intelligence : from her I expected, if not some compensation for the most heart-rending loss, at least a source of consolation for my future life ! On our arrival in England she did not know a word of English, and yet I perceived that in eight days time she perfectly understood a phrase she heard repeated every time we went out walking, for every one we met looked at her and exclaimed "*Pretty little girl!*" I saw her smile, and asked her the reason, when she told me "That it was because they think me *une jolie petite fille.*" This impulsion of feminine vanity was her lesson in the English language, and in about two months she understood every thing.

I had plenty of books at Bury, for which I was indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Planta and Paradise, who sent me down from London every book I asked for. Amongst other books, I read

with attention every thing relating to English literature, and all the pieces of the English Theatre from Shakspeare and Ben Jonson down to our own times ; all the biographical accounts of celebrated men, which are excellent so far as relates to distinguished Englishmen, but full of errors concerning the distinguished men of foreign countries, particularly concerning Frenchmen. I then read over again all the English historians, and satisfied myself of a fact I had only hitherto imagined, namely, that there has been a general misapprehension of the high merits of Charles II., whose virtuous and unfortunate father perished on the scaffold, the victim of an abominable faction and odious revolution. After the restoration, Charles II. acted with a courage, wisdom, and prudence that cannot be sufficiently admired ; he reduced the taxes (which were enormous in Cromwell's time) ; knew how to ally firmness and clemency with great skill ; and above all considerations, adopted many measures towards the restoration of religion. Order and peace were the results of these fortunate arrangements. He it was who founded the Royal Society of London, so celebrated at the present day ; he solemnly promised to favour and assist all those who should *devote themselves to difficult studies* ; he sent to the



neighbouring countries to obtain information of sciences unknown in England ; corrected the improprieties, anomalies, and neologism of the national dialect, which in Cromwell's time had become almost barbarous ; and made many other important improvements. Certainly these are deeds of great value, and not sufficiently estimated. An excellent book might be made *on historical injustice, oversights, and misrepresentations*.

The close of my stay in England was embittered by the most mournful anticipations, for party spirit gave me every reason to fear the efforts of the enemies of the house of Orleans, and I received anonymous letters of the most alarming nature. Amongst the rest I received one in English, in which I was designated as *a savage fury*, and which threatened to set fire to our house at night. Yet I had never been concerned in a single intrigue. I was fond of monarchy, and used every effort to soften and restrain the Duke of Orleans, who not only, as I have already said, never asked my advice, but had a sovereign contempt for my advice on such a subject, as he considered me by no means elevated to *the height of the new ideas*. When I learned the king's dethronement, and the establishment of a republic, I experienced a singular feeling, for I instantly and

painfully exclaimed, "Alas! alas! that masterpiece of talent. *Athalie* is for ever lost to the French stage!" In my *Parvenus* I have put this saying of mine, which I uttered very naturally upon the announcement of such an event.

In the end of September, 1792, I was still at Bury in the county of Suffolk, when I learned by the French papers that a powerful party was forming the most alarming plans, and were desirous of bringing the king and queen to judgment. As I believed that Petion still preserved very great popularity,\* I had no doubt that he was strongly opposed to these abominable plans, but I did not feel the same confidence in his talents as I placed in his innate rectitude. Some ideas occurred to me that I thought apposite, and the powerful interests of justice and humanity determined me to communicate them to him. For the first time, then, I wrote to Petion, concerning the trial of the king and queen, which all the newspapers alluded to; and my letter consisted of six pages.\*

\* A newspaper of the time thus speaks of this letter:—

"The patriot Gorsas complains in his paper of an article inserted in one of our late numbers, concerning the letters that have lately been received from England, containing, as we assert, *non-official* but certainly *officious* opinions for the purpose of carefully preserving the lives of Louis XVI. and his family. God forbid that

I therein proved that independently of principles of humanity, policy of itself enjoined the French to be not only strictly just on this occasion, but even generous; and as it was absolutely necessary in those times to quote Roman history on every subject, I mentioned the conduct of the Romans when they abolished monarchy, neither massacring the Tarquins, confiscating their property, nor restraining their freedom. I explained all the advantages of a just, dignified, and generous mode of treatment, and the alarming consequences which would necessarily flow from conduct of an opposite kind. When this letter was written, I durst not send it by post, and had no private opportunities of sending it to France, so that I thought of sending it to Messrs. Fox and Sheridan,

we should have meant to say that Gorsas or the other worthy journalists who publish these letters, had fabricated them; for then we should have been attacking ourselves, as we too gave them insertion in our columns. The word *officious* relates solely to the writer or writers of these letters, and our sole object has been to excite a necessary and useful distrust of opinions that come from abroad. Joseph Gorsas cannot be ignorant of the fact that London is crowded with *Feuillans Biseamerists*, refractory priests, in a word of all that scum that France vomited from her bosom during the last revolution, and that all these worthy people have very good reasons of their own for giving us or sending us *charitable advice*, that we shall do very well not to mind.—(*Annales Patriotiques*, 3rd October, 1792.)

as I was certain they would approve of the sentiments it contained, and might find opportunities in London of sending it safely to Paris. I scarcely knew these two celebrated individuals, so illustrious by their genius, acquirements, and virtues. I had then seen neither of them more than once in my life, but trusting to the high character they enjoyed, I had several times applied to them for objects of a personal nature, (which I shall notice by and by,) and they had replied to me with their accustomed kindness, so that I felt no hesitation in requesting them to send my letter to Petion. I sent it open, requesting them to read it, and if they approved its contents, to seal it up and send it off. Mr. Fox answered by the next post, and informed me in French that he was *enchanted with my excellent letter*, (these were his very expressions,) and that I might depend on Petion receiving it immediately. I received no answer from Petion, but a short time afterwards I saw my letter in the *Patriote Français*, with the omission of some phrases, but it was not in the shape of a letter, neither my name nor Petion's was mentioned at all, and though the whole gave a very correct statement of the contents of my letter, it was couched in the language of a supposed correspondent, who was said to have heard these argu-

ments used in London towards a *true friend of liberty*. - Before sending this letter to Mr. Fox, I had shown it to three or four persons, so that it was easily recognised when it appeared in the *Patriote Français*, and was generally known to be mine, and information of this being sent to Paris, I obtained henceforth the hatred of the faction of Marat and Robespierre. It is evident from this unquestionable fact that I then thought (that is, so shortly before the king's death,) as I have thought all my life; and it likewise displays the sentiments and pusillanimity of Petion. He was desirous of saving the king, but he had not the courage to speak, and as he dared not express his avowed approbation of the contents of my letter, he caused the sentiments to be secretly printed.

Immediately after the massacres in the prisons in the month of September, 1792, I received a singular letter from the Duke of Orleans, telling me to return to France immediately with his daughter! I answered him immediately that I would not do so, as it was absurd to choose such a period for her return. I could write a volume if I were to set down all the painful ideas that now embittered my mind. How many nights have I spent in walking up and down in my chamber, and in recommending myself to divine protection!

I drove from my mind every useless presentiment, every painful fear and reflection, but I felt continually a strange kind of uneasiness and oppression of heart, although Mademoiselle and my two other pupils were unable to discover it. By means of religious principles and constant occupation, the most bitter cares of the heart may be smoothed into peace, and every thought of them, at least by day, be driven from the mind ; but how easily can we be roused from this happy forgetfulness ! One day, while more than usually overwhelmed by heart-rending sorrows that lay concealed within my own breast, I endeavoured to busy myself in my usual quiet and composed manner, and began to paint—when all at once a well tuned and sweet toned organ began to play in the street a very affecting air, the melody of which went instantly to my heart, and brought back in full flow all the tender feelings that had been for some time repressed by a painful effort of reason. Painful and interesting associations rose vividly in my imagination, fruitless regrets embittered my heart, all my misfortunes rose once more before me in full perspective, with all their sorrowful details, and feelings of melancholy and grief rent asunder the mysterious veil that had hitherto concealed them in part from my view. All the wounds of my

heart opened anew. My pencil fell from my hand, and a shower of bitter tears covered the flower I had sketched!

My well-founded fears were, meanwhile, daily increasing; every thing showed me that a plot had been formed to carry Mademoiselle off, and though I knew not what advantage could be derived from such an act of violence, I am fully persuaded of its existence. I was in a situation full of embarrassment, for Mr. Howard and Sir Charles Bunbury, the persons I would have wished to consult, were absent, and I took upon me to write to Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, to lay before them my difficulties and fears, and to request their advice. They answered me in a manner worthy of the confidence I had felt in their high characters. Mr. Sheridan was so kind as to come down to Bury, (seventy miles from London,) to assist me, and only remained with me for two or three hours, the time absolutely necessary to give me every advice that he thought might be useful to me. Mr. Howard returned eight days after this interview, and his active and generous friendship was of the utmost service to us, for new efforts of malice had again awakened all my former fears. I determined on leaving Bury, and on going to London, to wait for the final answer of the Duke

of Orleans. I had several reasons to fear crossing the solitary plains of Newmarket *without escort*. Mr. Howard made us adopt the precautions he thought necessary for our safety, and had the kindness to accompany us part of the way. I left Bury at the end of October, and arrived in London. As I had every reason to distrust the housekeeper at the duke's mansion, I spent every night in great anxiety. One evening, Mr. Rice, whom I had known at Spa, came to see me, as he had written me to request a private interview. Under the pretence of being strongly interested with my situation, he advised me to go to America, where, he said, I should be *adored*, and offered to be at the expenses of the voyage, and to get me a passage in a vessel just setting out, the captain of which was his particular friend. Such a proposal seemed to me very singular, though I showed no surprise, but firmly refused the offer. He urged me to accept an asylum in a house he had on the sea-shore, or in one of his estates in Ireland; but I refused this likewise, when his look became most alarming; he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, in which, I am certain, I plainly saw the shape of a pistol. I was five or six steps from the mantel-piece, but without hesitation I sprang forward and rung the bell; the servants came instantly, when Mr. Rice rose up in confu-



sion, but mad with passion, and went out without looking at me, or saying a single word. Some days after this, I was surprised at a singular incident. At London, people always hawked about in the evening the newspapers of that day, but never mentioned the names of the individuals spoken of in the paper; one evening, however, I heard my name and that of M. de Calonne cried several times in the streets by the hawkers. I sent to buy the paper, and there was an article in it concerning me, very false and very circumstantial, and an account of the departure of M. de Calonne, who was said to have had a great many private interviews with me, and who had passed with me all the evening previous to his departure. It was evident enough that this falsehood was fabricated for the purpose of making me an object of suspicion in France, whither it was known that I was immediately about to return. Mr. Sheridan had the kindness to insert in the next day's paper a denial of this unfounded story, which showed equal ignorance and malignity, for not only had I never any connexion with M. de Calonne, but I did not even know him by sight.\* I told Mr. Sheridan my adventure with Mr. Rice,

\* The only connexion I had with him was a little before the revolution, when I solicited a pension for M. Palisot; a fact I have already mentioned in these Memoirs.—(*Note by the Author.*)

and he took us to his house at Isleworth. We there spent a month most agreeably. Mr. Sheridan was naturally of an agreeable disposition, but he was still more pleasing towards us, as he was passionately in love with Pamela, and, being a widower, was desirous of marrying her. His wife, who died young, had been one of the most beautiful and charming ladies in England, and Pamela a most striking likeness to her. She had lived very happy with her husband, till she became acquainted with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who conceived a most violent passion for her, which she returned. Remorse of conscience brought her to the grave.

In the beginning of November, the Duke of Orleans sent to me M. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, with whom I had no acquaintance whatever. He was fully empowered by the Duke of Orleans to ask Mademoiselle to be delivered up to him, if I did not agree to bring her back to France immediately. I answered him very drily, that I should inform him of my intentions the next morning. I was in despair at the thought of being forced to send Mademoiselle home alone, or of accompanying her thither. I asked Mr. Sheridan's advice, and he told me that it was *not worthy of me* to refuse delivering up this precious charge into the

same hands which had intrusted it to me. These words sufficed. It was settled that I was to take Mademoiselle back to France, that I should deliver her up into her father's hands, should give up my place of governess, and return immediately to London. I gave M. Maret an answer to that effect. Two days before we set out, Mr. Sheridan made, in my presence, his declaration of love to Pamela, who was affected by his agreeable manners and high character, and accepted the offer of his hand with pleasure; in consequence of this, it was settled that he was to marry her on our return from France, which was expected to take place in a fortnight. I returned to London, with the intention of setting out the next day, and Mr. Reed was to go to Dover by himself. We actually set out on our return on the 20th October, 1792, but such an extraordinary incident occurred, that I cannot pass it over in silence, though I shall merely relate the facts without explanation, or the addition of any reflections of my own, as the impartial reader can make them for himself. We set out at ten in the morning, in two carriages, the one with six, the other with four horses, carrying our waiting-maids. Two months before, I had sent back to Paris four servants, so that we had only one French domestic left, and another

who was hired to go with us as far as Dover ; and we had not gone a mile from London, when our French servant, who had only travelled once from Dover to London, thought we were not in the right road, and when he mentioned it, I saw he was correct. When the postillions were questioned, they answered, that they had been desirous of avoiding a steep hill, and that they would soon reach the high road. In three quarters of an hour, we saw that we were travelling through a part of the country we were quite ignorant of, and I again asked the reason of it from the servant and the drivers, when they again assured me that we were about to regain the common road ; yet they continued along this road with uncommon speed, and as I remarked that the drivers and the servant answered my questions with singular briefness, and seemed particularly afraid of stopping, we began to look round us with a feeling of astonishment and anxiety ; we asked them more questions, and this time they told us that we had lost our way, but that they were desirous of concealing it from us, till they came up to a certain cross-road that led to Dartford, where we were to change horses ; and that we had already been an hour and a half in this road, and were not more than two miles from Dartford. We thought it

very singular that they could have lost their way on such a road as that from London to Dover; but our belief that we were only two miles from Dartford, drove away the vague fears that had alarmed us for a moment; an hour, however, elapsed, and when we saw that no post-house appeared, our anxiety rose in a moment to absolute terror, and while thus perplexed, a singular and extraordinary incident completed our alarm, for two well-dressed men passed by us on foot, and cried out very distinctly, in French, "*Ladies, they are deceiving you—they are not taking you to Dover.*" In the position we were in, the effect produced by these alarming words may be easily conceived. We found several ways of explaining this singular fact, but they are too voluminous to be mentioned here, and I shall merely state the results. I had much difficulty in making the drivers stop at a village on our right, for in spite of my cries they drove on. However, the French servant (the other said nothing) forced them to stop at last. I then enquired at the village how far we were from Dartford, and my surprise may be conceived, when I was informed that we were twenty-two miles from it! I kept my suspicions to myself, took a guide from the village, and declared that I would return immediately to London,

as I found that I was nearer to it than Dartford. The drivers strongly opposed this resolution, and were very insolent; but our French servant,\* aided by the guide, forced them to obey, but as the drivers were unwilling, and the horses worn out, we did not reach London till dark, when I made them drive to Mr. Sheridan's immediately, and that gentleman was greatly surprised at seeing me again. I told him what had happened, and, like us, he thought it quite impossible that it could have sprung from chance; he sent for an officer to take charge of the servants, who were detained under the pretext of paying their bill. They waited patiently, but the hired footmen soon disappeared. The drivers were examined before a justice, in the presence of witnesses; and after much hesitation and denial, they admitted that a *gentleman*, whom they did not know, had come that morning to their master's, had taken them to an ale-house, and had persuaded them to take the road we had travelled, by giving them plenty to drink. They were examined very minutely, but no further information could be obtained. Mr. Sheridan told me that enough was proved to send them to trial; but that it would be a

\* This worthy servant is still alive; his name is Darnal, and he is in the service of Prince Talleyrand.—(Note by the Author.)

tedious and expensive business. The drivers were discharged, and we pushed the matter no further, as he received some anonymous letters on the subject that alarmed him. When Mr. Sheridan saw the fright I was in, at the mere idea of setting out again for Dover, he promised to accompany us, but, he added, that pressing business would prevent him setting out till a few days after, and he took us to the country-house I have already mentioned at Isleworth, near Richmond, on the banks of the Thames.

As Mr. Sheridan was unable to get his business finished so soon as he expected, we remained a whole month in this hospitable retreat, which was rendered so pleasing to us by friendship and gratitude. He showed his attachment by accompanying us to Dover, and Mr. Reed came along with him. It was now the month of November, and the weather was extremely boisterous. At Dover we spent two days. I knew that Mr. Sheridan had pressing business at London, so that in spite of the severity of the weather, I would not keep him waiting, and embarked on board the packet. Mr. Reed came to France along with us. I was very much affected on taking leave of Mr. Sheridan, and he shed tears at our departure. This individual, so celebrated by his genius and accom-

plishments, was one of the most agreeable men I ever knew. He was then forty-six years of age, of an open and expressive countenance, and with all the gaiety of youth. He was at once a great statesman, a great orator, and the best comic author that the English theatre can boast of. His mind was solid, lively, and powerful; his disposition thoughtless, indolent, and improvident; his heart was excellent, his company delightful, but his habits altogether irregular. He spent a part of his life in ruining himself by indolence, and another in recovering his fortune by his talents and by sudden bursts of activity, and he died in misery at last. The following anecdote gives a perfect idea of both his talent and his disposition: he was once giving a grand party, while almost overwhelmed with debts of every kind, and there were so many persons invited that the servants, whose number was much reduced, could not suffice to serve them all: when, amidst the bustle of the evening, he was informed that six sheriff's officers were about to seize every thing in the house; he went to them to request they would not trouble the harmony of the party, but wait till it was over, and in the mean time, he persuaded them to take a share in the amusements of the evening, to assist him in doing the honours of his house, and to put on the dress of



footmen, and distribute the ice-creams to the ladies. The party went in very merrily, and when it was all over, and every one had withdrawn, the officers performed their duty by taking possession of the furniture.

We had a very stormy passage, for though the wind was fair, it was extremely violent and alarming; we crossed over in an hour and a half, a thing very seldom done. When we landed, an immense crowd assembled on the shore, and received Mademoiselle with loud acclamations and transports that amounted to enthusiasm, and this was the last homage which her unfortunate name received in France (previous to the restoration). While changing horses at Chantilly, I found a courier which the Duke of Orleans sent me with a note containing these words: "If you have not crossed the sea, remain in England till further orders; if my courier meet you on the road after entering France, remain at the place where this note may reach you, and come not to Paris. Another messenger will let you know what is necessary to be done." I paid no attention to this order, but continued my journey, and arrived the same evening at Belle Chasse, where I was expected, as I had sent a servant from Chantilly on before us. At Belle Chasse I found the Duke of

Orleans, M. de Sillery, and five or six other persons. Our meeting was very sad. I delivered up Mademoiselle, who cried bitterly, into her father's hands ; I told him before all the company that it was with sorrow that I gave up this precious charge, that I resigned my place as a governess, and should set out next morning for England. The duke, who had an embarrassed and dejected look, took me into an adjoining chamber, and informed me that his daughter, by a new and retrospective law was included by her age (she was fifteen) among the emigrants, as she had not returned at the prescribed period ; he added, that it was my fault, because I would not bring her home immediately after he had sent for her the first time, but he declared that he was certain that some would be excepted from this law, and that he was certain that his daughter would be first selected ; that in the mean time *she must submit to the law*, and go to a neutral country till the decree concerning the persons excepted was promulgated ; that in consequence of this he entreated me to take her to Tournay, (Belgium was not yet united to France,) that the law of exception would certainly be published within eight days, that he would himself go to bring back his daughter, and that I should then be free ; and lastly,

that he flattered himself that I would not have the cruelty to refuse this last proof of attachment to a child, to whom I had shown so many others from the time of her birth. I answered drily, that I would take Mademoiselle to Tournay, but under the express condition that if the law of exception were not published in a fortnight, he was to send some one to Tournay to take my place ; and he gave me his word of honour that he would do so.

The same evening M. de Sillery took us to his private box at the theatre to dispel our melancholy ideas. Lodoiska was performed. At the play was present Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom I have already mentioned, and who was so fond of Mrs. Sheridan ; the resemblance of Pamela with the object of his bitter regret, struck him so forcibly that he became violently in love with Pamela, and got introduced to us by Mr. Stone, an Englishman of our acquaintance. The next morning we went to Rainsy, and it was settled that we should set off on the following day for Tournay. The duke and M. de Sillery spent the whole day at Rainsy. I thought the duke had a very absent, sombre, and care-worn look, and something wild in his whole appearance that was truly alarming ; he constantly walked backwards and forwards from room to room without stopping, as if he had been

afraid of conversation or of hearing my questions. As the weather was mild, I sent Mademoiselle, my niece, and Pamela into the garden, where they were joined by M. de Sillery. Finding myself alone with the duke, I said some words to him about his situation, when he hastily interrupted me, and said surlily, *that he had declared in favour of the Jacobins!* I replied, that after what had taken place, it was both mad and criminal in him to do so; that he would become their victim; and that he had already proofs of it in the last decree, declaring every Frenchman an emigrant, who was above fourteen, and who had not returned to France before the end of September. I added, that any one must be blind indeed, who did not perceive that this extravagant decree had been passed for the sole purpose of harassing him, by ranking his daughter among the emigrants. I advised him to emigrate himself with all his family, and to go to America; because, of all the republics in the world, the French republic, even were it properly organized, was certainly the one least fitted for the princes of the house of Bourbon. The duke smiled disdainfully, and answered me, (what in fact he had told me a thousand times before,) that I was worthy of being listened to and consulted on questions of history

or literature, but that I knew nothing of politics. To change the subject of conversation, and to satisfy my curiosity on a subject that greatly surprised me, I asked him why he had left his arms (three *fleurs de lis*) standing at the back of the drawing-room chimney, as well as on the chimneys of the other apartments, since *these signs* were proscribed by law, and the Jacobins were constantly at his house. The duke's answer was literally as follows: "I left them because it would be *cowardly* to take them away." This singular answer was given with the rough and decided tone that always distinguished him in argument, particularly since the revolution. The conversation became warm, and even very bitter, when he suddenly left the room. In the evening I had a long conversation with M. de Sillery, and entreated him with tears in my eyes to leave France, as he could easily escape, and take with him two hundred thousand francs at least. He listened to me without interruption, and seemed affected; but he answered me, that though he abhorred all the excesses of the revolution, he did not see the future in such black colours as I saw it; that Robespierre and his party had too little talent not to lose their ascendancy in a very short time; that the talents and acquirements of the members of the Conven-

tion were all on the side of the moderate party ; (a short time after they were all put to death) ; that order and morality, without which nothing could be stable, would soon be re-established ; and lastly, that he thought, a man of principle would commit a crime by leaving France at that moment, as his flight would deprive his country of an additional vote in favour of reason and humanity. I urgently pressed him, but all my arguments, all my entreaties were unavailing : he spoke to me of the Duke of Orleans and said, that he was ruining himself, in his opinion, because he placed all his hopes in the Jacobins, who made it their pleasure to degrade him, so that he might afterwards fall an easier sacrifice : he added, that though that unfortunate prince was given up blindly to bad counsellors, and led astray by false ideas, he could not entirely get rid of his native good sense ; that he was in his own mind sincerely sorry for having entered upon such a career, but that as he thought he could not now leave it, he was boldly and recklessly plunging more and more amidst its abysses, as if he flattered himself with possessing the enthusiasm that fears nothing, though he felt not a particle of such enthusiasm.

We set out the next morning : the Duke of Orleans, more gloomy than ever, gave me his arm

to lead me to the carriage. I was in great trouble, Mademoiselle burst into tears, and her father was pale, and shook with emotion. When I had entered the carriage, he remained silent at the door, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on me; his mournful and suffering look seemed to implore our pity! *Adieu, Madam*, said he to me: the quivering sound of his voice struck me with a still greater shock, and I could not utter a single word, but stretched out my hand, which he took and pressed fervently, and turning hastily away, he made a sign to the postillions, and we set out.

M. de Sillery, the Duke of Chartres, and my nephew Cæsar du Crest, accompanied us as far as the frontiers, and I was very glad of it, for the language and gestures of the people had become very alarming. The passports we received declared that we departed *only out of respect to the law*, that we were going to wait at Tournay for the decree of *exceptions*, which was speedily to be published, and that we were to remain at Tournay until recalled. Thus it appears that we never were emigrants, as we were sent there to wait for our recall; the decree never appeared, but it was so well known that we were not emigrants, that when Tournay was united to France, we were exempted from the order given to all the emigrants to leave

Belgium. We remained at Tournay till it was taken by the enemy, so that if the least semblance of justice had been shown me on my return to France, I should have obtained a compensation for my property that had been confiscated. At Belle Chasse I had left property of the value of more than fifty thousand francs, in furniture of my own, plate, jewels, paintings, books, musical instruments, specimens of natural history, &c. I was so affected at my departure, that I left a large quantity of valuable things I might have taken with me. I chiefly regretted a beautiful collection of miniatures, my historical magic lantern, and some of my manuscripts : amongst the rest, a comedy in five acts, in verse, entitled *Les Nouvelles Precieuses Ridicules*. It had no resemblance to Moliere's play, but consisted of sketches from nature, which I had taken while at the Palais Royal. After my departure, my daughter could go freely to Belle Chasse, and took away a charming collection of paintings in water colours, done by M. Mérys, representing all the noble actions of our times I had either witnessed myself, or had heard related : she likewise saved my piano and some other things I had given her. I also regretted my collection of artificial flowers, the work of my own hands, which I had taken five years to complete,



and which, after the confiscation of my property, was sold for twelve thousand francs in assignats, making about five or six thousand in money. The whole of my collection of Natural History was likewise sold. I was very sorry that I had not taken with me three shells and two agates of very great value.

At the first post-house we found Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose love for Pamela made him follow us to Tournay. We had scarcely reached that place when he asked me for Pamela in marriage. I showed him the papers that proved her birth : she was the daughter of a man of high birth named Seymour, who married in spite of his family a young woman of the lowest class called Mary Syms, and went off with her to Newfoundland, on the coast of America, where he established himself at a place called Fogo. There Pamela was born, and received the name of Nancy : her father died, and the mother returned to England with her child, then eighteen months old. As her husband was disinherited, she was reduced to great misery, and forced to work for her bread. She had settled at Christ Church, which Mr. Forth passed through four years after, and being commissioned by the Duke of Orleans to send us a young English girl, he saw this girl and obtained her from her mother. When I began to be really

attached to Pamela, I was very uneasy lest her mother might be desirous of claiming her by legal process, that is, lest she might threaten me with doing so, to obtain grants of money it would have been out of my power to give. I consulted several English lawyers on the subject, and they told me, that the only means of protecting myself from this species of persecution was to get the mother to give me her daughter as an *apprentice* for the sum of twenty-five guineas. She agreed, and according to the usual forms, appeared in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield. She there signed an agreement by which she gave me her daughter as an *apprentice* till she became of age, and could not claim her from me till she paid all the expenses I had been at for her maintenance and education; and to this paper Lord Mansfield put his name and seal as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. When I showed Lord Edward these papers, I told him that after my resignation of my place as governess to Mademoiselle, I had a right to a pension *en retraite* of six thousand francs belonging to the situation; and that I was going to write to the Duke of Orleans, to inform him, that I waved this claim for myself, and requested he would settle it on

Pamela, who had many claims of her own to the grant, as the companion of the childhood and early youth of Mademoiselle, and so far as regarded the English language, of great service to her education. Besides, I felt very great satisfaction in getting rid of this pension, after all the disagreeable treatment I had received, and in thinking that I had taken nothing for bringing up the three brothers of Mademoiselle. I also told Lord Edward that nothing could make me consent to give him Pamela against the will of his family, and without the written consent of his mother, the Duchess of Leinster: he assured me instantly that he would obtain it. He set out for England immediately, returned in a few days, and brought me a charming letter from the duchess, joyfully consenting to the marriage.

The day after his return, the marriage contract was signed, the marriage concluded, and in two days after the new married couple set out for England. This separation made me shed many tears, yet I felt great joy in seeing the fortunes of this beloved child so honourably secured. She was at once my pupil and my god-child, for, as I knew that Christ Church was full of anabaptists, I was afraid that she had not been baptized, and was desirous of getting her baptized *sous condition*,

and for this purpose I went to the archbishop to explain my fears and the plan I had formed. He told me that baptisms of this kind could not be done unless under peculiar circumstances; but that as he was at that very time sending one of his secretaries to England on private business, I might give him all the papers I had respecting the child, that the secretary would enquire into the business, and I should have an answer on his return. I gave him all my papers, and from the enquiries instituted by the secretary, the archbishop gave permission for her to be baptized *sous condition*; thus I became her god-mother.

Meanwhile, three weeks had elapsed, and the Duke of Orleans sent no person to Tournay to take charge of Mademoiselle in my place. I entreated him earnestly to do so in all my letters, but they were unavailing, for he always replied by conjuring me to be patient and to wait a few days longer. In the month of December, Mademoiselle had a very serious attack of illness, for she took a bilious fever from the anxiety with which she was continually depressed, and this was the cause of very great alarm to me. I attended her with all the affection which could be shown by the liveliest maternal care; and during two nights she was particularly ill, when I constantly

remained by her bed-side. This illness, and the painful and lingering nature of her recovery, made me give up every idea of leaving her at such a moment, for it would have been her death. The month of January came at last, as well as the horrible catastrophe of the king's death. The Duke of Chartres, who had joined us at Tournay, showed me a letter he had received from his father, which began thus: *My heart is oppressed with sorrow, but for the interests of France and of liberty, I have thought it my duty . . . . ! &c.*

This letter produced the same impression on the Duke of Chartres as it did on me; we were equally seized with horror and dismayed. My unfortunate husband wrote me at the same period, and sent me a great many copies of *his opinion* at the king's trial, for though it was inserted in all the papers, he had got it printed separately, and told me to send copies of it to England, which I did immediately. His bold, noble, and courageous opinion was thus expressed: "I do not vote for death, first, because the king does not merit it; secondly, because we have no right to sit as his judges; and lastly, because I consider his condemnation as the greatest political fault that can be committed."

M. de Sillery thus ended his letter: *I am per-*

*fectly sure, then, in pronouncing this opinion, I have signed my death warrant . . .* Hence, when he left the assembly, he was so struck with horror and so indignant, that he went instantly to the prison of the Abbaye to enter himself as a prisoner ! Alas ! he might yet have escaped ! . . . . . This letter filled my heart with terror, but as I saw no pretexts for taking his life, I thought he would get over his difficulties by a few months imprisonment. I reflected not on the rapacity of the Jacobins, and that my unfortunate husband had more than a hundred thousand livres a-year ! . . . Amidst all my horrible anxiety, I felt great consolation in reflecting upon the uncompromising boldness of his heroic opinion. It was the only one of the kind thus expressed. Several other deputies refused to vote for death, but they always adopted circumlocutions in expressing their opinion ; M. de Condorcet, for instance, said that he was conscientiously opposed to the punishment of death in general, and could not, consequently, vote for it in this case ; and all, with the single exception of M. de Sillery, employed some round-about phrase, to avoid expressing their opinion openly.

Belgium was united to France, and, notwithstanding all that has been written to prove that it was by *the wishes of the inhabitants*, I can safely

assert, that they were noways desirous of such a measure, and were forced to acquiesce. We were witnesses of many horrible scenes; Mademoiselle saw a man killed under her windows; and commissaries were sent, one of whom was very insolent and cruel, and generally detested, yet we were obliged to suffer his visits, and I had personally the misfortune to please him so highly, that I could not hinder him kissing my hands every few minutes. I took advantage of my ascendancy over him to forbid him *tutoyer* me any more, and he had the gallantry to refrain from this republican familiarity in our presence. M. de Jouy, then aid-de-camp of General O'Moran, completed the aversion I felt for this commissary, by informing me that he thought he had discovered he had formerly been a priest, as he knew perfectly all the saints' days in the week; and his conjecture was well-founded. The other commissary was M. Thiebaut, who came often to dine with us along with M. de Jouy, and their company was very pleasing. M. de Jouy was witty and agreeable, and conceived great friendship for me; like M. Thiebaut he deplored and detested all that was going on in France, contrary to reason and humanity. He told me in private that he was in love with a young English lady, named

Miss Hamilton, who was then at Tournay. For the purpose of engaging her relations to give him her hand, I became acquainted with them, and gained the friendship of Mrs. Hamilton so completely, that I powerfully contributed to their marriage, on which M. de Jouy, at that time, considered all his happiness to depend. After this period, General O'Moran, a worthy man in all respects, was guillotined, and his aid-de-camp, M. de Jouy, put in prison, where he would soon have suffered the fate of his general, had it not been for the affection of his sister, who procured his escape by giving a large sum to the jailor. M. de Jouy escaped to Switzerland; and some time after came to see us at our convent of Bremgarten, which gave us great pleasure. He wrote verses for me, which I still keep in my book of recollections, and they are in his own writing, signed with his name, and this phrase after it; *Your friend, in all the ancient extent of the term.* Yet, *this friend* did not come to see me on my return to France, nor even leave his card at my house.

General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay on Tuesday, the 26th March 1793, and like all the French who passed through the place, came to see Mademoiselle D'Orleans. I was delighted at seeing this celebrated man, and though defeated, and in



my opinion pursued, by the Austrians, his presence alone gave me confidence. I never was alone with him a single moment, for, as we were not acquainted, we had nothing to say to each other, and I saw him only along with the officers of his staff whom he brought to my house, and who always accompanied him on his visits. It was on one of these occasions that M. Dubuisson,\* the commissary sent by the convention, came one evening to see General Dumouriez at my house. When he came in, the general went up to him, received a paper from him, appointed an interview for the next morning, and left him. M. Dubuisson only opened his mouth to ask at what hour he could see the general next day, made a profound bow, and retired

\* This Dubuisson (who was the author of the tragedies of *Thamas Kouli-Kan*, *Thrasemene*, and *Timagene*; of the comedies of the *Vieux Garçon*, *Deux Freres*, and the *Avare Bienfaisant*; and some works on the Colonies with an *Abregé de la Revolution des Etats d'Amerique*) seems to have thirsted for nothing but troubles and proscriptions. He had gone to Flanders to join the faction of Vandermoot; and when the French Revolution had taken the most alarming aspect he returned to Paris, and got himself appointed Commissary of the Convention to the army of Dumouriez. He denounced his colleagues Paoli and Paregra, got expelled from the Jacobin club, and was involved in what was called Hebert's conspiracy. He was condemned to death in 1794, and suffered along with Ronsin, Anacharsis, Cloutz, and Hebert; he was born at Laval in 1763.—(Note by the Author.)

immediately. Such was the interview that the same commissary gave so ridiculous and unfounded an account of to the Jacobin club. He related that General Dumouriez had insulted him openly and in the most *incivique* manner, and that I had *smiled maliciously*. It was evident from such a grave charge that I had conspired against the republic, and I was ordered to be arrested, along with Lady Fitzgerald, whom M. Dubuisson said he had seen in my room, though she had then been three months in Ireland; but, even had she been at Tournay, and had committed the state crime of *smiling maliciously*, what right could the convention claim over an Englishwoman married to an Irishman? Since that period, it has been publicly avowed that there was not a word of truth in the reports made by Dubuisson in his return from Belgium; yet the decrees issued in consequence of these lying accounts, were not revoked.

At this disastrous epoch, I did, for the purpose of making Pamela easy at my situation, a thing which I venture to say deserves to be mentioned, since it proves to what pitch of devotedness I can go for my friends. When the French were defeated in Flanders, my daughter, Madame de Valence, was then with me at Tournay, and hurried back into France. I gave her charge of a box

containing all my little books of extracts and my journals, because I could not carry them with me as I was compelled to remain in foreign countries. She had already with her at Paris a large box full of all the letters I had kept from my infancy till the revolution, amongst which were many very dear to me, from my father, mother, eldest daughter, and more than forty from M. de Buffon besides, and at least as many from M. de La Harpe.\* Along with these, I gave Madame de Va-

\* Two months afterwards, my daughter burned all these letters, though they could not have brought her into danger had they been seized, for they were all written before the revolution, and related solely to friendly relations or literary communications. But the most extravagant fears seemed then just and well-founded. She gave my extracts (which were all written with my own hand) in charge to Mr. Stone, who said they were stolen from him. Amongst them was a very full account of my last journey in England, my travels in Auvergne (of which Mademoiselle D'Orleans has a copy that she took herself) and our complete course of manufactures, two things I have greatly regretted. All these little books, about sixty in number, were almost all fitted to go into little morocco cases, which we made ourselves at Belle Chasse. The extracts were drawn from the best French, English, and Italian Authors, in prose and verse, and were classed in such an order as to make them very amusing. There were books of *religion, paternal love, innocence, virtue, temperance, wisdom, ambition, celebrated teachers, death, and eternity*, and many other subjects. The miniatures (illustrations) had reference to the subjects of the book. I only took with me eight or ten of these books, which I still preserve. If I had had

lence a hundred louis, which I told her to give, on her arrival in Paris, to M. Perregaux, the banker, who was worthy of implicit confidence, that he might send them to Lady Fitzgerald. The motive of this gift, so considerable in my situation, was as follows :—I knew that Pamela had no occasion for the money, but I thought that the state of public affairs would fill her mind with anxiety and alarm for my fate ; and as I knew the sensibility of her heart, and her strong attachment to me, I could find no other means of assuring her of my safety. She received the letter, which perfectly removed her fears, but she did not receive the money, for instead of giving the money herself to M. Perregaux, Madame de Valence gave it to Mr. Stone to do so ; he kept the money, and basely refused to give it up to me on my return to France.

I saw that Belgium was about to fall into the hands of the Austrians, and that it would be impossible for us to fly, either to France or to foreign countries ; and this dreadful situation gave me the most anxious desire to be recalled to my country, as I was determined in that case not to return to

them all at Hamburg, I could have sold them to M. Fauche for twelve thousand francs, which would have made me very comfortable and without labour. I wrote to my daughter to send them to me, but they were lost ! (*Note by the Author.*)

Paris, but to go to one of my uncles in Burgundy, the province in which I was born, and at a distance of eighty leagues from Paris. Hence I strongly solicited my return; and I was informed, in the month of March 1793, that the Duke of Orleans was about to obtain the recall of Mademoiselle, but that mine would still be *delayed*. Notwithstanding all the sacrifices I had made, I loved Mademoiselle D'Orleans too well to feel bitterly the injustice of making me the only victim on this occasion; yet I confess I was terribly alarmed at my situation, for I was calumniated by numberless libellous publications, and could not without great terror reflect that Tournay would probably be in the enemy's hands in a fortnight or three weeks, and I remembered the fate of M. de La Fayette; and though I cannot compare myself to him in any respect, I foresaw misfortunes pretty nearly similar. Anxiety and want of sleep irritating my imagination by degrees, all my fears soon appeared to me be absolute presentiments, and for the first time, and on this occasion only, my courage and judgment almost entirely abandoned me. Thinking that Mademoiselle D'Orleans was about to be recalled, and that my niece might accompany her, it was surely my duty to reflect on the means of putting myself in safety, yet nothing

could be more difficult : and which way soever I considered my situation, it seemed awful. I had advanced several sums of money for Mademoiselle D'Orleans, who owed me a hundred and thirty-two louis ; she had written to the duke and duchess on the subject, to ask them for money, which was more incumbent on them to do, as the progress of the American should naturally have urged them to send her a considerable sum : this, however, was out of their power to do either at this or any other period. This total want of money raised my terror to the highest point : I expected money from my own family, but it had not yet arrived. Amidst these harassing cares, I formed a thousand extraordinary plans, without being able to fix upon any. I wrote several letters to England which displayed the disordered state of my imagination. Mr. Seymour, amongst others, received two or three from me, in which I asked his opinion in the most romantic and extravagant projects for the real but was that I had not my sound senses about me. A few days before the arrival of General D'Armenberg at Versailles I had a long conversation with M. de Jaucourt on the state of my affairs. I told him that I was so serious of conceiving myself as a woman of the character of an Englishwoman, and that I should

a letter of recommendation from General O'Moran (who was an Irishman). M. de Jouy was as obliging as he was amiable, and showed me great zeal and sensibility in obtaining my objects; from the idea I had given him, he formed a very excellent plan, and assured me a safe and peaceful retreat within a convent for a length of time. General O'Moran at first promised to give me the letter of recommendation I asked for, but he changed his mind next day, retracted his promise, and I was forced to give up the attempt.\* In this dilemma I received a courier from Paris, sent by my daughter and her unfortunate father; the courier brought me some money, and letters informing me that they had both so earnestly solicited my recall, and represented the danger I was

\* General O'Moran came to France in early life, and served in the American war of independence. In 1790, he commanded the regiment of Dillon, the following year he became major-general, and lieutenant-general in 1792. It was he who began hostilities with the Austrians by a night attack on the abbey of Saint Amand, where they had assembled, and were afterwards driven out. He entered Tournay in 1792, and was at Cassel when General Dumouriez left France, when he was arrested, and sent to Paris in February 1794; the revolutionary tribunal condemned him to death a few days after his arrival, along with his aid-de-camp, M. de Jouy. The latter effected his escape, but General O'Moran perished on the scaffold.—(*Editor.*)

exposed to by the rapid march of the enemy, that a formal promise had been given that my order of recall should be sent immediately, as a committee were instructed to forward it, and I should certainly receive it in a few days. I was then afraid lest the Duke of Orleans should not obtain his daughter's recall, for I received no more notice of it, and felt that nothing could make me abandon that beloved and unfortunate child. Two days after the arrival of the courier, I was informed, while sitting in my room with several persons, that an army commissary, M. Crepin, whom I knew for a short time previous, and who had shown me much attention, asked to speak to me in private, I went with him into a small cabinet, when he told me that, from information he could depend on, he was certain that the Austrians would enter Tournay the next day. I was ready to swoon away at hearing these words, when M. Crepin, affected by the state he saw me in, and knowing my situation, offered me as an asylum in my first difficulties a farm he had near Valenciennes, situated amidst marshes, and so secluded that he assured me I might spend two or three months in it without any one knowing any thing of the matter. I joyfully accepted the proposal, and he immediately wrote me a paper, by which he ordered the farmer



who had the care of the place to receive us as his relations. It will be seen presently that it was out of my power to take advantage of this offer. It was at this time that the Duke of Chartres, who never had ambitious views of his own, and who, in every political act that he did, had no other object in view than of being useful to his country, formed at last the resolution of writing to the convention to ask permission to leave France for ever, for he had fallen into the deepest dejection at the state of his country ever since the king's death.

After writing his letter, he told me, that he thought he could not send it without first obtaining his father's consent. I could easily imagine, that nothing but the difficulty of obtaining an asylum had prevented the Duke of Orleans himself from adopting this resolution, and that he would not approve it in his son's case; but I flattered myself that he would not directly forbid it, and we were decided that the measure should be adopted, unless express orders were received to the contrary. Hence the Duke of Chartres sent his petition to his father, earnestly entreating him to give his permission; and adding, that as the Duke of Orleans was a deputy, he could not leave the convention, and could not consequently ask such a thing for himself. By means of this dif-

ference in their situations, we hoped that the Duke of Orleans would not oppose, at least expressly, his son's desire; but he briefly answered, that the idea was *destitute of common sense*, and that it must be thought of no more. His son respectfully obeyed his orders, and no more was said about the matter.

His brother, the Duke of Montpensier, was passionately desirous of visiting Italy, and asked leave to serve with the troops at Nice; this was granted, and he set out from Tournay, where he had likewise been along with us.

We left Tournay in a few days after, early in the morning of the 31st of March. We travelled in a berline with the window blinds lowered, and had besides large hats and veils that quite concealed our faces. The great utility of this precaution will be seen presently. While following the army, we had no gentleman in the carriage, the troops marched in disorder, the soldiers making a tumultuous noise; both their language and manner alarmed me in spite of all my resolution, and we all felt more at our ease in hiding ourselves and not looking at them; in fact, I had never till this moment performed such a disagreeable journey, though I soon after this performed one still more painful. The evening before our departure from

Tournay, I had despatched a courier with letters to Paris, to inform my friends that I was going to Saint Amand to avoid falling into the enemy's hands, and to request them to send me thither my order of recall. I lodged with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and my niece, in the heart of the town of Saint Amand, and General Dumouriez resided at a mile from it, at a place called *les Boues de Saint Amand*, where the cold and vapour baths are situated. On the day of my arrival, I learned that General Dumouriez had raised the standard of revolt; from himself I obtained no information, for he never said a single word about his plans to me; but a person in whom he placed unbounded confidence, and whom I had never seen before this period, showed a strong feeling of interest in my safety, and very frankly answered the questions I put to him. That officer was the unfortunate M. de Vaux, who was executed afterwards.\*

\* This young officer was the natural son of Prince Charles of Lorraine, and came to France to seek his fortune. General Dumouriez thought highly of him, made him his aid-de-camp, and took him to the army of the north, where he soon rose to distinction, both by his own merit and the protection of Dumouriez, and attained the rank of adjutant-general. He followed the fortunes and opinions of his general; but less fortunate than him he

I was highly indebted to General Dumouriez for having received me into his camp, notwithstanding the dangers we encountered in it, for, as I had nothing to do with his conspiracy, if he had left me in a place which the enemy retook, it was evident that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and I would have been long deprived of our liberty : this conduct of his, I ought, therefore, to remember. Perceiving the signs of plots and alarming conspiracies which I wholly disapproved of in every sense, I had but one object of desire, that of leaving Saint Amand, but the difficulty of obtaining horses retained me in spite of all my wishes. We had arrived on the 31st of March, and on the 2nd of April General Dumouriez intercepted despatches full of orders to arrest almost all the principal officers of his army, amongst the rest M. de Valence and the Duke of Chartres. These arbitrary orders were sent by a simple committee, (and not by the convention,) and were signed *Duhem*. It was on the evening of the next day that the commissaries sent by the convention were arrested ; at twelve at night I was informed of this strange circumstance, which greatly increased my desire

did not effect his escape. He was arrested at Lille, taken to Paris, condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, and perished on the scaffold in 1793.—(*Editor.*)

of setting out, but I could obtain no horses till ten o'clock next morning. I did not go to bed, but spent the night in reflecting upon my situation, and in preparing my mind for what I foresaw. I could no longer be blind as to the system of proscription that was establishing in France, and since General Dumouriez had been proscribed on mere suspicion, along with many other persons that could not reasonably be suspected of doing wrong, what measures would not be adopted as soon as the convention learned the seizure of the commissaries, and the correspondence of Dumouriez with the enemy.

It was easy for me to foresee that without delay or examination they would instantly proscribe every one who fled from Saint Amand, and that notwithstanding my unquestionable innocence, I should be enveloped in the general condemnation. Thus I saw myself a fugitive, snatched from my family, my friends, and my country, forced to live by my own labour, and given up to the most horrible anxiety as to the fate of those whom I loved, and whom I left behind; on the other hand, I shuddered at the very thought, that in all probability, the camp was about to be divided into two parties, that the first rays of the morning's sun would most likely shine upon scenes of

blood and desolation ; that amidst such a tumult, I could not possibly escape ; and that even were the revolt not to break out so speedily, I could not in any case escape except after encountering the greatest dangers ; and that, after all, if I were so fortunate as to get out of the French territory, what should I become in a foreign land,—without recommendations, without protection, without friends, exposed to such malignant, bitter, and persevering calumnies—where should I find a place of refuge ? What could I oppose to the hatred and the persecutions of my enemies ? Then again the situation of Mademoiselle d'Orleans powerfully affected my heart. Since I was no longer her governess, I was determined to associate her neither with my misery nor my dangers, but to leave her in her brother's hands—yet what a dreadful parting was this !—Was this the way to leave a child who had been entrusted to my care at the age of eleven months, to whom I had devoted so many cares, who had profited by them so greatly, and who felt such a powerful attachment towards me ! . . . Whilst I was silently making these painful reflections, she was lying by my side, though not asleep, and I heard her moaning to herself ; for she had seen the preparations made for my departure, and knew too well that

it was not my intention to take her with me, but she merely wept in silence. Towards five o'clock in the morning, her excessive fatigue produced a drowsiness that soon laid her fast asleep: I then approached her bed, cast my eyes on her; the tears fell bitterly from my eyes; I thought I looked towards her for the last time; I gave her all the benedictions of maternal affection, and hastened out of the room. I entered another apartment to wait for daylight. This night I spent in prayer, without going to bed. An idea struck me all at once of making a great sacrifice to God, and of delivering myself from numberless cares, and many difficulties. I made a vow that if God restored my property to me, or enabled me to obtain a fortune, I would never spend for myself more than what was indispensably necessary, and would give all the rest away. This vow I have fulfilled. With the accomplishments I possessed, I knew I could always gain a competent subsistence, so that I hereby got rid of all the regrets of fortune, and all the allurements of ambition. During this painful night, immediately preceding my departure from Saint Amand, I was supported only by religion, but it is all-sufficient; it was it that consoled me during the terrors that embittered the close of my stay in England. I

recollect that I was one day at Bury, alone, absorbed in reflection, and my situation seemed so hopeless that I never felt before or since such an oppression of heart: to drive away these terrible thoughts, I took a prayer book from the shelf, opened it by chance, and fell upon the ninetyeth psalm, beginning with these words: *He that has the Most High as his sole support and guide, shall receive constant marks of the protection of the God of heaven*—All the rest of the psalm is full of consolatory reflections, promises of happiness, and the assurance that we shall pass safely through every peril, *guided and borne by the angels*. I had not seen it before, as it is not among the penitential psalms. After reading it, I shut the book; I twice opened it again, and fell always upon the same psalm. I felt myself completely strengthened and encouraged, from the bottom of my soul I relied on the divine goodness, which in effect has always deigned to preserve me from dangers and misfortunes that seemed altogether inevitable. Such were the feelings and thoughts that formed my reliance at Saint Amand, and that have in after times enabled me to support all my misfortunes.

At seven o'clock I bade the Duke of Chartres adieu; he repeated anew the entreaties he had



made me the evening before, for me to take charge of his sister ; he told me again and again, that he knew not as yet what measures he should adopt ; that every thing indicated an early revolt in the camp, and that, in such circumstances, his sister would be a terrible drawback upon his motions, and would be exposed to a thousand dangers. I replied, that the dangers of my own family were equally alarming ; that it seemed to me impossible, unless by a miracle, to pass all the French posts without being recognised and arrested ; that we should, in that case, be taken to Valenciennes, so near at hand, which would be our immediate destruction, as we should be sent to the scaffold immediately ; that, in the choice of evils, it was better for Mademoiselle to go voluntarily to Valenciennes alone, and as of her own accord, after my escape ; that, in that case, I thought the utmost severity employed against her would be to send her out of the country, by putting her beyond the frontiers, which would make her leave France without danger ; that, at any rate, I did not point out this step as the proper one to be adopted, for there might be unforeseen obstacles to surmount ; that I gave no opinion on the subject ; but that whether she adopted the latter plan, or that of escaping with her brother and his friends, she

would run much less risk, in my opinion, than in company with me. Finally, I was unshaken in my opposition, till the last moment ; but, at the very instant I was entering the carriage, the Duke of Chartres returned, with his sister in his arms, all bathed in tears ; I took her into the carriage beside me, and we instantly set out with so much haste, that neither Mademoiselle d'Orleans nor I thought of taking any of her things with us, not even her jewels, as we ought to have done, but we forgot every thing. Mademoiselle d'Orleans had just jumped out of bed, and had nothing on but a thin muslin gown ; that was all she took with her, along with her watch, which was very beautiful, and which was only not forgotten, because it was at her bed-side. At St. Amand she left her trunks, dresses, linen, and jewel-box ; every thing was lost, with the single exception of her harp, which a servant put into a waggon that was going past, and that came up with us some days after ; of the rest, not a dress, not a shift was sent after her ; but as I had saved the greater part of my own things, I was happy at being able to supply her wants. I might have set out with passports, which would have made a great difference in our situation. I was offered them by Dumouriez, but, as I knew his conduct, I firmly

refused them ; the party he had first engaged in had become sanguinary, and it was, therefore, quite natural that he should leave it, but it was shocking to betray it, and to deliver up to foreigners the few troops that agreed to follow him.

There were four of us in the carriage, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, my niece, M. de Montjoye, and myself I had known M. de Montjoye\* only for a few days, but as he was also desirous of escaping, and of going to Switzerland, where he had relations, he wished to travel along with me, which was very pleasing to us, as he spoke German perfectly well. As soon as we had got beyond the town of St. Amand, I embraced the two young associates of my misfortunes, and promised them, that, in the career of adversity we were about to enter upon, my courage and resignation should remain unalterable. I told them to follow the example I was determined to show them, and they promised to do so faithfully ; the reci-

\* At the commencement of the revolution, M. de Montjoye was a captain in the regiment of Darmstadt. The emigration of almost all the officers of the regiment, procured rapid promotion to those who remained, and M. de Montjoye became a colonel. In that capacity he was engaged in the campaign in Flanders, at the time Dumouriez joined the enemy, when he thought proper to retire to Switzerland, where he died.—(*Editor.*)

procal promise we had made, was kept by us all, and I can truly assert, that, from this moment, by the particular favour of divine Providence, I have always been able to preserve as much coolness and presence of mind in dangerous situations, and as much firmness and resignation in misfortune, as I had displayed weakness and depression during the last months of my stay in England, and during the time I spent at Tournay.

We had agreed, that none of us but M. de Montjoye was to speak to the French military posts we were about to pass, and that he was to say we were English ladies on their way to Ostend, to embark for England, and that he was accompanying us as far as Quevrain. We were, fortunately, quite unknown to the troops, for if our faces had been seen at St. Amand, it would have been out of our power to escape; but we had taken due precautions to prevent that danger, as we had come, as I have already mentioned, in a carriage with the window-blinds lowered, and had never left our rooms during the two days we spent in that town. When we left the camp, it was in a very doubtful position towards its revolted commander, but it was even then foreseen that the majority would be against him. We had no passports, and took bye-roads, so as to meet as few

troops as possible. M. de Montjoye had forgotten to ask for the countersign, and the want of this brought us into great danger more than once. After travelling for two hours, we got into wretched cross-roads, and the carriage broke down. We had been making the circuit of Valenciennes, which was at this moment not more than half a league off, and entered a village crowded with recruits; our alarm was very great, yet we had to enter an alehouse, and wait more than an hour and a half till the carriage was repaired. At length, after the recruits had put many questions to us with a very suspicious and alarming tone, we were allowed to depart. The roads became worse and worse, night came on, and we were obliged, in spite of the excessive cold that prevailed, to come out of the carriage. We had walked about a mile and a half forward, when we were all at once stopped, not at a military post, but by a captain of volunteers, and some soldiers, who had seen our guide at a distance with his lantern. This captain was not satisfied with our answer, for he told us he suspected us to be emigrants, and was determined in taking us to Valenciennes. The alarm I felt at this moment may be easily imagined; but I immediately pretended to consent very gaily to the proposal. I took the

officer's arm, and in a very unintelligible jargon, said a great many jokes about his want of complaisance; but all the time I was talking and laughing, I still went forward briskly, as if I had no intention of making him change his resolution. He stopped in a very few minutes, and told me that he saw very well that I was a real English woman, and that he would not take us out of our way, but that we might continue our journey to Quevrain. He advised us to put out the light in our lantern, as it might cause us to be stopped again; and then led us into a little bye-path, by which, he said, we might reach the Austrian advanced posts without meeting any more soldiers. When he had left us, we began to breathe freely; we followed his advice, and reached the enemy's posts without further accident. I felt inexpressible joy on my entrance into Quevrain, when I reflected, that my two companions and I had escaped the imminent danger of being taken to Valenciennes; but then, when I reverted to the strange and terrible situation, that forced two children, and a woman, fond of their country, to seek for refuge in a country allied to their enemies, and to escape from their countrymen, the French; lest they should fall into the hands of their most implacable enemies, I felt a deep depression of

heart, and burst into tears. M. de Montjoye desired to speak to the commandant, the Baron de Vounianski. I did not insert in my *Precis de conduite* an incident that led to our safety, because it was so extraordinary that it would have given a romantic colouring to my narrative, which I was desirous of avoiding in a simple apology. I have only mentioned the Baron de Vounianski in it, by relating what he did for our interests ; but I shall now state, in these memoirs, what was the real nature of his great kindness and attention.

On leaving Tournay, I was not blind to the horrors of my situation, and even saw my own future fortune more wretched than it ever became ; I felt that party spirit, and the misfortune of having been attached to the house of Orleans, would expose me to every kind of calumny and persecution ; but I resigned myself to my lot, and submitted patiently to the views of Providence, for I felt that my fate was deserved, since, had I kept the promise I made to my friend, Madame de Custines—had I done my duty, by remaining with my second mother, Madame de Puisieux, instead of entering the Palais Royal—or had I, at the death of the Marechale d'Etrée, left Belle Chasse as my husband wished, no emigrant could have been more quiet and happy in foreign countries

than me ; with the general predilection that was entertained in them for my works, with the literary reputation I enjoyed, and the accomplishments I possessed, I should have found powerful protection, and every kind of resource, as well as every compensation as to views of ambition, had I been desirous of putting in further chains. I now promised to expiate my faults, by patience, courage, and implicit submission to the divine will. Neither did a single murmur escape my lips. I had not lost my time at Tournay, for we had led a regular and secluded life ; an inhabitant of the town lent us books ; I read a book aloud for an hour and a half, I played on the harp with Mademoiselle, as at Belle Chasse, and she painted a great many flowers, as I did likewise. Besides this, we constructed a great many pretty little things together, and I learned to make beautiful small straw baskets. The parish church was close to our house, we went daily to mass, and our time slipped away quickly and agreeably. According to my usual habit, I sat up every evening two or three hours after the rest had gone to bed, and wrote *my journal*, along with some detached maxims, which I afterwards inserted in the *Petit La Bruyere*.



I shall now relate my singular adventure with the Baron de Vounianski.

As soon as we had crossed the frontiers and had entered Quevrain, our passports were demanded, and we were asked who we were ; I said I was an Irish lady named Madame de Verzenay, and was travelling with my two nieces ; but that as I had set out amidst a tumult in the camp, I had not been able to get my passports, and as they were required before we could be received, I desired to see the commandant. I was told to wait in my carriage, and they would go and receive his orders. In a few minutes the baron came himself, desired us to leave the carriage, gave me his hand and led us to his house. It was now dark, and I had a large black lace veil that concealed my face. When I entered the hall, which was well lighted, I lifted up my veil, when the baron looked to me, started back, and exclaimed, *Ah, Princess !* My first impression on hearing this expression was that he had recognized Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and I was terribly alarmed for a few seconds, till the baron's language tranquillized my mind, and I saw that a truly miraculous resemblance of features made him take me for the Princess *de Lansburg* of Moravia. It was

exceedingly difficult for me to persuade him to the contrary, for the sound of my voice was also the same. To this princess the baron was indebted for his rank, and he was passionately fond of her. There was never, surely, a more complete likeness of two persons, for in spite of all my disavowals, he was continually adopting anew the opinion that I was the princess *incognito*. He gave us a supper in the Hungarian fashion, which in quantity would have been sufficient for twenty persons, but which was the worst in quality I ever tasted in my life ; for all the dishes were floating in grease. I was painfully affected during supper, for the baron spoke much about public affairs, and bitterly cursed the Duke of Orleans. I saw Mademoiselle turn pale, and about to swoon, and tried vainly to change the subject of conversation, but the baron always reverted to the same thing. The baron kept us in his house, and the next morning brought me my breakfast on a tray himself, exclaiming again as he saw me, that I was the Princess of Lansberg. We walked down to the drawing-room after breakfast, quite ready to set out for Mons with an escort the baron had the kindness to grant us. He told me, after our entrance into the drawing-room, that he was about to show me that the astonishing resemblance he

found me to have to the princess was not the effect of fancy, for that in the escort he was sending with us there were two young officers who had arrived from Moravia, where they had been the princess's pages, and were particularly recommended to him by her, and that they were about to come in, when I should see the effect I produced on them. I had my veil down when they came in, and the baron requested me to raise it. When they looked at me, they started with surprise, and came towards me to kiss my hand, for they took me for the princess in reality. All this took place in presence of Mademoiselle and my niece. I asked the baron many questions concerning this princess, and he told me that she was exceedingly clever, spoke French perfectly well, and was an accomplished performer in music. I enquired her age, when I found that she was three years younger than me. It was to this singular circumstance that I was indebted for all the services the baron rendered us. He gave me his hand to lead me to the carriage, and on the way told me that if I confessed that I really was the Princess of Lansberg, he would be much less astonished than he was at hearing me assert the contrary. Along with the escort which the baron gave us, he took good care to send the two young officers who had

mistaken me for their princess, and they placed themselves close to the carriage, kept their eyes constantly fixed on me, and showed from time to time their surprise and astonishment by loud exclamations.

We arrived at Mons, and went immediately to an inn, where we felt ourselves very uncomfortable, as all the best apartments were already taken. The day after our arrival, I found it impossible to leave this place, for a new difficulty delayed us. My bed was in the same room as that of Mademoiselle, and as I could not sleep I heard her moaning and coughing all night. I rose at daylight to see her, and saw that she had got the measles; I then went into the closet where my niece slept, to inform her of this melancholy event, and found her in the same state. They were both so ill, and had such a violent fever, independent of the evil consequences that I feared from delay, that few events have ever given me so much anxiety. We had no waiting-maid, and only one man-servant; the inn was full of company, and we could get none of the servants to attend to us. I could find no physician till the evening, and no nurse till the fourth day of their illness; yet with all these disadvantages they were carefully and skilfully tended. I knew perfectly

how to treat this disease, and was of more service to them than the physician. The three first nights I never went to bed, and when I got a nurse to attend them, I still remained constantly in the chamber of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, besides sitting up with her all the nine days of her illness till three or four in the morning. Amidst all the cares with which I was harassed, I enjoyed however the satisfaction of believing that I had saved the life of Mademoiselle d'Orleans by bringing her with me; for in two days after our departure the Duke of Chartres and General Dumouriez effected their escape only after being exposed to the utmost danger, and being fired at repeatedly by the soldiers, and what would have become of that unfortunate child amidst such a scene of confusion? Independent of this, she then had the foundation of illness laid in her constitution (for she left Saint Amand feverish) the measles would have appeared next day, and what assistance could she have obtained! These reflections somewhat softened the painful emotions I felt on seeing her sufferings; but the grand misfortune of this illness was that it betrayed our travelling *incognito*, and gave an opportunity of recognizing us, though it must be allowed that the Austrians treated us very generously. One day on going to seek some

medicines at the apothecary's, which was fortunately in the same street as our inn, I met the Prince de Lambesc\* on the stair. Though he recognized me instantly, he did not speak to me, but his gloomy and ill-natured look foreboded me no good; and in fact he went immediately to the Baron de Mack to denounce us, for he guessed very naturally that one of my young companions was Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

The Baron de Mack,† with whom I never had

\* The Prince de Lambesc, of the house of Lorraine, was a relation of the Queen Marie Antoinette, and was devotedly attached to her. A short time after the breaking out of the revolution, he took refuge in Austria, from the charges and persecutions that harassed him on account of his conduct at the memorable riot on the 12th of July 1789. On that occasion the Prince of Lambesc commanded the regiment Royal Allemand, and after dispersing the crowds assembled in the Place Louis XV. galloped sword in hand into the garden of the Thuilleries to clear it of the people. In this affray it was said that an old man was killed and a lad wounded, but no proofs of the fact were ever brought forward. The prince became a general and field-marshal in the Austrian service. He was in several campaigns on the Rhine and in Italy against the French, but he never obtained any command or found any opportunity of distinguishing himself from the common run of officers. It is to his devoted attachment to the queen and to the affair that happened at the Thuilleries, that he is indebted for his celebrity in France.—(*Editor.*)

† The Baron Charles de Mack, so celebrated for his plans and his reverses, was the son of a tradesman of Neuslingen, in Franconia, and was a soldier of fortune. He entered a dragoon regi-

any connexion, came to see me. When the servant girl announced his arrival, his name alone made me terribly afraid, and I hastened to meet him on the landing-place. I told him that I could not have the honour to receive him, as a young lady, who was ill with the measles, slept in the room I occupied: but he answered me with the kindest look and manner: "What is not contagious for you, Madam, cannot be so for me." My alarm was dispelled in a moment, and I considered him only as a protector. I led him to our room, closed the curtains of Mademoiselle's bed, and we sat down beside one of the windows. The baron told me that he had been told who we were, but that this information would be of no harm to us. He assured me that we might remain in Flanders if we pleased, and fix ourselves in what-

ment as a private soldier, rose from rank to rank, or it may be said, from defeat to defeat, till he obtained the chief command of the great Austrian army, which, in 1805, obtained such a quick possession of the kingdom of Bavaria, from which it was so speedily driven out. After the capitulation of Ulm, he was tried by a council of war and condemned to death, but his punishment was commuted to military degradation and imprisonment; he was soon liberated, and absolutely forgotten till the period of his death, which arose as much from sorrow for his son's loss, as from any chagrin at his defeat and disgrace. Never did a general give rise to, or disappoint greater hopes than General Mack.—(*Editor.*)

ever spot we chose for our residence. I replied, that our intention was to go to Switzerland, when he had the kindness to offer me to obtain passports for us from the Prince of Cobourg,\* which would protect us from every difficulty in our journey through Germany, and I gratefully accepted his offer. He stated to me that he could not give passports under a fictitious name. I told him that the name of Versenay was not fictitious, but that it was the name of a small property inclosed in the estate of Sillery. I had to give him my word of honour that such was the case, when he obtained for us the passports we desired. They were of no use to us, however, for they were not once demanded. As soon as my young friends were able to bear the motion of the carriage, though they were still very weak, we left Mons on Saturday the 13th of April, along with M. de Montjoye, who had joined us again after leaving us at

\* Few foreign names are better known in France than that of the Prince of Cobourg. His campaign of 1793, was an uninterrupted series of successes, but its glory was effaced by the reverses of the succeeding one. He was forced to retreat after disappointing the hopes of the emigrants, whom he insulted so far as not to allow them to enter the towns conquered from the French. After passing more than twenty years in retirement and oblivion, he died in 1815.—(*Editor.*)



Quevrain. Our journey was tedious, but pretty fortunate. On the 20th we passed by Wisbaden, took a cross-road to avoid meeting with the troops ; but during four or five hours we travelled close to the Hessian camp, with nothing but a narrow plain betwixt us. We saw them perfectly well, for they covered the banks of the Rhine on our side, and further on we observed Cassel, where the French were posted ; had they made a sortie, we should have been in the most imminent danger, and the fear of such an event made me feel the time painfully long. On the other side of the river we saw Mayence, with a village on fire, so that this assemblage of objects formed a terrible picture, the effect of which was still more increased by the cannon that were fired from time to time, which we heard very distinctly. When I thought that these cannon were fired at Frenchmen, I felt that neither injustice nor persecution, can root out of a feeling and generous heart, the love of country and the powerful interest we feel for our countrymen. After travelling seven days, we reached Schaffhouse in Switzerland on the 26th of April. My satisfaction on entering a neutral territory was very great. Besides many vague fears that oppressed me, I had been in a state of great uneasiness during my involuntary residence at Mons, and in my journey

through Germany. When I saw myself amidst the enemies of my country, it was in vain that reason showed me the folly of my involuntary remorse, which was as painful as it was unfounded, for most assuredly I had nothing to reproach myself with ; yet I can truly assert that I never met any Austrian troops without feeling a most painful emotion, though any thing was better than what predominated in France during this sanguinary period, and the conquerors even, who invaded it, could only be considered as its deliverers.

The extreme want of repose felt by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, made us stop some time at Schaffhouse, where the Duke of Chartres came and joined us. We left it on the 6th of May, and went to Zurich, where we intended to reside ; but when we found it necessary to send our names to the magistrates, the ill-fated name of Mademoiselle d'Orleans and of her brother, destroyed all our arrangements. Independent of this misfortune, we had been recognized by several emigrants, who did us all the harm in their power.\* We

\* The emigrants who, in foreign countries, were so hostile to their countrymen whom they imagined to possess *liberal* opinions, were all, without exception, petty provincial proprietors who had never been presented at court, and were completely ignorant of the world.—(*Note by the Author.*)

were walking one evening in the public square at Zurich, when an emigrant walked past Mademoiselle in a very impertinent manner, and purposely tore away part of her gown with his spur. From M. Ott, the worthy landlord of the *Hotel de l'Epée* (where we stayed) we received every mark of attention and kindness,\* but we found it necessary to leave the place. On the 14th of May we went to Zug, and took a small house in a secluded situation on the banks of the lake, not far from the town. For our own tranquillity, we had taken every precaution to remain unknown; and even the magistrates of the place knew not our real names, and thought that we were an Irish family. When I reached Zug, I had a safe opportunity of writing to France, and took advantage of it to write to the Duchess of Orleans; (for the duke was already in prison;) I informed her where we were, and entreated her to have the goodness to send me orders respecting Mademoiselle d'Orleans as soon as possible. Her two children wrote to her also, but we received no answer, and we afterwards sent letters by many different opportunities.

\* The innkeepers in Switzerland and Germany are generally highly respected, and deserve to be so by their education and attention to strangers. The landlord of the *Hotel de l'Epée* was one of the magistrates of the place.—(Note by the Author.)

Never, during more than a year that I spent in Switzerland, burdened with the charge of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, did we receive even an indirect answer, nor did Mademoiselle receive the smallest sum of money from France; but I long flattered myself with receiving some, and consequently; formed no final determination respecting her, and devoted to her service as long as I could be useful, I formed no settled plan of my own. We spent a month at Zug in the greatest tranquillity; we needed no assistance, regular occupations engaged all our time, we received no company, and never went out but to walk or to go to church. The peasants loved us, as did the poor in our neighbourhood, who were always received most kindly by the Duke of Chartres and Mademoiselle, the persons of our party who were specially enjoined to distribute the alms which it was in our power to give.

Such was our situation, when some emigrants travelled through Zug, and though we did not know them personally, they had seen the Duke of Chartres at Versailles, recognized him here, and the same day all the little town of Zug knew who we were. The magistrates acted very politely, and displayed a very strong desire of retaining persons in their canton, who, they said, *gave such*

*a virtuous example by their whole conduct and demeanour*; but in a few days some articles appeared in the German papers, relative to my pupils, stating that they were at Zug. This public notice began to displease the magistrates, and they soon received letters from Berne, reproaching them for having given refuge to Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her brother. The chief magistrate became uneasy, and finally requested my unfortunate pupils to seek another retreat; but this request was couched in the most respectful manner, for the magistrate merely stated his embarrassment and anxiety; this language we understood, and stated publicly that we should set out in a fortnight. In the whole of the business I was never alluded to, so that the magistrate told me I might remain if I thought proper; but I was bound to the fortunes of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. Meanwhile we consulted together on the measures we should adopt in this painful situation. I maintained that, before we formed any plan, it would be necessary to agree to separate from the Duke of Chartres, who would always cause us to be recognized. This I had already said and proposed at Zurich, but the Duke would absolutely remain along with us, and I had but too truly foreseen the necessary consequences. Experience now.

taught him that I was right in my opinion, and it was settled that we should remain together no longer. But where could we go, without protectors, without friends, when we had been unable to remain in the two most tolerant cantons in Switzerland? We formed a thousand romantic projects, and, notwithstanding their extravagance, we should undoubtedly have been forced to adopt something very similar to them, had not accident led us to think on a much simpler method, which we found successful. While thus engaged, M. de Montjoye, who had settled at Basle with his family, came to pay us a visit, and told us that he came by Bremgarten, where he had seen M. de Montesquiou,\* who had rendered great services

\* The Marquis de Montesquiou-Fezensac had taken refuge in Switzerland, to avoid the consequences of an order for his arrest, sent by the National Convention. In 1792 he commanded the army of the south, ordered to defend Provence and Dauphine, then threatened by foreign troops. He counteracted their plans, by acting on the offensive, and by taking possession of Savoy. In 1789, the Parisian noblesse had nominated him their deputy to the States General, and he was one of the forty members of his order who first joined the *tiers-etat*. In 1795, he presented a memorial, justifying his conduct, and demanding a trial, when his recall was pronounced, and his name struck off the list of emigrants. He returned to Paris, where he died in December, 1798. Besides his reports on the finances, and the memorial we have just mentioned, he was the author of a work, *Sur le Gouvernement des*

to Geneva, enjoyed high esteem throughout all Switzerland, and possessed very great influence. This made me think of writing to M. de Montesquieu. I described to him the situation of my unfortunate pupils, and asked him if Mademoiselle d'Orleans could not be received at Bremgarten, that is, in a convent a short distance from that little town. I had not the least acquaintance with M. de Montesquieu, for though I had sometimes seen him in company, I never had had the least connexion with him. At any rate, the favour I asked was not for myself, but for Mademoiselle d'Orleans; and I felt assured, that wherever party spirit did not master the judgment, nobody would fail to embrace every opportunity of doing a service to a child, in all respects so interesting. My confidence was not disappointed. M. de Montesquieu sent me an answer in the politest and most obliging terms, and took upon himself to get Mademoiselle d'Orleans, my niece, and me, received into the convent of St. Claire, at Bremgarten.\* The Duke of Chartres resolved to make

*Finances de France*; of another, entitled *Coup d'œil sur la Révolution Française*, and of several comedies, performed at private theatres. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1784.—(*Editor.*)

\* The convent is in the country immediately adjoining the town.—(*Note by the Author.*)

a pedestrian journey through Switzerland, which he performed, and was every where taken for a German. How often, since my misfortunes, have I congratulated myself on the education I gave him, on having made him learn from his childhood all the principal modern languages, on having accustomed him to serve himself, without assistance, to despise every kind of effeminacy, to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, merely covered with a straw mat; to face the sun, cold, and rain; to habituate himself to fatigue, by daily practising violent exercises, and by going five or six leagues with leaden soles, in his usual walks; and lastly, on having taught him many branches of knowledge, and on having inspired him with a taste for travelling! All that he was indebted for to the chance of birth and fortune, he had lost; and nothing now remained to him but what he held from nature and from me . . . . .

When we were about to leave Zug, my pupils had to pay all their little bills, and found their money insufficient; but, fortunately, I had enough to satisfy all demands, and to take upon me to pay a year's board for Mademoiselle d'Orleans in the convent, besides my own, and my niece's; and this I performed for the first six months. When that time had elapsed, Mademoiselle received



some money from Italy, from her uncle, the Duke of Modena. The evening before our departure, an atrocious piece of villainy gave me one of the strongest alarms I ever felt in my life. Our little dwelling was situated in a large meadow, at the bottom of which was the high road, with the lake beyond it; all our windows looked into the meadow, and had no shutters. Mademoiselle d'Orleans remained in the *salon* on the ground floor, every evening, till a quarter to eleven, and sat doing some needle-work, while conversation was going on; and as her eyes had been rather affected since she had the meazles, she had always a large bonnet on her head, to keep the light off. On the 26th of June, the evening before our departure, I was sitting at a quarter past ten in my own room, immediately over the parlour; the Duke of Chartres, as usual, had gone to bed, as well as the only servant in the house; when Mademoiselle had, fortunately, something to say to me, rose from her seat, left the candle on the table, took off her bonnet, hung it on the back of the chair, and came up to me along with my niece. I was writing at a table likewise placed beside the window, and rose when I saw her come in; I sat down in an arm-chair, between the two windows, and took her on my lap; but scarcely

had we sat down before we heard a very loud noise produced by a large stone, thrown at the parlour window ; in half a minute more, several other stones were thrown at the window I had just left, and broke the windows with such a crash that it awakened the Duke of Chartres, who jumped from his bed, laid hold of a stick, (which is a powerful weapon in his hands,) and ran to the door, calling for the servant, who also got up. They ran out of the house after the murderous ruffians, (for surely those who committed such an action deserve the name,) but the villains made all haste off. The duke thought, by the noise they made in running off, that they were not more than two or three in number. We went down to the parlour, and saw that the first stone had been thrown at the place usually occupied by Mademoiselle, and at the bonnet which, as I have already said, she had hung on the chair back, for the villains had taken the bonnet for her head, which was natural enough at the distance they were at. They had taken their aim with great precision, for the pane of glass opposite to the bonnet was broken, the bonnet thrown down, and the stone, which was as large as one's fist, had gone straight forward to the other end of the room, and had broken a piece of earthenware belonging to the stove. I picked up

the stone, and returned my sincere thanks to heaven for not having permitted the innocent child they were about to murder to remain one minute longer in her place, which she would not ordinarily have left till half an hour afterwards. I carefully preserved the stone, and got it polished and cut into the shape of a medallion, with these words engraved on it, *Innocence—Providence*. Two sets of harness belonging to the Duke of Chartres were the same night not stolen, but cut in pieces. We made a legal deposition of these occurrences, concerning which I shall offer no conjectures; but I may assert, that we were particularly beloved at Zug, and that when we went out daily to walk in the fields or to go to church, often going through the town on foot, we not only never received the slightest insult, but the people always displayed to every one of us the utmost kindness and goodwill. The day after this event took place, we set out at ten in the morning; we passed through the town, and saw on every face the expression of interest in our fortunes, and regret at seeing our departure.

M. de Montesquiou obtained our reception into the convent of Saint Claire, but recommended us to conceal carefully who we were; and told us, that he had told the secret only to two of his

friends, the one a magistrate at Bremgarten, the other at Zurich. To the prioress of the convent he had said that we were an Irish family, whom the war, and the fear of privateers, had prevented from returning to their country. He had fixed upon other fictitious names for us, and informed me on my arrival, that my name was Madame Lenox, the aunt of Mesdemoiselles Stuarts, my sister's daughters, whom she had left to my care at her death. Under these names we entered the convent; the Duke of Chartres left us, and travelled through Switzerland, and then, in a fictitious name, entered the college of the Grisons as professor of mathematics. He remained there more than a year to my certain knowledge; and he was still there when I left Switzerland, for he had been unable to go to America: in fact, it was the best measure he could adopt; and was worthy of him, for no other could be more honourable to his character and his education.\*

\* No man, more than the Duke of Chartres, has preserved by firm and prudent demeanour the respect due to his unparalleled misfortunes, and the dignity of his illustrious birth. Men, who in the flourishing state of his illustrious house would have bent before him, dared to treat him arrogantly. He was scarcely more than twenty years of age: in more than one military action he had shown the most impetuous and distinguished gallantry; yet, at the age

As Mademoiselle d'Orleans was indebted to M. de Montesquiou for the asylum she had found at last, she received his visits on our first arrival; but in the course of two or three months she fell ill of an epidemic dysentery, which every one in the convent had but myself. I sat up with her five nights, and spent all the day in her chamber; she was ill more than two months, and gave me great anxiety. On account of her illness she could not receive M. de Montesquiou: then came a horrid catastrophe\* of which I was informed on the 9th of November, 1793; and I became unable to receive him, or any one with whom I had not the most intimate acquaintance. I was ill

when reason scarcely begins to allay the heat of youthful blood, his firmness and constancy were unalterable. He calmly suffered the severity of his lot and the injustice of men without complaint, without even seeming to be astonished. Under a most inclement sky, and amidst the snows of winter, he rose every morning at four o'clock, to give lessons in the higher branches of geometry, in the college of the Grisons, at Coire, where he had been nominated professor, under the name of Corby. That name belonged to a shopkeeper in the Palais Royal; it recalled his absent country to his mind, and the palace of his ancestors. During fifteen months, the duke did not once fail in fulfilling his duties with scrupulous punctuality and care; nor once, during his long exile, cease to render his misfortunes honourable, by the noblest resignation.—(*Editor.*)

\* The death of M. de Genlis.—(*Note by the Author.*)

myself, for the first time since my exile. . . . . During the illness of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as we received no news from her mother, (who was at Vernon, in full liberty,) I thought fit to get her to write to her uncle, the Duke of Modena. She described her situation, and asked him for an asylum within his territories ; not at his court, but in a convent : she added, that I would take her to whatever place he should point out, and that, if necessary, I would cross Mount St. Gothard. The Duke of Modena answered, that *political* reasons prevented him receiving Mademoiselle d'Orleans. He sent his niece 180 Louis, that was all she got from him, and there ended their correspondence.

We had received no company at our convent but M. de Montesquiou, and his friend M. Honeggre, a magistrate of Bremgarten, who came, however, very seldom to see us, as did M. de Montesquiou ; so that the last nine months we resided here were spent in absolute solitude, interrupted only by visits from my nephew, my dear Cæsar du Crest, who though yet in very early youth, had given numberless proofs of courage and presence of mind. I was justly proud at having formed such a pupil, who joined to the most distinguished bravery an excellent heart and

lofty talents. He had joined us at Bremgarten, after making a pedestrian journey through the whole of Switzerland ; but as he was in absolute want of money, I was very happy in being able to retain him beside us by paying the trifling amount of his expenses, which he restricted to what was absolutely necessary with as much readiness and gaiety as economy. He came to see us every day, and in the evening went to a café frequented by *the politicians* of the place, whose discussions he was wont to relate to us in the most ludicrous style. We were never weary with admiration of the evenness of his temper, and his charming gaiety. He brought us charming landscapes in water colours drawn by himself, representing the country round Bremgarten. He played exceedingly well on the piano, and as I had hired one, he practised on it for an hour every day. From his father he derived great talents in accounts, which he brought to perfection by constant practice.

Amidst anxious cares of every kind, I had the consolation of restoring, by unwearied attention, the impaired health of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. I knew her constitution so well, and had so carefully studied whatever was proper or hurtful to her, that in all her illnesses, I have always been of

more service to her than a physician ; and one of my greatest sorrows in leaving her was the thought that no one could take care of her like me. I had concealed from her the death of her unfortunate father. As she was not so precocious as the greater part of young ladies, she was always on the eve of a dangerous crisis, which a powerful emotion might have rendered mortal ; I knew her great sensibility, and her affection for a father by whom she was so beloved ; hence I took every precaution to prevent her learning that horrible event ; and this was not difficult, as we received no company, and were constantly together. Even before this period, I had desired her not to read the newspapers, as I told her (which was the fact) that they were full of impiety and gross insults upon good morals. After this notice, I felt assured that she would never be tempted to read them ; but I dressed her in mourning, telling her that it was for the unfortunate queen of France ; and this she would have always worn, had it not been her duty to put on another more interesting to her feelings. Knowing that constant and varied occupation is much more powerful than amusement in dispelling sorrow and anxiety, I did not allow her to be idle for a single moment in the day. Three times a-day she walked in the garden,



and ran round it several times, a practice I had accustomed her to from infancy. She heard mass daily, and on Sundays of her own free-will she remained at least two hours and a half at church ; during one hour she wrote letters, sometimes to her brother or Lady Fitzgerald, and sometimes letters of fancy.\* We had no books, but I had a great many extracts, and we read some of them every day : during three hours she painted, played for about the same time on the harp, and as I had a piano, I gave her lessons on it, so that she was able in a few months to play airs and variations, which procured her a new source of amusement : in the evening she employed herself in sewing, spinning, embroidering, or working tapestry. She was naturally exceedingly gay, but she had abso-

\* She took a fancy to write regular letters to her mother, father, and younger brothers, and when she could not send the letters, she collected them together, in the hope of giving them at some future time to the individuals for whom they were intended ; she continued to do so till her father's death, and even wrote him several times after that event. For fear of rousing her suspicions I dared not prevent her, and it may easily be imagined how much I suffered when she brought me these letters to correct. Lastly, I told her that to vary her style, it was necessary to write on all kinds of subjects, which I would furnish her with, and I gave her my reasons so as to dispel any anxiety. I took care to give her fresh subjects of composition every day, which required all her time.—(*Note by the Author.*)

lutely lost this gift of nature, though her disposition had been altered without becoming peevish, and her melancholy was so sweet, that it was less allied to sadness than the developement of excessive sensibility. I can truly say that a complaint or murmur never escaped her lips; when she is sorrowful she weeps in silence, and with greater zeal addresses her supplications to heaven. She never regretted the high fortune and splendid luxury by which she was surrounded, nor seemed even surprised at the change that had taken place in all the common circumstances of our situation; in fact, one might have thought on beholding her that she had never lived elsewhere than in a little cell, that she had never enjoyed a plentiful table of her own, and so it was with every thing else. Her piety, which is truly heavenly, gives her that Christian philosophy which consists in patience, courage, resignation, and a sincere contempt for pomp and grandeur. I may add, that without religion Mademoiselle d'Orleans never could have borne her misfortunes; she found in the gospel all the consolations necessary in her situation, and no where else are they to be found; and most assuredly she never could have found any in the pages of Seneca and Epictetus. Her mildness is unalterable, though her feeling heart is firm and

undaunted. Numberless times has she told me that she could not conceive *how those who were in misfortune and did not enjoy the consolations of religion, did not poison themselves*. She was so struck with this idea, that she mentioned it twice in the letters she wrote me after our separation. Our time passed along heavily, but without ennui. We were most tenderly loved in the convent by all the nuns, who were truly heavenly in their demeanour. During our seclusion here, I remarked several customs which I have described in my journal; those that have struck us most were the following: At all the weddings that took place in this catholic canton, the bride wore a small bunch of silver and gold flowers on her head, which she was to keep ever after. The day of the wedding a woman was hired, who had the privilege of being always beside the bride; she was called the *femme jaune*, and held a fine cambric handkerchief in her hand, with which she occasionally wiped the bride's eyes, as if to wipe away the tears she was supposed to shed on leaving her mother and her family. The following are other customs which I should like to see introduced into France, as they would be delightful to children:—on St. Nicholas' day, on getting up, they all find little presents put in their shoes, which generally makes them waken

before day-light. Another custom on that day is still prettier. They are all put into a small garden, in which all kinds of playthings and presents are hid amongst the flowers and fruits, and a part is also put on the top of the trees for the boys. We have seen this amusement take place in a large garden, and the crowds of children assembled formed one of the most animating and pleasing sights one could possibly behold. In my peaceful retreat I should have been as happy as any one could be in my situation, had it not been for the malicious tricks and persecutions raised against me by private enemies. It was not difficult to oppress me in a country where I had no protection, and where I knew no one. I had one friend in Switzerland, who shall always be dear to my heart, and who has been constantly serviceable to me; but she was at Lausanne, fifty leagues from Bremgarten, and at that distance could neither prevent the troubles I was involved in, nor even know of their existence.\* Some people were very anxious to make me leave Switzerland, but either they did not venture to solicit it, or could not obtain the order for sending me off. However, they

\* That friend is a justly celebrated lady, the Baronne de Montolieu.—(*Note by the Author.*)

let me know through a person who came to my house on purpose, (under the pretence of giving me information,) that I should do well to seek another asylum, as they were *certain* that the government would force me to do so at last. I replied that I would act so as not to merit such treatment, and not to be humiliated, if such a strange occurrence did take place; that I had no particular liking for Switzerland, but was fond of our monastery; that Mademoiselle d'Orleans could not be in a more decent and suitable retreat; that I was bound to her fortunes, and as long as I could be useful to her, should remain in this secluded spot. They told me, that *I ran great risk*; and when they saw that I felt no alarm, they pretended to speak *confidentially* to my niece, and in a much more positive and threatening manner. She knew as well as I did the source of all these petty intrigues; but without putting any faith in them, we remained, and I never heard a word more about the pretended order. Mademoiselle and my niece were witnesses of all I suffered, and of the unalterable patience, (as I may justly call it,) with which I supported unparalleled conduct and injustice of every kind. I gave them all my letters to read, those I wrote myself, and those I received, and I found a pleasing consolation in the

warmth of their gratitude, and the sincerity of their affectionate friendship. But, if the ill-will and ingratitude of some persons have sometimes afflicted me, I have received ample compensation by the constant friendship of others, who are very dear to my heart. The conduct of Lady Fitzgerald did not surprise me, for I knew her heavenly soul, and nothing could increase the high opinion I entertained of her ; but her husband displayed towards Mademoiselle d'Orleans, my niece and me, all the affectionate behaviour that could be shown towards a beloved mother and affectionate sisters. We had accepted none of her generous offers, but the recollection of them will never be effaced from my mind ; yet this conduct had been dictated by her affection, when she thought us a thousand times more fortunate than we were in reality, for she never knew of our miserable situation. How much more did this render her conduct affecting in our eyes ? It shows me to what a pitch the active affection of Pamela can go in favour of the friends of her childhood and for me.

Let me here be allowed to mention honourably the names of the persons who, since my misfortunes, have shown me every proof of the sincerest friendship : Mr. Sheridan, who wrote me after my escape ; Prince Talleyrand, Mr. Hayley, Mr.

Howard, (now Duke of Norfolk,) Mr. Hervey, (now Lord Bristol,) Lord William Gordon, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir — Hume, Mr. Davis, Dr. Warner; in Germany, M. Hoze, the physician, M. Conrad, of Bremgarten, Messrs. Lombard, Mayet, Parandier, Poulh and Texier, Professor Uncer; Lady Londonderry, Lady Hume, the Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Wilkes, and Miss Ferguson; in Germany, Cordelie de Vedercop, Madame Boquet, Madame Cohen, the Countess de la Lippe, and Mademoiselle Itzig. To this list of friends I ought to add my grateful homage to a kind and gracious prince, who condescended to show me, while in my cottage, every possible proof of goodwill—I mean His Highness the Prince of Hesse, brother-in-law of the King of Denmark, who was then viceroy of Norway, and governor of Holstein.

In this nomenclature I have not mentioned the French friends whom I found again at Paris in my return, nor the new friends I acquired afterwards; but gratitude compels me not to omit the name of one whom I did not know till six or seven years after my return—I mean M. Morand, a notary public at Paris, who is as eminent for his talents and the dignity of his mind as for his high and well-merited reputation, and his distinguished ability in business. His conduct towards me has

been of the noblest and most delicate kind, and this feeble tribute of gratitude can give him but a very imperfect idea of the strong regard in which I shall hold him to the end of my life.

Let us return to Bremgarten. In the month of December, we were really about to leave Switzerland in consequence of an affair with which we had personally nothing to do. There arose in the town of Bremgarten a violent dispute between the principal inhabitants, who formed the council; two parties were formed, the one friendly and the other hostile to M. de Montesquiou; the hostile party gained the superiority, and through ill-will to the partisans of M. de Montesquiou, obtained an order from the council that all the French in Bremgarten should leave the place. M. de Montesquiou was thus included in the order, which was in fact only given for the purpose of getting rid of him, to harass what his enemies called his party; but the worst of all this was, that the misfortune fell upon us, for every one knew who we were for the last two or three months, and as the lower classes had decidedly embraced the hostile party, we received notice on the 23d of December that we must prepare to set out in two days' time, and that we could not possibly obtain a longer delay. Our uneasiness and embarrassment were at first very



great, for we had no carriage, very little money, and were in the middle of winter ; and we knew not what to do, or where to go, without servants, without passports, without recommendations, without friends ! We spent a whole day in packing our trunks and in forming plans of operation ; and the best thing I could imagine was to leave our trunks with the prioress of the convent, to disguise ourselves as peasants when we got a few leagues from Bremgarten, and to go either on foot or in waggons to the canton of Schwitz to board ourselves at a farm-house. My young friends were so much pleased with the idea, that they almost regretted we had not an opportunity of seeing it realized. Happy period of life ! when a few uncommon or romantic incidents can afford consolation for the most afflicting misfortunes, when these misfortunes do not involve the affections of the heart. I have often thought that if I had had persons of my own age as my associates in misfortune, I should have been much more dejected and much more to be pitied ; but I could be melancholy at our situation only when I saw them afflicted, and they never were so but from causes that did honour to their feelings ; as to every thing else, I constantly remarked that the most disagreeable things had in their eyes some charm of

novelty or singularity that afforded them amusement; and so far was I from endeavouring to make them abandon this fortunate childishness of feeling, which produces all the effects of sublime philosophy, that I pretended to feel it myself; or to express myself more correctly, I derived so much consolation from it, that I often joined sincerely in the same feeling.

However, the very day that our sentence of banishment was pronounced, M. de Montesquiou went to Zurich, which is only three leagues from Bremgarten, and is the seat of government. He defended the cause of the French refugees, and speedily obtained a revocation of the order, so that our alarm was the only misfortune we suffered, and we discovered by means of this incident how much we were beloved in the convent. There the news of our departure spread terror and consternation, and all the worthy nuns gave us the most affecting testimonies of their affection and sensibility. It was not till two months after this event that we learned that the Princess of Conti, aunt of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, was residing in Switzerland, at Friburgh, for I thought she was in Italy with her brother, the Duke of Modena; but I thought it so surprising, that she should reside in the same country and not be desirous of taking her niece

out of the hands of a stranger, that I could not believe the first information I obtained on the subject. Hence I wrote to Friburgh to obtain information, and learned that such was really the case. Since we saw no company and lived perfectly secluded, it was quite natural that we should know nothing of the residence of the Princess of Conti in Switzerland, but she must have known that Mademoiselle d'Orleans was at Bremgarten along with me, for all the newspapers had reported the fact, and commented on it times without number. From this I drew the conclusion that she thought Mademoiselle could no where be better than with me, and I was highly pleased in thinking so; but had it not been for the great affection which I bore to Mademoiselle, I would never have spent a whole year in a place where I was so abominably persecuted, and where no resources could be expected; for my support I found it absolutely necessary to go nearer to a printing office, and though I could remain a few months longer at Bremgarten, still I must have left it at that period to get my work printed, as I would not send the manuscript to a printer. Though I was determined never to leave my dear and interesting pupil so long as I could be useful to her, I at the same time felt that I could not leave Switzerland clan-

destinely along with her, when she had an aunt there, though that aunt seemed to have forgotten her; I saw, therefore, that it was the duty of Mademoiselle d'Orleans to take the same step with the Princess of Conti as she had fruitlessly taken with the Duke of Modena. This I told her, and the tears fell bitterly from her eyes! . . . But always docile to the voice of reason, and knowing too well that the grand duty of life is only a continual sacrifice of our secret wishes and dearest affections, she resolved on writing a letter to ask permission to leave me. She gave me a copy of her letter to the princess, which I here transcribe from her own hand-writing.

LETTER OF MADEMOISELLE D'ORLEANS TO  
THE PRINCESS OF CONTI.

“ MY DEAR AUNT,

“ I have now been eleven months in Switzerland, and ten in a convent. At my arrival, I knew not that my aunt was in the country; I wrote to my mother, who was then at liberty, to ask for her orders; I sent four letters to her by my servants whom I was sending back to France; besides this, I have several times written to her by persons I could depend on; but not one of her

answers has ever reached me, though I have been anxiously looking for one for more than four months ; at last I lost all hope, and applied to the Duke of Modena, as the only person of our family who could afford me an asylum ; it was immediately after this step, five months ago, that I learned that my dear aunt was in Switzerland. Till that time I had been ignorant of it, for I lived totally secluded. The Duke of Modena was unable to receive me. When his answer came I was dangerously ill from the effects of the measles I had had, and from an attack of languor, from which I am not yet perfectly recovered, and my illness was the cause that I had not the honour of writing to my aunt immediately. Six weeks afterwards, I requested M. Honeggre, a magistrate of this place, to be so good as to get my letter sent safe l to Friburgh, as I did not wish to send it by post, because I imagined that my aunt was not known under her own name, and I knew not the one she had taken. M. Honeggre would have nothing whatever to do with the letter, without giving me any reason for his refusal. I was busy in finding out some other person to do me the favour. M. Hoze, a celebrated physician, passed through this place two months ago, when I consulted him on my health, and likewise asked him if he knew

any person at Friburgh to whom he could send a letter to be delivered to my aunt. He told me that he knew no one there, but that he would endeavour to do so, and would take charge of my letter. These are the causes, my dear aunt, why the step I am now taking the liberty to take has been so long deferred. I left France in 1791, spent a year and a half in England, when my father recalled me, on account of the law concerning the emigrants, and I set out on my return in November, 1792. When I reached Paris, my governess, Madame de Genlis, delivered me up to my father, and resigned her place; but the very day after our arrival, a law was passed declaring us emigrants, and we found it necessary to set out again immediately. Madame de Genlis wished to return to England, and my father would not allow me to go back thither. He requested her to take me to Belgium, (which was not then united to France,) and told her that I had no one to take me thither, as every one was afraid of being put on the list of emigrants, and I could not even find a waiting-maid. My father added, that he asked her only to go to Tournay, and to remain with me there three or four weeks, for that, in the interval he should seek, through the family of M. Valkiers, for a person at Brussels to go to Tournay in her

place. On these conditions Madame de Genlis consented to take me, but would merely accompany me as a friend, and remain only till the person came to take her place. After spending two days in Paris, we left France in the month of November 1792. When we reached Tournay, Madame de Genlis made every thing ready for her departure for England. A month after our arrival, she gave Pamela, a young lady she had brought up, in marriage to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who both set out for England immediately afterwards. As the person my father promised to send had not arrived, Madame de Genlis did not depart along with them ; but she wrote continual letters to hasten that person's arrival, and was always told in reply, that she would be with us in eight or ten days. Still she came not, the king's death happened, and war was declared. I was very seriously ill at the time, and had a relapse three weeks afterwards. In the state I was in, Madame de Genlis would not abandon me. Finally, Belgium was retaken, and General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay ; we had no acquaintance with him, but he pitied our situation. We could not remain at Tournay, as the Austrians were about to enter it ; and could not return to France, as a law forbade us to do so, upon pain of death ; M. Dumou-

riez offered us an asylum in his camp. We set out with his army, and stopped in the town of Saint Amand, while he remained at the mineral springs, a quarter of a league distant. A revolt broke out next day, when Madame de Genlis wished to set out immediately, and to travel to Mons as an English lady, then traverse Germany and enter Switzerland; but as she foresaw many dangers on her way, she told my eldest brother, that, as she had not been my governess for the last four months and a half, she would not take charge of me. My brother pressed her in vain to take me with her; she absolutely refused; but at the moment she was entering the carriage, my brother carried me to her, and I was in a most shocking state: she could not resist my tears, and my brother's entreaties; she took me into the carriage, and we instantly set out. All this was so unforeseen, that not one of my trunks was put into the carriage; I took with me only what I had on; my jewels and every thing belonging to me I left behind me, with the exception of my watch, and every thing was irrecoverably lost, as the camp had revolted. After encountering very imminent dangers, we reached the Austrian advanced posts through bye-paths, and represented ourselves as English ladies. The Baron de Vounianski believed us, and gave us passports, along with an



escort to conduct us to Mons. I can truly assert, that Madame de Genlis saved my life by consenting to take me with her, for my brother was obliged to remain in the camp three or four days after our departure, and could only escape from it on horseback and by fighting his way; while I had the measles the very day of my departure, and was detained by it ten days at an inn in Mons, where we had no intention of stopping at all. The Austrians recognised us, but offered me an asylum, which I did not accept, lest my staying in the country might increase the dangers of my parents. Though still very unwell, I set out on the tenth day after being attacked by the measles, and arrived in Switzerland; where I have had several fits of illness from the effects of my former complaint, and where I have taken all the steps I have just mentioned to my aunt. It will undoubtedly be very painful to me to leave a person whom I have never left since I was in my cradle, who has taught me all that I know, who has sacrificed every thing to me, and who, for the last seventeen months particularly, has rendered me every species of care and services, to which I owe my life; but for the last three years, since the period when she gave in her first resignation, I have always seen her on the eve of leaving me, so that I have unfortunately been for a long

time prepared for this separation. She has carefully cultivated in my mind the feelings, respect, and affection I owe to the dear authors of my existence, and the attachment I owe to my family. It is, therefore, most sincerely, and with the strong desire of obtaining this favour, that I take the liberty, my dear aunt, of earnestly requesting you to receive your unfortunate niece. My age is only sixteen years and six months; I have been out of France for two years and a half; I have neither sufficient experience nor sufficient knowledge to form any opinion on public affairs; not only have I never heard any conversation on the subject, but for two years past I have not been allowed to read the newspapers; all I know of them is, that they are so full of cruel and impious deeds, that a young lady cannot possibly read them. Nothing I have ever heard could change the principles of religion and humanity that were inculcated in my mind from my childhood. If my aunt deigns to receive me, and to give me the most valuable and most honourable asylum I can now enjoy, she will find in me all the submission, love, and respect of the most affectionate daughter. At any rate, I am sure, that, in placing myself in your care, I shall follow my mother's wishes, and for her safety it is doubtless

better that this should be done after she was deprived of freedom, for, had I gone immediately to you while she was yet free, it might have been said in France that I acted by her orders, which, of course, would necessarily require a regular correspondence, and that would have been held to be a crime. Unfortunately, such is not now the case, for she has not been at liberty for several months, and I have been nearly a year in Switzerland. I entreat my dear aunt to have the goodness to reflect, that if she does not deign to give me an asylum, and Madame de Genlis leaves me, I shall not know what to do, for without her I cannot remain in the convent where I now am. Besides the air of the place being unfavourable to me, the convent has no large garden; the apartments are wretched, and I know that I could not survive my misery, if I remained in it with a stranger. My eldest brother is but twenty, and cannot act as my guide and guardian, both on account of his age and the circumstances he is placed in; and even if he could, as it is thought he might, come in a few months hence to reside with M. de Montesquiou, I could not reside in the same house with him, as M. de Montesquiou has a great many other young men with him who are unmarried. Besides, I confess that Bremgarten, where I have

been exposed to so many misfortunes, would even now be hateful in my eyes, if I were not along with her who brought me up from infancy, and would become utterly odious to me at her departure. I take the liberty of mentioning these particulars, that my aunt may be perfectly acquainted with my situation ; in regard to every thing else, I wish only to obey her will. I ask her to give me her orders, which I shall faithfully execute, whatever they may be. I earnestly request her to have the goodness to give me them speedily, as Madame de Genlis will, in all likelihood be soon forced to take a journey on her own private business. I hope that my dear aunt will have the goodness to excuse this long letter, and to receive kindly the assurance of the respect and attachment of her unfortunate niece.

“ ADELE D'ORLEANS.


*“ Brengarten, 3d April, 1794.”*

In about eight or ten days, the Princess of Conti answered Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in a very kind and affectionate letter, stating, that she would receive her, but could not do so before a month. This month passed very dully : it was in vain that Mademoiselle d'Orleans tried to conceal her tears and affliction from me ; her heart, which partook

of my griefs, only saw its extent too well; she could neither eat nor sleep; and though always busy, she was continually crying in secret; her situation deeply affected me, and I restrained myself little more than she did. I had become attached to the convent of Bremgarten; we were serviceable to it, for my niece with all her charming accomplishments, was practically acquainted with all the details of housekeeping, and successfully taught cookery to five of the nuns, who were enabled by means of her lessons to make seven or eight kinds of *ragout*, and all sorts of side dishes. Besides this, we had taught them to work at a great many little arts, and I had myself become absolutely necessary to a young boarder of the convent, who was as interesting as she was unfortunate. Her name was Antonia; she was about nineteen years of age, and was of a most charming appearance. Some months before this, she had been on the eve of forming an advantageous marriage, with the consent of her relations, and from the choice of her heart, when she was abandoned by her lover in the most cruel manner; and from this cause lost her reason. She was attacked with fits of furious madness, which occurred generally twice a week, and in the intervals, was in full possession of her senses and of her ordinary

disposition, which was exceedingly mild. I had met her in the garden, where her fine person, and the accounts I heard from the nuns concerning her, had given me great interest in her situation. She was passionately fond of music, and when we played on the harp, she was wont to come to the passage, to listen at the door of our room; this made us feel for her, and when Mademoiselle d'Orleans asked me for leave to let her come in, I agreed; for the nuns assured me that she always knew beforehand when a fit would attack her, and gave notice of it; and when she was not in her own room at the time, always returned to it immediately. She thus came to hear us perform, and as we received her only on the day after a fit, she never felt any of the symptoms of one while with us. We entered into conversation one day after our music was over: when she saw me take out of my pocket a smelling bottle I was in the habit of using pretty frequently; she wanted to smell it also, and was so delighted with the perfume, that, in spite of her customary reserve, she asked me to give it her; I hesitated for a moment, for a singular idea had just occurred to my mind: "My dear Antonia," said I to her at length, "you ask me to make a very great sacrifice, and I cannot do any more than lend it to

you, for I must confess to you that I am also subject to this terrible complaint with which you are afflicted, and this scent is a certain remedy for it; for as soon as I feel the first symptoms of its approach, I smell this essence, and am instantly safe from every attack." Antonia, on hearing this, threw herself at my feet in tears, and with clasped hands, entreated me to lend her this precious *specific*. I omit all the conversation we had, in which I resisted her desire of obtaining this miraculous perfume till it became absolutely irresistible: I then yielded, and after a moment's apparent recollection said, I thought I could obtain another perfume of the same kind. Never was a strange fancy of more advantage, for the moment Antonia felt the approach of a fit, she hastened to smell the essence, and the imagined security she felt enabled her to maintain her perfect senses. In this way six weeks and three days elapsed, without the slightest appearance of a fit, and during the ten months she had been in the convent, not only had she never been seen so, but it had been observed that the fits for the last three months had been more frequent than formerly. The inmates of the convent thought her perfectly cured, but she had a slight attack after this, which afflicted her exceedingly, when I consoled



her by declaring that the sole cause of it arose from the essence having lost its virtue, but that I would obtain her another bottle, which would completely accomplish her cure. I was now obliged to depart, and involuntarily to leave for ever poor Antonia, who was heart broken on bidding me adieu. To calm her fancy, I pointed out two or three essences to her that might, I said, supply the place of the one I had given up to her. I felt assured, from this incident, that it might be very possible to cure madness that occurs in fits, by gradually soothing the fancy by the panacea of hope; for it is surely the beginning of a cure, to make the interval between the fits longer. I offer this fact to the reflection of those, who, infinitely more learned than I am, have already treated with success this horrible complaint.

A few days before the departure of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, such a strange adventure happened to us, that I cannot omit mentioning it here. At eleven o'clock one night, every one had gone to bed but myself, when I suddenly heard a knock at the convent gate, a surprising thing at such an hour: I heard a great noise of people moving backward and forward in the house; the nuns rose, whose duty it was to watch the gate; and when the noise got louder and louder, I went



into a passage to listen, recognised the voice of the prioress, who had risen in great haste, and hurried past the end of the passage on her way to the parlour. I called to a lay sister who was accompanying the prioress, but she said she knew nothing about the matter, except that two men had come to speak instantly to the prioress. I requested the nun to learn what was the matter, and come and let me know. I then went back to my room, convinced in my own mind, without being able to tell why, that this interview was somehow connected with us. The interview of the strangers with the prioress was long, but I heard her return to her apartment in about an hour's time, the gates of the convent were opened and shut again, and still no nun returned. After waiting for her some time, I thought fit to go to her cell, where she had gone to bed, and seemed much disconcerted at seeing me. I again asked her what had occurred, when she replied with great embarrassment, that she had not been able to learn. I saw plainly, that she was deceiving me, and went down to the prioress, whom I found in bed: she told me a long story that was destitute of common sense; and I could feel no doubt in my own mind, that a suspicion I had myself scouted as extravagant a short time before, was

perfectly well founded. I returned to my room, where anxiety prevented me sleeping the greater part of the night. Next morning, Mademoiselle d'Orleans and my niece came into my room to tell me they had just received notice that we were prisoners, that is, could not leave the house. I asked an explanation of this strange news, when they told me that they had felt an inclination to go and take a walk in the fields with a lay sister, when they were told that that was *impossible*; and on asking the reason, the nuns told them that they had strict orders not to let us leave the convent till *further orders*.\* "How so!" cried I, "and who gave this order?"—"The chief magistrates of the town."—"By what right?"—"We know no more than you."—"At whose instigation?"—"At the request of M. Diffenthaller."—"And in whose name does he act?"—"In the name of the Duke of Bourbon."—"And the motive?"—"Because," said Mademoiselle d'Orleans, "M. Diffenthaller pretends that you have formed a plan of *carrying me off* in a few days, and of taking me out of Switzerland; he says he has received orders from the Duke of Bourbon to prevent you doing

\* In general, we never walked any where but in the garden, and had not been more than five or six times in the fields in the course of a whole year.—(Note by the Author.)

so ; and from the account he has given, he has obtained the *order* to detain us here, and if by accident we escape by a back door, he has taken care that we shall be stopped and brought back, by placing guards all round the house : at any rate, that is what a man called the *grand sceautier* (Chancellor to the Council,) came last night to tell the prioress, who was unwilling to tell you at the time, lest it might prevent you sleeping." My surprise at this account may be easily imagined ; I thought I was still asleep and in the mazes of a dream. I ought to mention that this M. Diffenthaller was a Swiss or German officer, who called himself much attached to the emigrant princes, and had come to spend a fortnight in an inn at Bremgarten ; from that place he had sent a letter by some secret channel to Mademoiselle d'Orleans a few days before our detainment, and asked her to grant him an audience in the parlour without my knowledge. Mademoiselle showed me the letter, and as he said he had extraordinary news to communicate, I advised her to hear him : and she received him accordingly in the presence of a nun who did not understand French. Mademoiselle d'Orleans began the conversation by saying she had shown me his letter ; but this did not hinder him from saying a

great deal of ill of me, while he spoke highly of the Prince of Condé and the other emigrant princes—these were all the extraordinary things he had to communicate. Mademoiselle received him with the openness, dignity, and sound judgment that distinguish her, and left him little satisfied with his visit, and this was the result of it. I fancied that the slightest appeal to the magistrates would have been sufficient to recall this unjust and arbitrary order, for the emigrant princes had no right over Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and if they had, M. Diffenthaller had shown neither letters nor authority from them; and after all, if he had had letters to show, who was to prove their signature? Could they, without inquiry or investigation, all at once declare three women prisoners, three foreigners who had secluded themselves in a convent for more than a year, and who had conducted themselves, I venture to say it, in such an exemplary manner? What was then my astonishment, when we demanded to be set at liberty, to be told that it could not be done unless M. Diffenthaller desisted from the demand he had made, and agreed to the recall of the order he had obtained! I could not go to Zurich to offer my complaints, for I could not leave the house; and as I knew no one here, I was obliged to suffer

patiently this unaccountable violence. Whilst I was reflecting on our situation, Mademoiselle d'Orleans received a letter from M. Diffenthaller, in which he very respectfully stated his motives, founded, as I have mentioned, on the fear he felt lest I should carry her off. It was in fact an indirect inquiry into her plans and my own; and was answered by the following letter from Mademoiselle d'Orleans :—

*Bremgarten, May 7th, 1794.*

“ SIR,

“ I am greatly astonished at all the questions you put to me, after the conversation I had with you on Saturday, for I told you plainly, that I had earnestly requested the Princess of Conti, more than a month since, to receive me, that she had had the goodness to consent, and that I was waiting for Madame de Pont to take me to Friburgh. My intentions are still the same. What you tell me, Sir, about what you call my *intimate friends* is exceedingly unjust; it is by my own inclination and the advice of the person who brought me up, that I formed the plan of placing myself under my aunt's protection. The delay that has occurred arises from the Princess of Conti. She sent me yesterday a letter written by

Madame de Pont, informing me that some private arrangements of the Princess would defer her arrival here for the moment. I have her letter, my aunt's, and copies of all my own; so that it will be very easy for me to prove the truth of the facts I have mentioned. After all, Sir, I do not acknowledge any right over me in any of my relations but my brother and aunt; I can gratefully receive their advice, and I cannot believe that they ever authorized you, Sir, to write to me in such an unbecoming manner, and to excite the violent proceedings that have been adopted through your means. I demand your immediate disavowal of the past, or shall carry elsewhere my loud complaints for your unjust violation of my personal rights; but I think, Sir, that one moment's reflection must convince you of the injustice of your proceedings, and that you will hasten to repair it as far as lies in your power.

“ADELE D'ORLEANS.”

As this kind of persecution seems so strange as to appear improbable, I think it just to give the letters that verify the facts. I have those of M. Diffenthaller, signed by himself, and copies of those of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in her own

hand-writing. The following is the reply of M. Diffenthaler to the letter we have just seen :—

“ MADEMOISELLE,

“ I shall never in my life feel consolation for having done any thing to displease your Royal Highness ; and now take the liberty of entreating you to pardon expressions, which my ignorance of the French language may have caused to slip from me. Yet I do not think I have used any terms towards your Royal Highness that are *unbecoming*, but if I did not perceive all the force of the expressions I used, allow me to throw myself at your feet, to make my humble excuse. None can be further removed than I from taking the liberty to ask proofs of the facts you have had the goodness to mention to me, and I venture to entreat you to consider only the purity of my zeal for your august person. A time will perhaps come, and speedily I hope, when your Royal Highness will feel no doubts of the zeal that I am so bold as to show in your service, and of my implicit submission to your orders.

“ I did not think I had merited from your Royal Highness the terrible word of *violence*. My orders bear that I am to watch over the safety of

your Royal Highness, and I had been told certain facts, which I can prove, that made me adopt such measures as would render of no effect whatever was done without your consent. This is all I have done, Mademoiselle; if you blame it, after this explanation, I shall submit to your will, which I entreat you to let me know. I fancied that the rights of the house of Condé or at least those of the Duke of Bourbon, were equal to those of the Princess of Conti. If I am in error, I have the honour to beg your pardon.

“ Finally, I entreat your Royal Highness to do me the justice to believe that the vows I form for your perfect happiness are unbounded and eternal.

“ I am, with the most profound respect,

“ Mademoiselle,

“ Your Royal Highness’s

“ Most humble and most obedient Servant,

“ DE DIFFENTHALLER.

“ *Bremgarten, 9th May, 1794.*”

To this letter, which gave us the hope of recovering our liberty, Mademoiselle d’Orleans, returned the following answer :—



*Bremgarten, 9th May, 1794."*

" SIR,

" I am satisfied with your last letter, if, as you mention, you immediately get revoked the strange order you obtained. The Duke of Bourbon is not my uncle, for he is only my aunt's husband ; and at any rate, I again say, Sir, that I am certain that he will highly disapprove of all that was done yesterday. I assure you that I shall remember nothing of all this business, except the zeal you profess, if you speedily repair the offensive measure you have adopted towards me.

" ADELE D'ORLEANS."

An hour after sending this note, she received the following answer :—

" MADEMOISELLE,

" I shall obey the orders of your Royal Highness. I see with the greatest satisfaction that you have considered only my zeal for your service, but am exceedingly sorry that you should regard my conduct as *offensive* to you personally. God is my witness that all my actions have had no other object than your safety in view, and that I have

never formed a thought of doing any thing that could be in the slightest degree disagreeable to you.

“ I am,

“ With the most profound respect, &c. &c.”

In effect, when M. Diffenthaller saw that it was not *agreeable* to Mademoiselle d'Orleans to be confined to the house, he had the generosity to withdraw his demand from the council, and we were soon informed that we were free. A few days after this strange incident, the Countess de Pont-Saint-Maurice came, on the part of the Princess of Conti, to take Mademoiselle d'Orleans. I knew in the evening that she was to come the next morning, but concealed it from Mademoiselle, who thought she had a fortnight longer to stay with me. When she went to bed that night, I felt a cruel oppression of heart when I embraced her, for I was determined on sparing her the pain of a formal separation, and would, consequently, see her no more. I kept her more than half an hour in my lap, and never felt how truly I loved her so much as upon this occasion. . . . The next morning, the 11th of May, (a day that never will be effaced from my memory,) I rose, contrary to my usual custom, at seven o'clock, but did not

open the shutters, dressed myself quietly, and went down to meet Madame de Pont, who was waiting for me in the parlour. I told her all that I thought it necessary for her to know concerning Mademoiselle d'Orleans; she had been already informed, that her young charge was ignorant of her father's death; and I impressed on her mind the necessity of not letting her know of that event, till the sorrow caused by our separation should be somewhat lessened, and till she had passed the period so critical to young ladies. I gave her a very long memorial, addressed to the Princess of Conti, containing the fullest particulars of the disposition of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, her accomplishments, health, regimen, &c.; besides this, I added moral and religious exhortations for my young pupil, and as she had been very desirous of obtaining a portrait of Lady Fitzgerald, I gave her one. This portrait was inclosed in a pocket-book, containing some sheets of blank paper, in which I wrote the exhortations, and gave them to her eight days before our separation. As I was sorry that I had no copy of them, Mademoiselle d'Orleans made out one for me, which I have carefully preserved, and which I shall presently transcribe from the copy in her hand-writing. After the interview with Madame

de Pont, I went and shut myself up in my chamber, and sent my niece to tell Mademoiselle d'Orleans, that when I learned that Madame de Pont would arrive in the morning, I had left the house at day-light, and had gone along with a servant towards the pine wood, a mile from Bremgarten. The grief of Mademoiselle d'Orleans was excessive, and it will be impossible for me to describe it, as I felt equally affected at that painful moment. . . . . In about three quarters of an hour, I heard her coming down ; she went along my passage, stopped before the door, which was shut, and the key of which, she was told, I had taken with me ; I heard her sobs, her lamentations . . . . When I thought that this separation was probably eternal, I was many times tempted to open the door to see her once more, to embrace her again, to press her in my arms, and mingle my tears with hers ;—but she could not have borne such a scene. She was taken from the passage, and set out. I heard the rolling of the carriage as it departed, and one must feel a mother's love, to conceive the emotions that at that moment overpowered me. Dear child ! you were entrusted to my care when eleven months old, and, till the age of sixteen years and six months, were never absent from me but twice during so many years ;

once for a month, and another time for a fortnight; you were truly, in spite of your youth, my darling friend, from whom I had no secrets; you have given me every proof of affection and gratitude. —Yes! for you shall I always preserve the love of the most affectionate mother; I have had all the cares of one, and of one shall preserve all the feelings! It is out of the power of fortune to break the bond of love that connects us together; it may separate our persons, but our hearts it can never divide.

Half an hour after the departure of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, an old man, the gardener of the nuns, returned to the convent, and said he had met her. I wished to see him, when he told me that she had observed him on the road, and had stopped the carriage to speak to him; that she was in tears, gave him a louis, and then, added he, *held out her little hand*, which he took and kissed; that she was crying so much, that she was unable to speak, but had, however, pronounced my name. In giving this plain statement, the good old gardener wept also. Mademoiselle wrote to me on the road, and Madame de Pont had also the goodness to write me the day after her departure, to inform me how they were; she said that she had slept in the same room with Made-

moiselle, who had been unable to sleep, and whose affliction gave her the highest opinion of the qualities of her heart. Alas! I had no doubt of that; I had no anxiety but for her health, which, in fact, since the period of our separation, has always been in the most wretched state.

To fulfil my promise of giving a full description of all the relations I had with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, I shall now transcribe, from the copy she made for me, the last advice she ever received from me. It is as follows :—

*“ Bremgarten, May 2, 1794.*

“ We are about to leave each other, my dear child; believe that my heart partakes of all the emotions of yours; but I wish to talk to you of your motives of consolation, and consequently of my own, and not of our regrets nor our sorrows. All your duties towards me, you have fully fulfilled; you are virtuous, and you love me—I am, therefore, fully rewarded for all I have done. I feel within myself the pleasing consciousness that I have devoted to your education my time, my midnight hours, and all the little accomplishments I possess—that, for your safety, I have sacrificed my dearest plans and my repose—that I have preferred you to every other consideration, when

I saw you in adversity. You will never forget our exile at Tournay, our flight from Saint Amand, and the year we have spent in this secluded abode; and I shall never forget the bitter tears you shed on leaving this melancholy retreat and this wretched place of residence. . . . Oh! who would not love you, who saw with what heart-rending sorrow you were snatched from this little cell, and this secluded convent, where no kind of amusement could soften your cruel chagrins, where study and conversation occupied every moment of your time! . . . You, who were born amidst all the illusions of grandeur, and who had every reason to expect a lot so different! . . . Alas! what are happiness, pleasures, glory, and fortune but fugitive shades upon earth! We find on it but two solid realities, virtue and friendship, for these precious gifts of heaven spring from the soul, that never dies; but the pleasures that spring from the imagination are frail and chimerical; while whatever arises from the feelings of the heart, is independent of fortune—these are our sole, our real possessions, our true riches. In bewailing your misfortunes, reflect on the value of what survives; all the revolutions of the universe cannot take away your profound submission to the will of God, and the certain consciousness that

there is another world, where innocence and virtue shall receive immortal rewards—with belief and with a conscience so pure as yours, all can be borne with the patience and resignation you have hitherto displayed. Carefully preserve that piety for which you are distinguished; lose no part of it, not even those little devotional practices that render it more tender and consolatory. Were it permitted to compare the love due to the supreme Creator with ordinary sentiments, I would say that the friendship which would exclude as childish all the daily little attentions inspired by deep sensibility, and would care for nothing but important services, would be a cold friendship indeed; in the same way as devotion restricted within the duties prescribed by the church, never acts as a powerful and governing principle. The gospel orders us to love God above all things; you ought, therefore, to increase the opportunities you enjoy of thinking of him, and to despise no means of devotion. What are the most brilliant gifts of the mind in the eyes of God? What is all human knowledge and learning, compared to the supreme intelligence of the Creator of the Universe? In the Holy Scriptures, you have read these sublime words: *It is through pride that evil entered into*



*the world.* It was pride that corrupted the angels, and caused the fall of the first man; with pride there is no real piety, no virtue in the eyes of God; hence does he particularly reprobate this vice, and those who draw from it the desire of vengeance, for it is pride that chiefly renders revengeful. Every time that you perform an act of humility, you do what is highly agreeable in the sight of God. He loves, in the worship that is offered to him, simplicity and faith above all things; and this is precisely what pride most unjustly confounds with superstition. What the church authorizes is not superstition; belief in relics and in the efficacy of pilgrimages is not an article of faith necessary to salvation, but it is authorized by the church, and consequently merits at least our veneration, and furnishes the unfortunate with consolatory prospects and hopes. Pascal, one of the greatest geniuses that ever existed, did not disdain any of these exercises; he loved to humble his reason before the Supreme Being; he knew that we ought to follow the lights of this reason only to guide us in the diversified situations of life, and not in matters of religious faith. But never put a little devotional exercise instead of a positive duty, and ever think that it

is better to tend a sick person and sooth his mind by reading a novel, than to go and say your chaplet. Never put your private acts of devotion instead of the pious duties commanded by the church ; when these are performed, then go to your private devotions without affectation or any appearance of singularity, and neither find it wrong that others should have less piety than you, nor should have it of another kind, for you would lose all the fruits of your devotion, if you were wanting in toleration and indulgence. Remember the words of the gospel : *Judge not lest ye be judged*. Think only of your own conscience, and not of that of others ; lay down daily a regular plan of duties, and never lose the habit of examining your conscience every evening. Try to conquer every temptation to indolence, and be ever busy. Out of friendship to me, cultivate your accomplishments that have been to me the objects of so many cares ;—and for that purpose, you must play on the harp at least two hours and a half daily, an hour on the piano, and paint at least two hours ; write an hour and a half, read for an hour, and follow all your different occupations in regular order. I recommend to you walking and temperance, both so indispensable to your health.

If you adopt the habit of taking tea or coffee ; if you drink wine, eat ragouts, pastry, or beef ; if you make a daily use of acids, you will totally and irrecoverably ruin your health : moreover, religion orders us to be temperate, and reckons the opposite vice amongst sins that are mortal. Hence a true Christian who has reflected at all on his duties ought to be temperate. After the examples and the lessons you have received on this subject, and with such a delicate constitution as yours is, you would be inexcusable and altogether mad if you did not follow this virtue.

“ I deliver you into the care of virtuous and respectable persons, and you will with them be fully confirmed in the principles I have inculcated on your mind. You are little more than sixteen, and your education is consequently not completed, for it never can be so perfectly till the age of eighteen ; but, along with the Princess of Conti you can easily improve your mind and your judgment, and you are sufficiently forward in external accomplishments to lose none of them if you have a mind. Endeavour to surmount your natural timidity, and to take a greater share in conversation. Your disposition and talents will naturally

make you be beloved, and you ought to be anxious to please a person whom you should in every sense hold so dear, and who receives you with so much affection. Place the most implicit confidence in her; carefully preserve that evenness of temper and demeanour you have hitherto possessed, and ever detest tale telling and petty intrigues. I will write to you often; show all my letters as well as your own to the Princess of Conti; neither you nor I have any thing to conceal. Since you have reached the age of observation, you have always been a witness of all my actions, have read all my letters, and I have always shown you a confidence that is very rarely indeed put in persons of your age. You know if I ever merited the absurd calumnies with which I have been aspersed, particularly for the last five years. Justify my conduct by your virtues, your lively feeling for the unfortunate, your attachment to your relations, and above all to a mother so worthy of all your affection, by her heavenly virtues and the extent of her misfortunes. These are the sentiments I have always cultivated in your mind, and this last exhortation is nothing more than a repetition of what I have always told you since your earliest infancy. I permit you, my dear child, to say, if ever you speak of me, all that you know, and all

you have seen without disguise or omission; falsehood is always hateful, and if I required you to alter, for my sake, truth in the smallest degree, I who have been your governess and guide, I should do a most debasing and vile action, and should be most justly worthy of your contempt. It is true that I might ask you, without doing any thing blamable, to be silent on all that took place within my household; but, I venture to say, that it would be a happy thing for me, if all those who judge me from afar had seen me closely; hence, I say again, I authorize you to tell all you have seen me do, and all that you know concerning me. When you write to me, give me a full account of your occupations and the books you read. I will endeavour to render my letters useful to you. As you have lost all our extracts in our flight, make new ones. I advise you, if you can get French books, which we have been deprived of for a year past, to read over again—I. the gospels, but with greater attention than heretofore, and each part several times over; II. the Imitation of Jesus Christ; III. the *Petit Carême* of Massillon, and then the Sermons of Bourdaloue. As books of amusement, read *Telemaque*, *les Annales de la Vertu*, *les Veillées du Château*, and the works of Racine, Corneille, and Crébillon. I shall from time to

time send you parts of my extracts for you to copy.

“ Adieu, my dear child, my beloved Adele ! may divine Providence recompense you for the ills you have suffered, may heaven reward, even in this life, the purity and goodness of your excellent heart ; may you merit, by your conduct and virtues, to become one day the consolation of your worthy and unfortunate mother, and of the other objects of your affection ; and may you merit the love of the Princess of Conti, and the esteem and friendship of all the individuals among whom you are about to dwell ! These are the sincere wishes of a friend, who till her last sigh, will feel the most powerful interest in your happiness. I ask you, my dear friend, to wear this pledge of the most affectionate friendship always in your breast, and occasionally to read its contents.”

The departure of Mademoiselle d'Orleans succeeded in rendering the spot I inhabited completely hateful to me, notwithstanding the sincere attachment I felt for the worthy nuns of the convent ; but here I had suffered so much, had felt so many troubles of every kind, that without any other cause, I could not possibly have remained in it longer without dying of a consumption. My

kind and affectionate niece felt the same desire of speedily leaving this melancholy abode : and had I ever been desirous of remaining, our further stay was perfectly impossible. Mademoiselle d'Orleans had not been able to return any thing near the sum I had advanced for her service.\* The agreement that had been made for our board was by far too dear, without taking into account what we were forced to give out of compassion to our unfortunate countrymen who travelled by Bremgarten, and applied to us. Besides this, the persecutions and calumnies I had been exposed to gave me the most anxious wish to abandon a seclusion in which I had been so cruelly oppressed. I was continually receiving letters as abominable as those I received at Bury, towards the close of

\* In this I do not at all include the expenses of my board and those of my niece at Bremgarten, nor our travelling expenses along with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, with the exception of the post-horses, for which she only paid her share, though these journeys were only undertaken on her account, and I remained at Bremgarten solely for her. M. de Montesquiou, who had settled our board with the convent, had made it at much higher terms than suited our circumstances, or a place where every thing was so cheap, and yet our board was so poor, that it would not suit the regimen adopted by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and we had consequently an extra expense for private dishes for her.—(*Note by the Author.*)

my stay in England. I was often attacked in the newspapers in the most absurd manner, and in one, *La Gazette de Leyde*, it was stated, that *loaded with the favours* of the court of France, I had been concerned in all the intrigues of the revolution, that I was along with M. de Montesquiou and the Duke of Chartres, in a palace built by the former ; and this extravagant article concluded by stating, *Finally, Madame de Sillery is passing her time very quietly in Switzerland.*

A friend of mine, far distant from me, sent me the Gazette in question, and informed me that the editor, M. de Luzac, was a very worthy man, and had certainly not seen this article : she requested me to write him to complain of it, when he would certainly retract what had been stated. In consequence of my friend's request I wrote to M de Luzac, desiring him to keep my proceeding secret, so that I might not be obliged to refute so many other calumnies. I told him that it was true *I was passing my time in Switzerland*, but that I was very far from doing so *quietly* ; that at any rate, I was not along with M. de Montesquiou, nor had any kind of connexion with him whatever, though I knew that he was not building a *palace*, but was living very retired in a very small, common house ; that instead of the Duke of



Chartres living in a *palace* at Bremgarten, he was in a college fifty or sixty leagues from it; that I was myself in a convent; that I had never been concerned in the revolution, for want of time at any rate, since the education of nine children and the composition of twenty volumes had left me no leisure to overthrow empires; that I had never received a single favour from the court, for the very plain reason that I had very seldom been at it; that for fourteen years I had never been there at all, and had never solicited a single favour. I concluded by requesting him to contradict what had been said about the palace I lived in with M. de Montesquiou, and the residence of the Duke of Chartres at Bremgarten, and I sent the names and addresses of M. Honeggre, a magistrate at Bremgarten, and of Madame Müller, the prioress of the convent, so that if he doubted my veracity, he might ascertain the truth from either of these two persons. M. de Luzac wrote me no answer, nor contradicted his former statement. Every journalist, who without inquiry or certain knowledge accuses a person he does not know, must be unprincipled; if that person be in misfortune, his conduct is also ungenerous; if he endeavours to bring down persecution or banishment upon his head, he is without a spark of humanity; and

what can we think of the uprightness of an editor, who, when he has been informed that his statements can be shown to be unfounded calumnies, takes no steps to retract his assertions? As M. de Luzac was said to be a very worthy man, I must believe three things; that he did not write this article, that he did not read it, and that he never received my letter.

Meanwhile I was very busy in preparing for my departure, but had many difficulties to encounter, for I had no servant, and the mere idea of travelling three or four hundred leagues with nobody but my niece, alarmed me greatly, for I had always been accustomed hitherto to travel with company. Another difficulty was that I knew not how to get passports under a fictitious name; I had written to the only friend I had in the country, to ask her to lend me one of her servants only to pass through Switzerland, and to request her to obtain passports for me; but she was unable to do either, and I was really in the utmost embarrassment. Not knowing how to get out of my difficulties, I thought at last of writing to Dr. Hoze, a skilful and famous physician, one of the most honourable of mankind, who, by accident, came through Bremgarten, and I consulted at the time on the health of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. We

had only seen him once, but he had shown me so much interest, that being unable to give him any other proof of gratitude, I gave him a flower I had painted, below which I wrote four verses I had made for him, but which I do not now remember, as I kept no copy. He thought so highly of this trifling present, that I thought I could take upon me to write him two or three letters on different little affairs, which he had the goodness to settle for me. In the situation I have just mentioned, I wrote him again. While waiting for his answer with the most intense anxiety, heaven sent me a new friend, who had been unknown to me till this moment; this was M. Conrad, the brother of a nun in the convent. He lived at Bremgarten, and knowing that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and I amused ourselves by painting flowers, he was continually sending us very fine and valuable ones; but afraid of intruding upon our secluded retreat, he had never paid us a visit. But when he learned that we were about to depart, he thought he might be of use to us, and came to offer us any service in his power. His handsome conduct gained my confidence and esteem; and, as he was as clever and well-informed as he was obliging, I told him all my fears and embarrassments, and the steps I had taken to obtain the assistance of M. Hoze. M.

Conrad said that he would immediately go and get passports at a particular place he mentioned, and he set out the same day. While he was absent, I received the answer of Doctor Hoze, who sent me both passports and a servant, for whose fidelity he said he could answer fully, and who in reality was a very excellent man, and of great use to us. M. Conrad returned with passports, when I showed him those sent me by Doctor Hoze, which he thought better than his own, and advised me to make use of instead of his. I did so, but to prevent any one knowing whither I was going, and the fictitious name I was adopting, (all but my two kind friends,) I sent openly to a man of importance in the country, with whom I had no acquaintance, to ask for passports by the name of Madame Brown, which I never bore. The passports were sent to me, but I made no use of them, as they answered my purpose by securing my secret from being known. Nothing detaining me longer at Bremgarten, I set out at last on the 19th of May, with my young and dear companion, the only one of my pupils and my children who remained with me. . . . . M. Conrad was desirous of accompanying us to the frontiers of Switzerland, but this I declined: he lent us his carriage and horses, which took us four leagues

from Bremgarten. I departed, very grateful for his services, and for the kindness of the worthy nuns of Bremgarten, who all, as well as Antonia, had shown us a warmth of affection and sensibility I shall never in my life forget. I promised them to come and spend the remainder of my life with them, when it was in my power to choose a place of retreat, and to live by my own name. To do so was not then the abandonment of one's country, family, and friends; for France was no more, since public worship was abolished as well as public government, and all the laws and customs of civilized society; and every friend who remained behind and was a man of principle, had no other desire than to leave that unfortunate land. I hoped that my daughter might be able to escape; and then I knew that she would come and join me and settle in Switzerland. When the reign of terror was over, I naturally adopted the feelings of a French woman; but I have never lost the recollection of Bremgarten, and particularly of the convent of Sainte Claire; and I can truly assert, that if real happiness consists in the union of virtue, piety, innocence, unalterable serenity, and open, pure gaiety, it has sought refuge in this peaceful and respectable mansion.

When I left M. Conrad's carriage, I took a

hired one sent me by Dr. Hoze, who had settled all our terms and arrangements, and thus we went as far as Schaffhouse. We there met with a singular individual; while the diligence was stopping at the post-house, two young men came up, and while one came to take his place, the other clasped him in his arms, and bid him adieu. He instantly disappeared, and we set out: this incident made me feel an interest in the new traveller, who soon engaged my attention in another way. He was seated opposite to me, and looked to me fixedly with an interest that seemed constantly increasing. That nothing might disturb his attention, which indicated nothing but curiosity and goodwill, he placed his hand beside his face, as if to separate himself from the rest of the travellers. In this attitude he remained the whole day. I, three or four times complained of thirst, when he made a great noise for the drivers to stop, jumped out of the coach, and went and brought me some excellent milk, for which he would pay in spite of all my remonstrances. He spoke French tolerably well; he was charitable as well as obliging, gave a great deal of money to the poor. I asked him his name, which he said was Smith. We reached Stuttgart, where M. Smith stopped at the same inn; I invited him to supper, which he accepted.

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without hesitation. In the course of the evening he took out of his pocket two pretty miniatures he had drawn himself, which we thought more highly of because he was not an artist by profession. We agreed before separating, that we should next day go together and walk in the beautiful and princely gardens of Oheim. Accordingly my niece, M. Smith and I went thither early in the morning. The general plan of these gardens is very ingenious and picturesque, and was particularly calculated to interest expatriated Frenchmen. The various works represent the vicissitudes of fate and of human life: but I was most pleased by the part where pretty huts are erected on the spacious ruins of colonnades and palaces. We returned to our inn at Stuttgard, and M. Smith stayed to dine with us: the evening before, we had parted immediately after supper for the purpose of going to bed; but this day we remained talking after dinner, and I saw such a mixture of singularity, whim, goodness and melancholy in our travelling companion, that I felt an eager desire to examine him. I asked him what he was travelling for; and his first answer, (which I did not fully comprehend,) surprised me greatly; for he said with a sigh, that after being the victim of the wicked, he was seeking for consolation from

*the good*, namely, those who were kind and upright; he added, that I and my niece had seemed to him to be *good*; that he was bound to us, and was determined on never leaving us. As this determination seemed to me very singular, and I saw some wildness in his eyes for the first time, I remained dumb and confounded; but he went on, and told us with great volubility a story very similar to Antonia's—a treacherous friend had supplanted him in his mistress's favour, when on the point of marrying her. When he finished his account, he rose and walked up and down the room, with an agitation that increased my terror, which he perceived, and coming up to me, “I must confess,” said he to me, “that this misfortune made me lose my senses, and I sometimes have fits of madness, but be not afraid, I am never wicked! . . . . .” Tears interrupted his voice, and the pity I felt for him, completely drove away my alarm; we wept for his sorrows, but we could do no more than pity him! . . . . . He expressed his grateful thanks to us in the most affecting manner, and then left us to go to bed, but still added that he would never leave us, that he would follow us every where, and would set out with us at six o'clock next morning. As I had never consented to such a plan, it may well be imagined that I had no desire to yield to it.



Henriette advised me to set out at three o'clock, while he was asleep ; and this I did, but not without remorse, for I felt as if I were betraying this unfortunate youth, and few things in my life have been more painful to me than this very prudent action ; and I am certain, that if I had known him for a longer period, I should never have been able to have abandoned him.

Our manner of travelling, without stopping either night or day, seemed to us very singular ; and we were much alarmed lest we might meet any emigrants in the way : this, however, did not occur. Our health was not injured by the fatigue we felt ; my niece was a little worn out the second day, but I was never in better health in my life than during this journey. At Mayence we left the diligence, and descended the Rhine in a barge as far as Cologne, where we hired a carriage and travelled to Utrecht. M. de Valence was living in the neighbourhood of this town, and we had always kept up a regular correspondence. I had written him immediately before I left Bremgarten, when I knew that I should be separated from Mademoiselle D'Orleans, and requested him to obtain for me under a fictitious name, a house-keeper's place at a seat in the country. In that case I would have left my niece at the Convent of Sainte Claire, in the care of the abbess, to whom I

would have paid half a year's board; I would have gone to the country seat, where I should have been at no expense, and where I might compose new works in secret. I should have sent my works to Mr. Sheridan in England, who would have sold them well; and in this way I was flying from calumny and persecution, and might have acquired a considerable sum of money. One thing only embarrassed me, and that was my harp, for I could not resolve on leaving it behind. I was determined to take it with me, by hiding the shape of the case within the packing, and I hoped that I should find means of playing *incognito* in some secluded part of the mansion; and fancied I saw the effect I made on my masters in a very short time; and on these imaginary ideas I constructed one of the finest romances possible, for I considered myself in absolute solitude during the winter, and uncontrolled mistress of the mansion during all the time my masters were living in town. M. de Valence at first rejected this proposal, which he called a *romantic foolery*; but I pressed him so earnestly, and gave him such good reasons for it, that he soon afterwards wrote me that he had found what I desired, well-informed, clever, wealthy masters, with an unmarried daughter, to whom I could be useful as a teacher; an

ancient and spacious castle, and that nothing might be wanting to the good luck of this *God-send*, (*trouvaille*, that wast he expression he used,) he assured me that there was a splendid library in the castle. This letter delighted me; but in a few days he sent me another to retract all he had said, and told me, that he could not think of making himself ridiculous by making a housekeeper of me; he requested I would come immediately to Utrecht, and that when I had got there, we might form more reasonable plans. It was in vain that I told him, that out of an immense number of French emigrant ladies as good as myself, some had (without being *ridiculous*) become milliners;\* and others had become private teachers; he would listen to nothing.

We arrived at Utrecht, where M. de Valence was waiting our arrival, and took us to Oud-Naarden a fine country house he had taken on the banks of the Zuyderzée. Here I remained five weeks, rejected in my turn all the plans proposed to me by M. de Valence, and determined on putting myself under the protection of the Danish government. I had still a little money left, and asked none from M. de

\* Amongst other instances, the Baronne de Crussol in England, where her excellent conduct was fully appreciated, as well as her noble courage in misfortune, which made her prefer honest industry to living on the goodwill of others.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Valence; I only settled that I would leave my niece with him, along with a foreign lady who was there, and that I would prepare his household at Altona, as he had also the intention of settling there. I separated for myself sometime from my niece, because I wished to be absolutely unknown, and she would have contributed to make me recognized. Before joining my friends, I wished to study the country in which we intended to settle, and to ascertain, by my own observation, if the government was as prudent, tolerant, and mild as it was reported to be. I left Oud-Naarden, without waiting-maid or servant, (I had sent back to Switzerland the one procured for me by Doctor Hoze,) along with a man I knew very little of, who was going to Hamburgh on his own business. I had become quite a traveller and feared nothing. With my associate I got into a post-waggon, half-covered over, full of bales, and more wretched than the rudest cart. I found myself quite comfortable after all, for I slept extremely sound the second and third night, which I have never been able to do in travelling in the handsome carriages unjustly called *dormeuses*; I found that sleep, which flies from luxury and indolence, is the sure reward of real fatigue. I reached Osnabruck in perfect health, took a cabriolet and post-horses, was upset

on the road and in the most alarming manner, but sustained no injury; and arrived at Hamburg on the 23d July 1794. That night I spent in writing in my chamber,\* and next day embarked on the Elbe, though there was a very boisterous wind mingled with heavy showers of rain at the time, and the boats were open. I had taken one for myself, but when about to embark, a Jewish shopkeeper and her son asked leave to go in my boat, which I granted with the greater pleasure as the son, who was about thirteen years of age and very handsome, had a very striking resemblance to one of my pupils. I did not know where to go on landing at Altona, for I had no letters of recommendation, and knew no one. The worthy shopkeeper was very talkative and obliging, and I got some information from her respecting the inns of the place; I asked her the name of the one where the master was said to be fondest of the French Revolution, and she named *Plock's*. I thought that in his house I was not likely to meet any emigrants of the class by whom I was known, and to Plock's I went accordingly. I had every reason to be satisfied with the choice I made, for the master of the house was all honesty and kind-

\* There I composed my epistle; *A l'Asile que j'aurai* —(Note by the Author.)

ness, the daughter was full of mildness, talent, and feeling, had received an excellent education, and soon became my friend. I intended at first to remain here only the time necessary to find a suitable family to board with in the vicinity of the town; but in the first days of my arrival I was exposed to a very awkward embarrassment. When I wished to take my meals in my own room, I was told that it was not customary in the house, and that I must dine at the *table d'hôte*. The novelty of the proposal, and the fear of being recognized, gave me great uneasiness; but I was told that the company I should see were only French and German patriots, and I thought there was no probability of finding in the former any person who had known me formerly; and I therefore followed the usual custom. At any rate, I could not have done otherwise. I was much embarrassed for the first fortnight; but when my fears of meeting enemies were dispelled, I got completely accustomed to this kind of life, and it led me to make many new observations upon life and manners.

The friendship I entertained for Mademoiselle Plock retained me in that house eight months and a half. The whole period passed away in a very peaceful and pleasant manner; I never went out of my room, but to go to dinner, and out of the

house but to go to church ; I received no company whatever, and was lodged in the most retired part of the house. One of my nearest neighbours in this house (M. de Kersey) was a French patriot, French *chargé des affaires*, very amiable for the qualities of his heart, and distinguished by his great information and the striking originality of his character ; he was a virtuous philosopher without pride or pedantry, and the most sincere philanthropist I ever met with. He was almost as sedentary as myself, and though I never received his visits, I dined almost daily at the same table with him, where his conversation was highly agreeable and instructive to me. I did not go to dinner till half an hour after the company, because the dinner was very tedious ; as soon as it was over, I returned to my chamber, where I had a tolerable piano, a harp, a guitar, colours and brushes for painting, a writing-desk, a few books, an herbal that was lent me, and my time flew away with inconceivable quickness. Thus I spent nine months in the most complete *incognito* ; I was generally thought to be a teacher of feminine accomplishments, born in Ireland and brought up in France ; some person said I was an emigrant nun, but the real truth was never suspected. Very often I heard the company speaking about me at table, particularly

at the time that a strolling company of English actors were at Altona and Hamburgh, where they performed English plays, and several translations of mine, among the rest *Zelie ou l'Ingénue*. As the performances formed almost the only subject of conversation at dinner, the author of these plays was likewise often talked of. As every one ought to respect his own honour, I had determined, in case I was spoken of in a disrespectful manner, to rise up from table, and mention my name, for to conceal my name in this case, would have been denying it, and, consequently, base and cowardly. But I had no occasion to adopt this extreme measure, for I never heard my name mentioned in an offensive manner; and in fact, Mademoiselle Plock and M. de Kerpy were so fond of my works, that they would not have suffered, except with great impatience, even the slightest literary criticisms.\* It was universally said that I was along with General Dumouriez since his arrival in the country; several per-

\* Yet in a few months I was recognized by two travellers who seemed to me to be foreigners. One of them had seen me only once, eighteen years before, and, notwithstanding the change in my dress and age, he recognized me immediately but only mentioned it to me, and behaved with infinite prudence. The other was equally honourable, and my secret thus discovered by chance, was preserved with as much fidelity as if I had entrusted it to their honour.—(Note by the Author.)



sons declared positively that they had seen me, and perfectly *recognized me*; so that, during the nine months I spent in this house, it was held to be an undoubted fact, that I spent the whole time with General Dumouriez, whilst unknown amidst a crowd of my countrymen, I was living under their own eyes, and knew not whether he was in the country at all, for, as I have already said, I never had any kind of connection with him, direct or indirect. The Germans who dined in the house were in general very good company; I remarked two amongst them, who will always be distinguished wherever they go; M. Texier, holding an important situation in Holstein from the King of Denmark, and Professor Unger. On account of their high character, and the opinion I had formed of them by my own observations, I told them my secret before I left Altona. They have both shown me every service that could be required from the most active and affectionate friendship; and it is to them that I am indebted for the connections I have since formed, and the other friends I have acquired in the country. Convinced, that in spite of the efforts of calumny, innocence will always find an honourable asylum in the territories of Holstein and Hamburg, when I left Altona on the 1st of April 1795, I declared my real name,

that all the French who had seen me for nine months, might be fully assured that it was false, *that Madame de Genlis was living along with M. Dumouriez.\**

It was not without emotion that I left a house, where I had lived so peaceably, where I was so generally beloved, and in which I left a sincere friend, who has always shown me the most affectionate care. I requited her attentions on a melancholy occasion; whilst I was in the inn, she lost her father, a respectable old man, who had shown me many marks of friendship. I had not told him my secret, and as he firmly believed that I was *Miss Clarke*, he would absolutely have me to marry, that I might settle in Holstein, and for that purpose cast his eyes on a baker, a widower retired from business, with a property of two hundred thousand francs. This baker was a man about forty-six years of age, and spoke not one word of French; he came often to dine at the *table d'hôte*, and as I remarked that he was always staring at me, I asked Mademoiselle Plock the

\* This falsehood when exposed, was very useful to me, in so far as it prevented any belief in those that were told about me afterwards; the lady who lived in the same house with General Dumouriez, was Madame de Bauvert, sister of M. de Rivarol.—  
(Note by the Author.)

reason, when she told me that he had become in love with me from listening to me in the court while I was playing on the harp. M. Plock, who had persuaded him *to ask me in marriage*, took upon himself to make the offer, which he did very gravely, and was exceedingly surprised at my firm refusal; he died a short time afterwards, and his interment gave me an opportunity of learning the funeral ceremonies of the country, which astonished me very strangely, because they have a remarkable resemblance to the same customs in the time of the ancient Greeks, accounts of which may be found in Athenæus and other writers. As soon as M. Plock was dead, clean sheets were placed in his bed, and pillows fringed with muslin. The face of the dead was uncovered, the body clothed in a fine vest and seated upright on the bed, with his hands spread on an embroidered counterpane, on which flowers were strewed and a great number of rosemary branches; and his bed was surrounded by candles that burned night and day. His room was at the extremity of the court, exactly opposite mine, and had no shutters to the windows; hence during the whole time of the exposure of the body, which lasted six days, I continually saw these funeral lights, which rendered me excessively dull and melancholy. According

to the usual custom, all the people in the house went to kiss the hand of the defunct, but I declined the visit. The funeral was very handsome; there were an immense number of men present, the married people had a lemon in their hand, and the boys a branch of rosemary; and after their return, Mademoiselle Plock gave them the *funeral dinner*. I was invited, for there were several ladies present, Mademoiselle Plock did the honours; all the guests, like her, were in deep mourning; every thing went off very gravely, but the dinner of three courses was excellent, and the company partook of it very heartily.

It was in the house of Mademoiselle Plock that I enjoyed the first consolation I received since my misfortunes;—it was in my little chamber at Altona that I learned several events of the utmost importance to me, amongst the rest the fall of Robespierre, the deliverance of my daughter, whose horrible danger I knew nothing of, though I knew she had been arrested; it was there that I learned the peace concluded with Prussia; it was a fortunate event for France, and I felt as much joy on account of it as if I had not been a fugitive.

It was in a singular way that I learned the death of Robespierre, at one o'clock in the morn-

ing. I was greatly surprised at hearing loud and repeated knocks at my door, and was still more so when I heard the voice of my peaceful neighbour M. de Kersey. He cried out to me : " Open, open, I must embrace you." As I did not yield to this singular request, he again cried out " It is you who will wish to embrace me, open, open." I opened the door, M. de Kersey sprang towards me, and exclaimed, " The tyrant is no more, Robespierre is dead !" then in fact I embraced him myself, and with all my heart. Next day we learned that the news had produced quite a contrary effect on one of the most violent partisans of Robespierre, of whom there were many in Holstein. One of these *profound politicians* was struck with such sorrow on hearing of his tragical end, that he instantly fell dead on the spot.

After this period there came to the inn a charming lady, called Madame Gudin, with her old husband and her niece. She was a great performer in music, was extremely fond of the arts, and soon became greatly attached to me. Instead of remaining eight days in the inn, she remained four months. I went every day to her apartment, where she collected several excellent German artists; we had music, played at small games, and danced waltzes: I could not get away from

this kind of dissipation, which, very frequently, interfered with my studies. Towards the end of my stay in the inn, my real name began to be suspected, and when Madame Gudin was told of it, she burst out a laughing, and replied, "*Miss Clarke an author!* Depend upon it, that with the exception of her prayer book, she never cast eyes on a book in her life."

My niece came to join me, and we went together to Hamburgh, where we spent four months in a most respectable family, whose company was the only one we enjoyed during the whole time. This was the family of M. Volters, the clergyman; we had an apartment on the first floor, and the walls of our drawing-room were washed by the waters of the Alster, upon which our windows opened. I was one day looking upon the course of the stream, when I saw and followed with my eyes a very fresh and beautiful rose-branch; a few houses below ours I saw a long wooden fork thrust out of a window into the stream, and seizing hold of the branch, which was instantly taken into the house. Out of this incident I fancied a romantic intrigue I have placed in the *Mères Rivales*, which I was beginning at the time; and which afterwards obtained me a charming present from the Duchess of Chevreuse, who sent me a beautiful

China box full of roses, with the following inscription in her own handwriting :—

“ To her, who by the incident of a rose, has adorned one of her most charming works.”

It was a long time before I knew to whom I was indebted for this kind present, and only learned it at last by Madame de Chevreuse herself telling me the secret.

While in the house of M. Volters, one circumstance struck me greatly. His house was very near to a protestant church, of which he was the clergyman, and instead of a bell, it was the blowing of a trumpet from the top of the steeple that gave notice of baptisms, marriages, and funerals. I was chiefly struck with the uncommon beauty of the funeral notice, and I thought so highly of it, that I expressed my admiration to M. Volters, who told me that the air had been composed by the celebrated Haydn, who had been at Hamburgh three years before, and found the funeral call of the trumpet so inexpressive, that he had substituted in its stead the music I so much admired, which had been adopted by all the protestant churches in the city.

At the end of July I went with my niece to live with M. de Valence, at a pretty country house he had taken at Sielk, five leagues from Hamburgh ;

but I only agreed to do so on condition of paying for my board. I had sold my *Knights of the Swan* to M. Fauche, the bookseller, for three hundred gold Fredericks; \* a long time had elapsed since I had received so much money at once, but this was the price offered me by that respectable publisher, whose conduct towards me has always been most perfectly honourable. I was so destitute of every thing at the time I sold the work, that if he had offered me but fifty Fredericks I should have accepted them without hesitation.

M. de Valence cultivated his garden with his own hands; and we led a very quiet and solitary kind of life, for we had but one neighbour near us, (the proprietor,) and he proved a very agreeable and trust-worthy friend. M. de Valence was in want of a secretary, and took a very strange sort of one, namely one of the two Amazons who had served with so much valour and distinction in the army of Dumouriez, without a single reflection being cast upon the purity of their morals. They were named Mesdemoiselles Fernig; † the younger,

\* A gold Frederick was at that time worth twenty-two francs.

—(Note by the Author.)

† The necessity of a speedy and vigorous resistance, made these two modest and timid young girls (one of them was no more than thirteen) the boldest and most formidable of soldiers. To protect the women and children of the village



Théophile Fernig, who was about one and twenty, of a very handsome and modest appearance, with

of Mortagne, where they resided, from the nightly attacks of the Austrians, these young ladies, Félicité and Théophile Fernig, put on their brother's clothes, armed themselves with fowling-pieces, mingled with the national guards, and charged the enemy's plundering parties, and drove them from the neighbourhood. It was in the very front ranks of these intrepid defenders of the honour of families, and the repose of every one's<sup>d</sup> fireside, that they were discovered by General Beurnonville, from the very precautions they took to avoid being noticed. He presented them to Dumouriez, who attached them to his staff, as well as their father and brother. Amidst all the licence of a camp, these two young girls became the object of the respect and admiration of the whole army. They fought with the most distinguished bravery at Valmy, Jemmapes, Anderlecht, Nerwinde, and in every action that took place previous to the 5th of April, 1793. In an action near Brussels they were borne along by their impetuosity into the very midst of the enemy's rear guard, when a general officer ordered them to surrender; the younger dashes forward, and as an answer, lays him dead at her feet with a pistol shot. At the assault of the village of Quaregnon, during the battle of Jemmapes, the same sister charged a Hungarian battalion with a few light horse, and with her own hand disarmed and took prisoner the strongest and most formidable of the enemy's grenadiers. The height of her prisoner on foot was nearly equal to her own on horseback. The other sister accompanied the Duke of Chartres (now Duke of Orleans) in all the actions he fought, and never left his side in his most destructive charges upon the enemy. Both sisters assisted General Dumouriez in effecting his escape, and accompanied him to the enemy's lines; but the moment they entered upon a foreign soil, they again assumed the dress of their

beautiful, small, delicate, fair hands, was the one that came to live with us at Sielk. Her handwriting was very beautiful, and she had a good knowledge of grammar, while the mildness of her disposition, and her evenness of temper made her company exceedingly agreeable. Dumouriez had formerly told me many interesting anecdotes concerning her, the following among the rest. In some action or other she rushed forward discharging her pistols, and made prisoner a tall Austrian, whom she took instantly to the General, and said to him in a shrill childish voice, *General, that is a prisoner I have brought you!* The soft sounds of her voice startled the Austrian, and nothing could console him for the dishonour of having surrendered to a young girl. I saw her perform an action of a similar kind at Sielk. We were one day at our neighbour's, Madame Clrhost, and all the gentlemen had gone with their men-servants to the chace, when the cook rushed in

sex, and appeared, what they had ever been, timid and reserved young girls. They were not by any means tall, and though of strong hearts, their voices and the features of their countenances were exceedingly sweet. They wandered for some years at a distance from France, consoling and supporting their old father by their own exertions. Félicité married a Belgian general;—Théophile died at Brussels, where, (says one of her biographers,) she modestly reposes near the scenes of her glory.—(*Editor.*)

great alarm to tell us that a robber had entered the kitchen, and was plundering every thing. Théophile immediately assumed a martial look, rose, and laid hold of a large stick in a corner of the room, and rushed out; she entered the kitchen, attacked the robber, and after giving him a sound beating, made him beg for mercy, and then turned him out of the house. After performing this exploit, she returned to us with a look as unaffected as if she had performed the most ordinary action. During the remainder of the day, we could not prevent ourselves from constantly looking at her pretty delicate hands, which were so powerful and valorous on occasions of difficulty and danger.

It was during my residence at this country-house that I wrote my *Précis de Conduite*, which produced such a powerful effect in my favour throughout Germany, because it contained facts that were undeniable. I cannot help noticing in these memoirs the concluding pages of that work.

“What have I done, before or since the revolution, to bring down enemies upon my head? I have always lived as secluded as my situation would allow; I have always been reckoned to be *wildly solitary*; and constantly occupied with my children, literature, and the arts, I have never

solicited a single favour from the court ; I have been there but seldom, and I have never been seen at a minister's. If one of my friends became a minister, I have lost his company altogether, for as I never went to see him, we soon became strangers. I have all my life displayed a disinterestedness and want of ambitious views that have often been reckoned singular and extravagant. Before I succeeded to the property left me by the Maréchale d'Etrée, I was certainly by no means wealthy, yet I have invariably refused all the advantageous offers that have been made me in a variety of undertakings. At that very time I refused any salary, while I took charge of the education of three princes of the blood ; and I not only performed this service for no remuneration, but instead of merely superintending their education, as a tutor would have done, I gave them, during the space of twelve years, regular lessons in history, mythology, geography, literature, and the French language, (by accustoming them to composition,) and I superintended their lessons in German, Italian, and Greek which were given in my own room, without including long lessons on the harp, which I gave regularly every day to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who never had any other teacher on that instrument but myself.

While I gave so little attention to my own private interests, I never allowed a single opportunity of assisting others to escape, and I had the good fortune to be often successful in my endeavours. During the nine years I resided at the Palais Royal, I never employed the influence I then possessed but to do good and to be of service to others. It was at the earnest solicitations of the Viscount de la Tour-du-Pin, and long afterwards, at those of the Marquis de Chastellux, that I obtained situations for Madame de la Charce and Madame de Chastellux ; and it was in the same way that the Countess de Blot applied to me to obtain a place for her niece, a young lady of fourteen, (at present the Duchesse d'Aumont.) There was a great unwillingness felt to give the place to a mere child, but I solicited it with so much zeal that I obtained it. I afterwards took charge of the same young lady in my travels in Italy, and took the same care of her as if she had been my own daughter, so much so that she styled me her *dear mamma*. I have kept several of her letters, that are full of affection and gratitude, and corroborate the facts I have stated, which I am certain that her excellent heart will never disavow. I became sincerely attached to her, for she was beautiful, without a spark of coquetry, was graceful and

lively, had a feeling heart, and great natural talents. Moreover, I rendered a service, at that very time, to a man who had belonged to the household of the Palais Royal for twenty years before, (the Chevalier de Durfort,) which made him comfortable for the rest of his life, so that he always called me his *benefactress*, and gave me this title in all his letters. I have rendered numberless other services of less importance, and obtained an immense number of subordinate situations for people in misfortune, belonging to another rank in society, whom I knew by their ill fortune only, as they applied to me in their distress. Though I seldom saw literary men, I have taken every opportunity of being useful to them, even to those I knew to be my enemies, such as M. de la Harpe, and M. de Marmontel. Not only I never showed a wish for revenge, (which I could have done very frequently,) but never, either in my writings, or in my conduct, have I been in the smallest degree unjust to those who hated me, but was pleased in praising what I found praiseworthy, and in returning them good for evil every time I had an opportunity.\* In ordinary circumstances, it would undoubtedly be quite ridiculous

\* It may not be useless to state, that I published these facts in foreign countries, at the commencement of the revolution, and

to say so much in praise of one's self, and I have never done so, but when I was actually compelled ; but after being exposed to so many calumnies and innumerable sorts of injustice, I am only but too much justified in offering this apology at last. If any one take the trouble of comparing the prefaces of my works with those of the greater part of other authors, he will certainly find the former infinitely more modest, for I never wrote them with any view to praise myself, or to enumerate the successful works I had written.

“ In many satirical works I have long been accused of excessive pride, and at the time when I could not be blamed for ambition or intrigue, the same reproach was made to me again and again. That pride was neither to be found in my prefaces nor in my works, but though no particulars were given of my peculiarity, some thought that a woman who dared to undertake the education of princes of the blood, who dared to write works on education and religion, and had the hardihood to criticise the works of modern philosophers—that such a woman must necessarily be possessed of intolerable pride. I have educated, it is true, three princes of the blood, but I might

that no work, of whatever kind, has ventured to contradict a single statement.—(*Note by the Author.*)

think, without much pride in the case, that I could fulfil this duty as well as a follower of the court, who would not fulfil it at all ; for the common practice of the tutors of princes is to abandon all care of their education to the under tutors and preceptors ; and at any rate, there was no great presumption in thinking, that after having devoted my life to study, I could possess as much information, and acquired knowledge as a courtier. Lastly, these children were well educated, and this is a fact they have not thought proper to deny. I have written works on education—so have other ladies, and nobody has accused them of pride ; others have written works holding out much more ambitious pretensions, have published poems, tragedies, dissertations on Greek authors, geometrical works, and no author has complained of them. I wrote one work on religion, but it is not a theological one. I do not discuss the mysteries of religion, but merely give a treatise of morality, founded on the eternal maxims of the Gospel, that is, (as the title expressly says,) on *the only solid basis* on which morals can be founded. I have examined the pretensions of the *Encyclopedists*, and modern philosophers, and that is my real offence. If I had been proud, and been desirous of obtaining praise, securing powerful



patrons, and a host of partizans and puffers, I should have held my tongue about religion altogether, and, therefore, said nothing about the philosophical party ; I should have been pardoned, (I was well aware of it,) for not being an *unbeliever*, (*un esprit fort*,) if I would only keep quiet, and my silence would have been rewarded by the most unbounded flattery. I felt the desire and the hope of producing works that were both pure and of some public utility, at a period when I saw corruption in morals spreading every day wider. I saw very clearly that I should raise up a number of enemies, and I described the fate I foresaw in the *Lettres de M. de Lagraye au jeune Porphyre*, in my second work, *Adèle et Théodore*. My object was to show, even then, that I expected all the evil that resentment, and wounded pride could bring forward against me ; and the event has fully justified my prediction. Yet I confess that my view of the future prevented me publishing my works for some time ; and had it not been for the urgent call of humanity, that induced me to publish the first ; (for the purpose of procuring the liberation of three unfortunate men, who had been unjustly condemned to spend the remainder of their lives in prison, from their inability to pay a large sum ;) perhaps I never should have had

the courage to appear in print before the revolution, for after that period, my literary labours became my principal means of subsistence. It is painful to a feeling heart, to excite the anger of a multitude of persons, who have never given it any offence, and whom it holds in esteem for many reasons. At any rate, I cannot be blamed for taking the smallest responsibility upon myself; if I have criticised works, I have never said ill of the authors, though they have not observed the same courtesy towards me; and I have never blamed but what seemed to me contrary to religion and good morals, still paying a just tribute to the talents of the writer.

“ It was thought excessively ridiculous that I should write that the *Nouvelle Héloïse* is the most improbable and immoral of novels, and it was said that I could not have maintained such an assertion had I not been envious of the talents of Rousseau. Other writers have both before and after me, maintained and proved the same opinion, which is certainly not a difficult task, and nobody ever ranked them among those who were envious of Rousseau.\* If I had possessed the pride I was so

\* I am acquainted with two excellent notices of this work. One of them was written by M. de Marmontel, and is to be

unjustly charged with, when I renounced the good opinion of the sectaries of the *Encyclopedie*, I should have solicited the suffrages of others, but I never endeavoured to form partisans among the clergy, was not acquainted with the members of the ecclesiastical body, and never paid any visits to the archbishop's palace; nor did I ever flatter the followers of the court and the aristocracy. Amongst many similar allusions in my works, there are several passages in *Adèle et Théodore* respecting kings, queens, princes, and courtiers, that made such an impression that my friends became alarmed, and it was stated in the English newspapers of the time, that I was put into the Bastile in consequence.\*

found in his *Essai sur les Romans*; it is powerfully written, and infinitely more severe than any thing I ever wrote. The other notice is able, ingenious, and witty, but contains many statements that a lady could not insert in works intended for the use of young people, for there are things so licentious in the novel itself, that no teacher could quote them to her pupils, and they are noticed by the critic with equal severity, judgment, and good sense.—(Note by the Author.)

\* This was a very exaggerated statement, like many others, on the alleged *despotism of the censorship*; for I can truly assert, that far from giving umbrage to the court, *Adèle et Théodore*, was very favourably received. In former times the censorship very properly restrained the publication of insolent attacks and seditious appeals, but never stifled a single moral and Christian truth. Let

“ Lastly, had I possessed the pride attributed to me, I should have formed acquaintance with the editors of papers, kept up a regular correspondence with literary men, published, like many others, *verses in my praise*, and the flattering letters I received; I should even have begged foreign suffrage, by sending my works to foreign princes, should have got myself nominated a mem-

any one peruse the good works of the time of Louis XIV. and of the last age, and he will find a virtuous boldness in them which has almost entirely disappeared since the revolution; for instance he will find that no preacher has spoken more forcibly against conquests and conquerors than Bossuet and Massillon; no literary man, more powerfully than Boileau and Jean-Baptiste Rousseau; but the same fact cannot be asserted of modern philosophers and of the *Encyclopedists*, particularly of M. de Voltaire, who, in his private letters (which have all been published) lavishes the vilest flattery, relative to war and the spirit of conquest, upon the Empress of Russia and Frederick the Great. It was to the King of Prussia, (who had sent him some pills,) that he addressed the following infamous lines:—

Enfin, je vais être purgé  
Par la main royale et chérie,  
Qu'on vit, bravant le *préjugé*,  
Saigner l'Autriche et la Hongrie.

The fear of shedding human blood is a *prejudice*, and the comparison of the carnage of battles with *blood letting*, a very poetical and graceful image! . . .—(Note by the Author.)

ber of several foreign academies, from which ladies are not excluded, &c. &c. Instead of all this, I never had any connexion with journalists, never sent my works to foreign princes, never made a display of the private testimonials of goodwill and esteem which I received. I never boasted but of one mark of respect paid me, which had nothing to do with literary qualifications, but which necessarily affected my heart; that was a deputation sent me by the six companies of tradesmen of Paris, with an address signed by them, returning me their thanks for having written my work, entitled, *Course of Education for the Children of the working classes*. I felt proud at being the first author who had written a work on the education of a class so interesting, at that time so despised, so much flattered afterwards, and so degenerate at the present day. I never was a member of any academy. I was so far from keeping regular correspondence with authors, and was so overwhelmed with letters, that several years before the revolution, I received none that came by post, so that all foreigners who wrote to me after that period, were very little pleased at my politeness, for they probably knew not (though I had mentioned the circumstance in a note to one of my works) that this was an in-

variable sacrifice I imposed upon myself. From this statement of facts, it must be concluded that were I proud and desirous of dazzling successes and the breath of applause, my stupidity must be unexampled, for I surely did not act so as obtain the object held in view by such a disposition. No, I was too much struck, from my early youth, with the ills attendant upon this abominable vice, not to be able to protect myself from its snares; base envy, mercenary flattery, injustice, ingratitude, implacable hatred, such are the detestable fruits of pride. Alas! who has lived long in the world and reflected on passing events, and appreciates not the little value of the opinions of the great mass of mankind! There are but two suffrages worthy of desire by a feeling and upright heart, one's own conscience and the voice of friendship. I have seen so many brilliant names rising and disappearing, I know so many more which will soon undergo a striking change, or be altogether annihilated; I have so well known all the secret springs employed by base intrigue, for the purpose of obtaining a certain but ephemeral celebrity; I have seen this vain desire give rise to so many falsehoods, so many black designs and villainous intrigues, that without any trouble or effort on my part, I have been able long since to rely upon the tes-

timony of my own conscience, and to rest satisfied with my own approbation. In fact, whoever reads my works with attention, will certainly recognize all the characteristics of truth and invariable impartiality; and the proof of it is, that there is something in every one of them to displease all parties."

I have thought that the preceding detail, far from being unsuitable to these memoirs, ought necessarily to have found a place. I shall again take up the thread of my narrative.

I was much beloved at Hamburgh, which is one of the most hospitable cities in Germany; but this did not prevent libellers from going on with their calumnious charges against me, which, as is well known, prove nothing, and which were so destitute of foundation, and became so extravagant that they excited nothing but contempt and indignation. Some instances of this will enable the reader to judge of the whole; in one of these books I was said to have been seen along with the Count de Potocki at the theatre, dressed as a footman; in another, that I had been in Switzerland to marry M. Necker, who had become a widower; and in an article dated Hamburgh, inserted on the third *Floreul*, in the paper called the *Spectateur de Paris*, an anonymous writer

makes me and a person I have not the honour of knowing, to be one and the same individual ; he calls me the *çi-devant Comtesse de Flahault Genlis*, not knowing that these two names indicate two different persons, who are noways connected with each other. What reliance can be placed on the statements of calumniators so ill-informed, and who make such ridiculous blunders.\*

After having suffered so much, I found myself as happy as I could expect, with the painful recollection of shocking events of such recent occurrence. I was very intimate with Madame Matthiessen and the whole of her family. Her son, one of the most eminent merchants of Hamburgh, by his high character, excellent disposition, large fortune, and the esteem in which he was held, became in love with my niece Henriette de Sercey, and his mother asked her in marriage for him. I spoke to Henriette, who replied, that she willingly consented to the offer, as he was one of the most estimable men she knew. I required however, that they should both reflect upon the matter for the space of six months. My niece was twenty-one years of age, and M. Matthiessen forty-four, when they were married at the expiration of the six

\* These blunders I have seen renewed in the *Biographie des Contemporains*.—(Note by the Author.)



months. I declared on the day of their marriage, in spite of the regrets of my niece and the obliging offers of M. de Matthiessen, that I would not remain with them, either at Hamburgh or Sielk. Nothing could dissuade me from this resolution, for I wished to prevent any one imagining that I had married my niece to a merchant from any views of personal interest. The great merchants in this commercial city were at the head of soicety, and M. Matthiessen was one of their most worthy members, from his virtues and high character. The separation from my niece left a great void in my heart, for Henriette is one of the worthiest persons I ever knew; to an excellent heart, she joins pleasing accomplishments, a clever, delicate and well-cultivated mind, perfect evenness of temper, and great liveliness and good-nature; no friend can be milder, more lively, or agreeable.

I set out for Berlin eight days after this marriage, and went immediately to live with Made-moiselle Bocquet, who kept the first boarding school in the city. She was about forty years of age, was tall, handsome, and would have been still beautiful, had her complexion not been extremely bloated; she had large black eyes of great brilliancy and expression; there was a certain sternness in her look which she knew how to

soften down when she was in good humour, and the expression of her countenance was then thought very animated and lively. She was very clever, knew French perfectly well, wrote well in it and composed very pretty verses ; her disposition was violent and imperious, and all her feelings in extremes ; she hated and loved with equal violence, and her friendship displayed all the susceptibility, imperiousness, and jealousy of love. She had become violently attached to me from reading my works, and received me with open arms. I was delighted with her conversation and the reception she gave me, and immediately found myself at home. Her acquaintances consisted of the most agreeable and clever persons in Berlin ; amongst the rest were M. M. Hermann, father and son, M. Ancillon, M. Mayet, director of manufactures, of a French emigrant family, a very clever and agreeable man, and the writer of many pleasing pieces of poetry. He wrote a great many for me ; but of these I shall only give the following stanzas :—

Il est au ciel une déesse  
Assemblage heureux de bonté,  
De force d'âme, de sagesse,  
De Modestie et de fierté.

Dans tous les beaux arts elle brille !  
Faites lui prendre, à votre choix,  
Le pinceau, la plume ou l'aiguille,  
Un chef-d'œuvre naît de ses doigts.

Lorsque la harpe ravissante  
Se fait entendre dans les cieux,  
Du nectar la coupe énivrante  
S'échappe de la main des dieux.

Ce fût elle qui dans Ithaque,  
Sous la figure de Mentor,  
Forma le jeune Télémaque  
Aux vertus du beau siècle d'or.

On ne la peint pas dans cet âge,  
Qui fuit si vite et sans retour,  
Où la fraîcheur d'un beau visage  
Est le seul droit à notre amour.

Mais sous les fruits dont se décore  
L'immortel été de ses ans,  
L'œil enchanté découvre encore  
Toutes les fleurs de son printemps.

Pâris jugea comme un jeune homme,  
Séduit par un éclat trompeur :  
Ah ! Minerve auroit eu la pomme,  
Si Pâris avoit eu mon cœur.

Mais à ce mot, chacun observe  
Qu'avec tous ces traits embellis,  
Le portrait flatté de Minerve,  
N'est qu'une esquisse de Genlis.

Lit-on Genlis, chacun désire  
De la voir, de l'interroger ;  
La connoît-on, notre délire  
Ne permet plus de la juger.

Several other persons of what was called the French colony, or the refugees, wrote verses very successfully, particularly Madame Reclam, a friend of Mademoiselle Bocquet.

I became very intimate with three charming ladies among the boarders, one of whom was Mademoiselle Gerlach, as beautiful as an angel ; and I taught them to make artificial flowers. Mademoiselle Bocquet had a brother, a clergyman of great learning, and a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin ; his wife was a fine young woman, very pleasing by her talents, good-nature, accomplishments, and manners ; she had a fine voice and sung delightfully. M. Bocquet was fond of the arts and sciences, and played well on the piano, so that we had very agreeable parties ; my harp delighted Mademoiselle Bocquet, and I played on it as long as she wished, and we had concerts regularly every evening. I enjoyed every comfort in the house of Mademoiselle Bocquet, who displayed for me every attention that could be expected from the warmest and most affectionate friendship. I was very glad that I had come

to Berlin; the only objection I had to make to my situation was, that Mademoiselle Bocquet made me see too much company, and took up too much of my time; but every thing is pardoned in favour of friendship, and I willingly gave up a part of my studies for her sake. I had again begun to write parts of my *Vœux Teméraires*. Besides my other studies I began to read German novels, which I did regularly every day with Mademoiselle Bocquet; she made me completely conversant with the language, for I had already learned it from a teacher while at Belle Chasse.

Lunatics seemed to cross my path wherever I went, for I had fallen in with the interesting Antonia and the unfortunate M. Smith, and had not been more than a few days in the house of Mademoiselle Bocquet, before I discovered that she had a sister completely silly, but who was said to be always extremely peaceable. She lived in the apartment adjoining mine, with only a simple partition between us, and I confess that the noise she made during the night gave me great alarm; but as I had the peculiar quality of gaining the affections of all mad people, I made a strong impression on the heart of this poor girl also. I often met her in the passages, while she was going out to walk, when she always rushed forward to em-

brace me, and I soon became the theme of her nocturnal reveries, for almost every night she called me with a loud voice, and gave me the most tender names. One evening I desired her sister to come and listen to what she said, which she did, and laughed heartily at her warmth of language, but perceived, at the same time, that it was necessary to remove her from her present abode to secure my quiet, and it was accordingly determined that she should be sent to board in another house. To persuade her to consent, she was told that when she *behaved quietly*, she would be allowed to come and dine with us occasionally, and she was at table with us the day of her departure. She would have a seat beside me, while Madame Bocquet was on the other side, and during the former part of the dinner, all passed off very quietly, only she would constantly put half of every thing she received upon my plate ; but towards the conclusion I saw plainly that she was in ill-humour, and was casting menacing looks towards Madame Bocquet, for she had become jealous of her friendship for me. She did not follow us when we returned to the drawing-room after dinner, but we had scarcely sat down before Jenny, a niece of Mademoiselle Bocquet, (who lived with me afterwards,) rushed into the room, shut the door

hastily, and bolted it, while she held in her hand an enormous stopper belonging to a chrystal decanter. Upon our asking what was the matter, she told us that she had seen the mad girl suddenly lift up the stopper, and on being asked what she was going to do with it, she had said that she was going to throw it at *that insolent little Bocquet*, who had charmed my heart away. This account greatly alarmed us. Her sister went immediately to her, and found her in a furious fit of rage and madness. She was obliged to be taken to her house by force, where she was kept in penance for more than a fortnight, but she made so many promises of good behaviour that she was allowed to return, but only as a casual visitor, and in the absence of Madame Bocquet. Her fondness for me still continued, and she brought me little presents from time to time, amongst the rest, a pair of mittens she had knitted for me. That they might have something peculiar, she took it into her head to work a little stocking in miniature on them, which was exceedingly well done, and the whole was a masterpiece of labour and extravagance. I had given orders not to allow her to come into my room, unless when she was accompanied by her sister; but one day she passed through without being remarked by the servants, and I saw her

suddenly appear in my room, and shut the door at her entrance. I was making some straw plait when she approached, and notwithstanding her usual wildness and inattention, she perceived a strong expression of alarm on my countenance, which displeased her, and she said to me with a menacing tone: "Are you afraid of me?" The flashing of her eyes raised my terror to the highest pitch; but I endeavoured to conceal my emotion, and said two or three good-natured things that softened her a little, but did not altogether calm her fury. She looked at my work, and laying hold of my scissors on the table, she said with a bitter smile, "I have a great mind to cut all that to pieces! . . . ." I was alarmed at this, but still maintained my presence of mind, told her that I should never be afraid of her, and that I had the utmost reliance on her; this completely quieted her wild fancies, and she gave me back the scissors, asking in return for a book she saw on my shelf, which she laid hold of; but while she was doing this, her sister came in, and took her away without any difficulty.

I had been six weeks at Berlin, when M. Mayet came one day to inform me, that he knew, from undoubted authority, that the emigrants who enjoyed the king's favour, were employing all their



influence to get me sent out of the kingdom. The king was the father of the one now on the throne, and was an ardent admirer of music; and what some of the emigrants mostly feared in my residence at Berlin, was my performance on the harp, which was much spoken of; and as the king showed some curiosity to hear me, this was sufficient to excite such fears as to urge them to make every effort for my removal. An accidental circumstance, likewise, powerfully assisted their designs. At Berlin then resided the Abbé Sieyes, whom I did not know, not even by sight; I hated all that I knew of his political conduct, and all that I had read of his works, so that I had no kind of connexion with him whatever. While looking out one morning for some person of his acquaintance in our neighbourhood, he entered our house by mistake, but remained a considerable time in trying to obtain some information concerning the person he wished to see. It was reported, that he had been at Mademoiselle Bocquet's, and this mistake was held out to be a visit he had paid to me. The king was informed of it, and believed the story, while Madame de \*\*\*, (with whom I never had the smallest connexion,) presented a memorial to the king against me, in which I was held up in the most odious light,

as having powerfully contributed to the revolution, and being capable of overthrowing the government of *Brandenburgh and Prussia*. After reading the memorial, the king said these identical words: that *he would not banish me from his library, but that he would not allow me to remain in his territories*. In consequence of this, he sent me a police officer at twelve o'clock, with a written order, which he showed me, informing me that I must set out from Berlin, and the king's territories in two hours' time, and that he had orders to go with me to the frontiers. This was a real thunderbolt—sent away in this public manner, it was to be expected that every one would think that such a violent measure could only have been adopted on account of very singular and culpable conduct on my part, and that I should be received nowhere else afterwards. I felt this misfortune more keenly at this moment, because Mademoiselle Bocquet had just entered into an excellent agreement with a bookseller for the sale of my *Vaux Temeraires*, not more than a fourth part of which was yet finished. I had still eighty louis in money, for besides the *Knights of the Swan*, I had sold my *Precis de Conduite* for a hundred louis, and had received six hundred francs for some poetical pieces, which I printed at Ham-

burgh, including the lines entitled *Épître à l'Asile que j'aurai*. I had written the latter at an inn at Hamburgh, where I had sat up all night, on account of the disgusting state of the bed assigned to me. Mademoiselle Bocquet offered to lend me any sum of money I wanted, but I declined her generous offer. To this unexpected and unmerited persecution, I displayed nothing but unalterable courage and coolness ; but Mademoiselle Bocquet burst into tears, as did all the young ladies of her establishment, and even the very servants of her household. This affecting scene brought to my recollection my departure, in a similar way, from Bremgarten ; and I reflected, that a person is not altogether without consolation, who is so fortunate as to be thus beloved. Meanwhile the officer, with his watch in his hand, was urging my speedy departure, when Mademoiselle Bocquet took me aside, sobbing very bitterly, and told me that she was afraid I was going to be shut up in the fortress of Landau, in which case all my papers would be seized, and though they would be found perfectly harmless, they would not be given back to me, and she therefore advised me to leave them in her care, as she had the means of keeping them in safety, if by accident a search should be made for them in her house. I left them all in her care,

along with the greater part of my baggage, several boxes, my harp, my music, and the half of my linen and clothes, for I had purchased a great many things while at Hamburgh; in fact, I could not help leaving them, for I had no carriage to set out with, the minister's order requiring me to set out immediately, at my own expense—a singular act of despotism, which made Mademoiselle Bocquet think that the object of government was to send me to a fortress. As I had no time to seek for a carriage, I accepted the first I could get, which was one that a neighbour of ours (M. Parandier) had the kindness to lend me. It was a small sort of open chariot, that held four persons. I took nothing with me but a portmanteau. Mademoiselle Bocquet came with me during the first stage, for the purpose of ascertaining the road taken by the carriage, that in case I was taken to Landau, she might immediately employ her own and her friends' influence, to take every step necessary to procure my liberation. She wished also, that when she left me, her nephew should accompany me to Hamburgh.

When Mademoiselle Bocquet, her nephew, the officer and I left the house to enter the carriage, the street was completely crowded with people attracted by curiosity to see an unfortunate emigrant lady

carried off by the orders of the government. I was pleased with the universal expression of sympathy displayed towards me by the multitude. As the officer did not know a word of French, his presence was no restraint upon our conversation : at the end of the first stage I parted with Mademoiselle Bocquet with heartfelt emotion, and I could not be otherwise than sincerely grateful for the numberless proofs of friendship she had shown me : her nephew still accompanied me. The police officer was a very good kind of man ; he had orders to pay his own expenses, which I would not suffer, but made him always sit down to table with us, and this conduct he considered *very gracious* ; he took a liking for me, and told me that he did not know why I was sent away, but that it was certainly not for *evil intentions*. I had orders to travel to the frontiers without stopping, except for meals. We were forced to spend one night on the road, and as it was now the end of autumn, the weather was cold, and the carriage was completely open. On setting out I had been lent a thick cloth great coat and an umbrella ; but at night-fall a heavy shower of rain came on, and though I could have kept it off with the umbrella, the sides of the road were bordered with hedges and high bushes, that we were continually brushing against, so that

we were completely soaked with the rain that poured from the branches. I was so completely wet and benumbed at twelve at night, that I persuaded the officer to stop half an hour at a woodman's hut we came to in passing through a forest. In this hut there was a small stove, and a strong smell of tobacco ; but as it was warm, I felt quite comfortable, dried myself as well as I could, and yielded to the officer's entreaties by drinking a few drops of brandy which warmed me completely : we again set out, and early next morning reached the frontiers. The officer felt such good-will for me, that he wished to conduct me to Hamburgh : I thanked him for his kind offer, which, as may well be imagined, I did not accept. He had given me notice that he had orders on leaving me at the frontiers, to show me a paper on which I was to promise never to return back to Prussia. I told him, that as I could not write German, I would write it in French, and I have already stated that he did not understand a word of that language. On the paper he handed to me I wrote as follows :

*Malgré mon goût pour les voyages,  
Je promets, avec grand plaisir,  
D'éviter, et même de fuir  
Ce royaume dont les usages  
N'invitent pas à revenir.*

These verses the officer received with great simplicity, thinking I had written as he desired me, and gave them to the minister of state, who laughed greatly at the idea. The lines became known, and were inserted in several newspapers. The nephew of Mademoiselle Bocquet did not leave me till I reached Hamburgh, and even staid there two days; at his departure I gave him a letter of eight pages for his aunt, informing her that I was received with open arms at Hamburgh, notwithstanding my unlucky adventure at Berlin. I went to board with a widow, who charged me rather high, as I had no time to make my choice. Three weeks afterwards, Mademoiselle Bocquet sent me by coach all my manuscripts, and a trunk with the rest of the baggage in the charge of her niece, a girl of sixteen, named Jenny Riguet, whom I have already spoken of, and whom she desired me to keep with me as my attendant and companion as long as I liked, under the sole condition of not speaking to her about religious topics, as she was a Protestant. This promise I made and faithfully kept. Jenny had a fine face, a clear complexion, and a handsome shape, with all the innocence of her age; a mild disposition, unaffected talents, and a feeling heart. She possessed a peculiar charm to my regard from the first mo-

ment, that of a delightful tone of voice, a thing very rare of itself, but more particularly so with her countrymen; in her mouth I thought the German language sweet and harmonious. She knew French pretty well, and wrote it tolerably, with the exception of a few errors in grammar. She was the daughter of a merchant of Magdeburgh, and had been brought up in the bosom of opulence till the age of sixteen, when she was left destitute and an orphan.

I was very happy at seeing my niece Henriette again. She led a charming life at Hamburgh, by the fortune of her husband, and the estimation in which he was held, and the elegant manner in which she did the honours of her house. No where could be seen more politeness, grace, or dignified manners; she was beneficent without display, and extremely kind to the emigrants: in addition to these excellent qualities, she was well informed and highly accomplished; she was excellent in more than one kind of painting, had a delightful voice, sung well, knew English, Italian, and German; performed whatever she undertook with miraculous cleverness and skill, and lastly, was distinguished for the elegant style of her composition. During her education, I had given her subjects to write on, as I did to my other pupils; but



as she remained a much longer time with me, she surpassed them all in this accomplishment. She was aided in acquiring a proper style of composition by an ingenious idea of her own. When she was copying my works, she desired me to make only one stroke across the words I erased, that she might be able to read them and inquire the causes of their alteration; and for a short time I explained to her why I had altered such and such a phrase, but I soon told her to find out for herself the reason of the alterations, which she could almost always do correctly, and the assistance which the practice afforded in forming her mind and her style can scarcely be imagined. During the whole of the time I resided at *Brevel* and *Berlin*, she wrote me regular letters, written on large paper with a wide margin, and at her request I wrote my answers on the same paper, correcting and criticising her letters, which I sent back to her, and this formed my answer. What is most worthy of admiration in this conduct of hers, is the modesty that taught her that she was in want of lessons, at the time she was universally admired for her talent and style of composition. At this period she made me three presents that pleased me greatly; a collection of medicines in a beautiful mahogany chest, which I afterwards gave to

Mademoiselle Bocquet ; a box of English colours, and a beautiful English writing-desk, full of instruments of the finest workmanship. All the different instruments I gave away one by one, but I kept the writing-desk, which I still have, and on which I wrote almost all the works I have composed since it was given me.\* At Hamburgh, I became acquainted with a charming lady, at that time only twenty years of age, named the Comtesse Cordelie de Wédercop ; she was beautiful, highly accomplished, graceful, and good-natured. As I had formed a wish to reside in a cottage in Holstein, she engaged to choose me one in the neighbourhood of her country-seat. She left Hamburgh before me, and wrote me in a few days after, that she had found exactly what I wished for. I had scarcely any money remaining, and the *Vœux Téméraires* were so far from being finished, that I had three-fourths of the work to write, so that I had nothing to sell to the booksellers. The conditional bargain I had made at Berlin was broken by my departure. In this difficulty, I thought of selling *Les Vœux Téméraires* to Henriette ; I could have sold them at Berlin for three hundred livres, but asked no more than one

\* M. de Valence asked me for this writing-desk, and I gave it to him.—(Author.)

hundred from my niece, and only fifty in ready money, with an agreement that she should pay me the balance when I gave her the manuscript, and that she should get it published at her own expense and for her own account. She considered this bargain as extremely disadvantageous to me, and wished to give me more; but I would not agree to it. During my stay at Hamburgh I saw Pamela and her husband, who came thither on purpose to see me. I perceived that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had imbibed very exaggerated opinions concerning political liberty, and was very hostile to his own government. I was afraid that he was embarking in hazardous enterprizes, and spoke to Pamela to advise her to use her influence over him to dissuade him from them, when she made me an answer worthy of remembrance. She told me that she had resolved never to ask him a single question relative to his affairs, for two different reasons; the first, because she would have no influence over him on such a subject; and secondly, that if his enterprizes were unfortunate, and she was examined before a court of justice, she might be able to swear on the gospel, that she knew nothing about his affairs, and should therefore be exposed to neither of the shocking alternatives, of bearing evidence against him, or of swearing a false oath. I admired this answer, which was, in

fact, beyond her experience and her age. This visit increased, if possible, the affection I felt for her. Amidst all the gaiety of youth and the splendour of beauty, she had acted with the most exemplary propriety ; she had been four years married, and was adored by her family, by her husband, and even by one of his uncles, who had made her personally a present of a fine country seat. She had one boy, whom she nursed herself ; she was eight months *enceinte* on her arrival at Hamburgh, where she was delivered of a daughter, whom she likewise nursed, and this event detained me six weeks longer in Hamburgh. She had shown me the strongest proof of friendship, by hastening to Hamburgh in the state she was in, I thought her more charming than ever, so that I parted from her with great sorrow, particularly when I reflected that her husband was about to engage in dangerous enterprizes.

M. de Valence had the goodness to take me into Holstein. We went to Dolrott, the country seat of Madame de Wédercop, where he stayed three days, but I was kept for five weeks, which I spent very agreeably. Madame de Wédercop was charming in every respect, and displayed towards me the care and attention of the most affectionate daughter. Of this the following is an instance :

I was astonished on my arrival at the country seat, with the apartment assigned to me. It was of uncommon size and beauty, and there was a toilet in it that was silver mounted and of singular magnificence; and next day I discovered that Madame de Wédercop had thought proper to give me up her own apartment. It may well be imagined that I did not retain it, though I had a strong contest to sustain to persuade her to take her own room. To feel the full value of such kindness, a person must have been exposed to the sudden loss of fortune, rank, and country, and all the desolateness of emigration. M. de Wédercop was young, agreeable, well-informed, and very agreeable company: although they were both Protestants, they had received into their house a worthy emigrant priest, the Abbé Marie, who was a man of superior merit. In this country seat I saw the most eminent persons in the neighbourhood, whose company was highly agreeable. The mansion was very fine, and very elegantly fitted up. We performed a great deal of music; I played almost daily on the harp in the drawing-room, where I likewise composed several romances I have since published, the music of which I likewise composed, but have since lost.

During my stay at Dolrott, Madame de Wé-

dercop celebrated the nuptials of one of her cousins, and this gave us a succession of balls, fêtes, and all kinds of amusements during eight days, that particularly delighted Jenny. At length, Madame de Wédercop took me to my cottage, two short leagues from her country seat, at a place called *Brevel*. It was a real cottage of romance, and the inhabitants were the heroes of pastoral poetry. The house was thatched, but the interior was charming; besides, Madame de Wédercop had thought proper to fit up my apartment with all the care and nicety imaginable. I had two bed rooms, a charming little parlour with a stove in it, and a large dining room, which was also used by the owners of the house, who dined at a different hour from us. In all the cottages of this country there is always an apartment kept for a certain time for the use of strangers. The head of the family rents it till he becomes of an age suitable for leaving off personal labour, when he retires from business with a small annuity, takes possession of this apartment, and devotes the remainder of his days to ease and tranquillity; the farm and all his property he gives up to his heir, who works in his turn till he reaches a healthy old age. When I went to inhabit this cottage, the master of the

farm, called M. Pétersen, was in all the vigour of life; his property was worth more than two hundred thousand francs; his family consisted of his wife, a daughter nineteen years of age, named Léna, the most beautiful shepherdess I ever saw; and a son twenty-two years of age, who was also a true shepherd of poetry. The latter knew music well, played very agreeably on the flute, wrote very fine German poetry, and was as handsome as an angel. There was a servant at the farm who took care of the stables, and two servant girls to look after a large herd of cows. M. Pétersen and his son took care of the garden and the cultivation of the farm; Madame Pétersen and Léna managed the household affairs, while the beautiful Léna did not disdain to delve in the garden for more than an hour every day, but in a very singular manner, which I was told was invented by young peasant girls, who were not obliged to work in the fields. Léna sat and delved with a small and rather broad spade, with scarcely any handle, and thus did a great deal of work very quickly, and without being tired. I was fond of seeing her brother go past the house when he was going to the fields on his *stuhlwagen*; he had a noble Grecian countenance, like the idea

we form of Apollo ; and in fact, all the peasants of the country are the true shepherds of the finest pastorals.

Besides the ordinary occupations of the household, Léna and her mother performed many other kinds of work, such as making all the candles used in the house, and all the cloth required by M. Pétersen and his son. They hired women to do their washing, but they alone made all the butter used in the house, and all that was sent to market, which formed the principal part of the business of the farm ; but they did not make the butter in our way, for by the aid of a large machine, they made a very large quantity every day without being fatigued ; and, in fact, the machine required so little application of strength, that Jenny and I amused ourselves by making butter every evening.

At Brevel I had an opportunity of learning a singular superstition, which I have never seen any where else. One morning, shortly after our arrival at the farm, I perceived a bird's nest on the top of the cottage, which surprised me by its shape and size. I was told that it was a stork's nest ; and as I felt an inclination to take a drawing of it, I desired M. Pétersen to bring it to me, when he exclaimed against such a deed, and told me



that these birds were held in such high estimation through the whole country that a tumult would arise in the village if one of their nests was destroyed, and that, at any rate, it was believed that they always brought good luck to the houses on which they built their nests. In this province we again see the existence of a feeling once universal among the ancient Greeks, who had such a great respect for storks, on account of the sublime instinct attributed to the species. It is confidently said, that when the old birds lose their feathers, and suffer from the cold of winter, the young storks carry them into their nests, pluck out their own feathers to cover them from the cold, and bring them regular supplies of food. These birds thus unite the double instinct of paternal and of filial affection. It was from these causes (which are said to be well authenticated) that the Greeks put into their code the *law of the stork*, which obliged children to maintain their parents when they were in misfortune. A similar law was never known among Christians, for natural affection, strengthened in all its purest feelings by the precepts of the gospel, renders it wholly unnecessary.

Holstein belongs to Denmark, and under this purely despotic government live the happiest peasants on the face of the earth; they have all the

right of hunting on their property, and my board at M. Pétersen's consisted often of the most delicious red partridges I ever ate in my life. These peasants are highly respected ; the wealthy proprietors of the neighbourhood often go to visit them, and when they arrive, the farmers offer them tea, which they take along with them, and the whole is served up with great elegance in plate and china. I paid for my board three gold Fredericks, lodging and fire included. M. Pétersen made an arbour for me in the garden, covered with creeping plants, and he called it my arbour. He had two *stuhlwagen* horses with fine harness, and these he called my horses, because he was continually lending them to me to ride out. Léna attended me in the most obliging manner. She taught us to make lace, and I taught her and Jenny to make artificial flowers. Whenever I wanted any materials for work of any kind, I wrote to Henriette, and she sent them to me immediately, and never failed to send along with them all kinds of sweetmeats. The following winter was extremely severe, and as Henriette was alarmed for my health she sent me a cloak so warm and well-lined, that with it any one could safely encounter the most rigorous blasts of the north. Mademoiselle Bocquet had felt the same fear, and

sent me four such pairs of stockings as I never saw since: they were fine and smooth outside, excessively furred within, and nothing could be lighter, warmer, or more agreeable to wear, and Madame de Wédercop sent me pastry, cordials, and wine for Jenny, who had said she did not like to drink any thing but water. I mention these little incidents, because it can scarcely be imagined how agreeable they are felt to be in the situation I was in; I remember them as real benefits.

Speaking of presents, I ought to mention one that was offered in a very pleasing manner, and highly delighted me. The last time I was at Hamburg I again saw M. de Talleyrand-Perigord,\* who had just returned from America, and was on his way to Paris. I had been very intimate with him in London, whither he had fled at the beginning of the reign of terror, to escape from persecution, because he would not participate in any of the sanguinary transactions of that day. We remembered with great pleasure the evenings we had spent together, along with Mademoiselle and my niece, without any other person ever being admitted to our party. I never heard any one express himself more forcibly than he did against the excesses committed in France; it was he who

\* Now Prince Talleyrand.—(*Author.*)

related to us the tragical end of the virtuous Madame Duchâtelet, and the heroic courage displayed by the Duchess of Grammont in attempting to save her life. These melancholy accounts were sometimes enlivened by agreeable subjects of conversation, the charm of which arose from the pre-eminent talents of M. de Talleyrand. He was generally present at our little supper parties, *the praiseworthy economy* of which he was wont to praise with good humoured irony. One evening I gave a grand formal supper, to which all our friends were invited: when he saw the splendid array, he approached me and whispered into my ear, *I promise you that I shall not seem astonished*. No one could be more agreeable during the supper. He had written me several letters from America, requesting me always to insert *a great many proper names* in my answers. We were both of us delighted at meeting each other. I asked him if he was going to take any share in public affairs, to which he replied, that he was disgusted with them for the remainder of his life, and that nothing could possibly make him engage in them again. I am certain that he was sincere in what he said; but no men in this world know themselves so little as the votaries of ambition; they resemble lovers, who continually

mistake discontent and vexation for impartiality and unbiassed judgment. Some days before his departure, M. de Talleyrand asked me what orders I had for Paris, when I requested him to send me the work called *La Sagesse de Charron*; next morning I received a charming note from him, with the book I was desirous of, most elegantly bound, and of an *Elzevir* edition. It happened accidentally that he had this very book, which he kept at the sale of his fine library in London, and took always along with him, as he was very fond of it. I was very grateful for the sacrifice he made me; but this was not the first proof of friendship I had received from him, for he was in London at the beginning of the emigration, and having heard that I was in a convent at Bremgarten, he wrote to me to offer me *twelve thousand francs*. I declined his generous offer, but I shall never forget it.

To return to my cottage at Brevel; I was every day more and more pleased with the farmer and his family, whose attentions and kindness to me were unwearied. It depended on myself alone to spend all my time with Madame de Wédercop, at her château of Dolrott; but I was fond of my solitude, and nothing could withdraw me from it. Monsieur and Madame de Wédercop came to see me once a week, and after conversing for half an

hour I gave them a lesson of English. I taught them to read the English newspapers with ease, and that was all they wished to know. Madame de Wédercop came five or six times to take me in her carriage to see the environs of Brèvel, several of which are charmingly situated, amongst the rest, Pageroe, which I have mentioned in my tale of the *Malencontreux*,\* it was there that I saw roses grafted on an apple tree, and mingled with the apples. We likewise went to see several country-seats in the neighbourhood, one of which was inhabited by a widow lady, who, fifteen years before had received a challenge intended for her husband in his absence, had dressed herself in men's clothes, gone to the place of meeting, where she represented herself as her husband's brother, fought with pistols against his enemy, and killed him on the spot. The conversation and manners of this lady were very mild and unaffected. In this same province of Holstein there is a district called the Upper Marches, where the peasants are

\* "This little district is very populous. The stranger meets at every step, large farms inhabited by wealthy peasants, magnificent woods and picturesque situations. The beauty of the landscape is altogether wonderful; nothing more delightful can be found in Switzerland or England."—(*Contes Moraux, Le Malencontreux.*)

so wealthy, that all their wives wear jewels, have diamond marriage rings, and gold cups in their buffets. I was five leagues distant from Sleswig, to which Madame de Wédercop took me two or three times; in that town there was a viceroy, the Prince of Hesse, who had married the King of Denmark's sister. This prince was then about forty-five years of age, and was kind, pleasing, and well-informed. As he wished to see me, I went to dine at his court, where he received me with the most distinguished attention. He had a very beautiful library, the keeper of which received orders to lend me all the French and English books I asked for; and he sent me all the English newspapers, lent me splendid herbals, and beautiful drawings of flowers to copy, and was incessantly sending me oranges and excellent wine, with which I made presents to my neighbours. His children received a most excellent education; one of his daughters married the present King of Denmark. I might have received a great deal of company in my cottage, but with the exception of my friend Madame de Wédercop, and two or three persons she brought to see me occasionally, I declined every kind of visit whatever. I never was so busy in my life, as during these eighteen months. I performed music every day, painted

during two hours, and read for three hours, including the time Jenny read aloud to me, whilst I was painting. I read over for the second time the whole of the *Encyclopedie*, with the exception of the articles on mathematics and astronomy, and made farther extracts from it which I kept, as I did the former. I spent the rest of the day in writing, except an hour and a half, when I went out to walk. I felt no inconvenience with my residence but my distance from a Catholic church. There was one at Sleswig, but that was five leagues off; and as I had no other horses than those the farmers lent me, I could not go thither to hear mass more than once or twice a month. Jenny always went with me; but faithful to the promise I had given, I said nothing to her on religious topics, and gave her all the time she wanted to go to the Protestant church at Brevel, every Sunday, along with the farmer's family. At the end of six months, I perceived that she did not go so regularly to church as heretofore, and that she asked me a great many questions about the Catholic religion, which I endeavoured to avoid answering. For fifteen years I had a copy of the small Sacy Bible, which I have always carried with me since I left the Palais Royal. Jenny was much surprized at seeing me reading a portion of it every day, and



told me that the Protestants believed that we were not allowed to read the Bible, which was only permitted to our priests, and by the questions she put to me I saw that the Protestants report a great many falsehoods respecting the Catholics. This discovery made a great impression on her open and ingenuous mind. The farmer's son became violently in love with Jenny, who, contrary to my opinion, refused to marry him, for which he soothed his mind by writing innumerable pieces of poetry in her praise.

I there performed a literary effort that greatly fatigued me ; I was busy every morning in writing the *Petits Emigrés*, which I began and finished at Brevel, and every evening, I was occupied with the *Vœux Téméraires*, which I likewise finished, and these two works were copied by Jenny in proportion as they were written. Besides this, I wrote all the fables of my *Herbier Moral*. I never sat down to a writing-desk to compose verses, but made them either in my walks, or in bed when unable to sleep. I was so much subject to want of rest at Brevel that I dictated those fables to Jenny every morning before I rose. When the *Vœux Téméraires* were finished, Jenny came to say that she had a particular favour to ask of me that depended solely on myself to grant, and which

she held of great consequence ; she hesitated long when I desired her to speak out, and at last she threw herself at my feet in tears, and entreated me to change the catastrophe of the *Vœux Téméraires*, and not to make Constance die. It is strange that her proposal affected me instead of exciting my laughter, and after talking to her long on the necessity for the death of Constance, which I could not make her perceive, I yielded to her entreaties, and sincerely promised that I would bring her to life again. That very evening I attempted to alter the *denouement*, but never made it supportable. I told Jenny so next day, and showed her the alterations I had made ; I talked to her for two hours, and finally, persuaded her to give up the promise I had made, and to allow the death of Constance, by showing her that if I left her alive, she would be the most unhappy of human beings.

Meanwhile, the progress of time brought along with it so many sorrows and anxieties, that my health was undergoing a visible alteration. I learned by the newspapers the intrigues in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald was entering into in Ireland, and I soon ascertained that he was arrested, and that his wife had acted during these trying scenes in the most admirable manner. On the other hand, the situation of my brother gave

me the greatest alarm. I endeavoured to drive these thoughts from my mind as much as possible by giving up none of my occupations, for to them I could add nothing. I had the constant habit of speaking aloud when alone, and I carried this extravagance to such a pitch that my nerves were affected by the illusion. Before I asked for candles every evening I sent Jenny to her room, then opened the door of my little drawing room, as if I were receiving two or three visitors ; sometimes, in my fancy, it was my daughter and Mademoiselle d'Orleans ; sometimes Pamela, my brother, nephew, or niece, and at other times it was an imaginary friend whose character I depicted in my own mind for more than fifteen years before. I embraced these persons as they entered, took them by the hand, made them sit down beside my stove, round which I placed chairs, and conversed with them ; I spoke to them of my feelings, my situations, my fears, plans, and hopes ; when they replied by relating to me adventures much more surprising than mine, all connected with the fortunate chance that had given them a safe asylum in the neighbourhood of my cottage.

In this ideal scene, I never received more than two persons at a time, and often not more than one ; and it often occurred that I cried at these

conversations, which at last did me great harm by the excessive emotions they raised in my mind. Towards the end of my stay at Brevel I read in the newspapers that a vessel going to Copenhagen had been shipwrecked, and that two Frenchmen, whose names were not mentioned, had been lost in it ; I knew that my brother and nephew were on their way to Denmark by sea, and I had no doubt that it was they who were lost. This idea completed my dejection of mind, and though I was undeceived in a few days, the dangerous shock had affected me. My nervous attacks became so violent that I was obliged to go to Sleswig to consult a physician. At this moment I did not enjoy the assistance of Madame de Wédercop's friendship, for that lady was herself overwhelmed with the most harassing anxiety ; the total ruin of her husband came suddenly upon her, at the moment she had not the least idea of it, but thought his affairs in the most prosperous state. All at once a troop of sheriff's officers and followers of the law pounced upon her country seat, to seize all the property, and to take M. de Wédercop. She had a fortune of her own, and was not bound by any of his engagements, yet she became answerable for every debt, and thus saved her husband ; she was thus involved in embarrassing cares of the

most troublesome nature, and was forced to undertake a long journey immediately, so that I saw her no more. She has written me several times since. I learned afterwards that this kind, feeling, and generous lady, had succeeded by means of enormous sacrifices in paying every one of her husband's debts. When she became a widow a few years afterwards, she married again. She is now at Stockholm, as happy as she deserves to be.

My nervous attacks became every day worse, and a slow fever likewise attacking me, I determined on removing to Sleswig, to stay at an inn, that I might have the assistance of the physician to the court of Prince Charles of Hesse. I unfortunately arrived at Sleswig at the very moment that a celebrated fair was held there, and could get nothing but a most uncomfortable apartment, separated only by a partition from a room inhabited by a young woman and her husband, who made a shocking noise at all times, and never returned to the house till two in the morning, when they produced an uproar scarcely to be conceived. It was all in vain that they were told that a dying person was in the next room, they paid no attention, and this increased my fever and other ills. M. Licht found this part of the house so dangerous to me, that he made me be taken on a mat-

trass to another chamber that had become vacant, and which was quieter. The Prince of Hesse had the goodness to send me a bathing-tub, and every thing he fancied I could be in want of. I had a nervous fever succeeded by a putrid one, which kept me in a most dangerous state for six days, though I constantly retained my recollection. Jenny would not allow me to have a nurse, for she acted instead of one with all the zeal and affection that she could have shown to the most beloved mother. She sat up eighteen nights with me without going to bed. The servants of the inn were very uncivil, and in critical moments when M. Licht had to be sent for, they could not be persuaded to go till they were paid very dearly for it, and that beforehand ; once, in the middle of the night, one of the servant girls asked a ducat to go for the doctor, and it was necessary to give it to her.

I was not mistaken as to my situation, but saw all its impending dangers, and thought of the means of getting a priest sent for. There was at the distance of four leagues from Sleswig a worthy ecclesiastic, who had formerly been chaplain to the Duke of Deux Ponts, and who had five or six thousand livres a year. He had settled there solely for the purpose of affording spiritual assistance to the Catholic inhabitants of the province,

who are pretty numerous ; and he kept horses that he might be able to attend them without delay. Jenny wrote to him, upon which he came immediately, gave me all the sacraments, and remained a whole day with me. I cannot express how much consolation I felt in his charitable visit ; but I was fully resigned to die, and had all the courage that can be inspired by religious hopes and a long course of misfortune. What gave me most sorrow was the idea of dying a stranger in a foreign land, in a remote inn, without the consoling cares of my niece, nephew, brother, pupils, or friends. This separation from all that I loved seemed to me the most deplorable desolation. Jenny sent to my niece and M. de Valence a daily report of my health written by M. Licht, and these reports were by no means flattering, but indicated a most dangerous disease and a most alarming crisis, and yet no one came to my assistance ! . . . . . But Henriette was not her own mistress, for she depended on the will of her husband. Yet I looked for her constantly, not only during the six days I was in the utmost danger, but during the whole three weeks my life was in the most precarious state. I had so much need of consolation and support, that I would have received with the kindest

friendship the merest acquaintance, who would have visited me during my illness. How dear did Jenny then become to me!—how grateful I felt for her tender cares! I desired her to call me her mother, that that soothing name might be heard by me at my last moments. The day on which I was at the worst, M. Licht did not leave me till nine o'clock in the evening. As usual, Jenny accompanied him to the staircase, and asked him at what hour he would return in the morning. He answered that he should not return at all, as I should not be alive at five o'clock; and he added, that a crisis could not even save me, for I had not the strength to contend with it. The state of Jeuny, on returning to my room, may be easily imagined. I was suffering greatly, and though I restrained my complaints, to prevent alarming her, I could not altogether prevent them escaping from time to time. She gave me some draughts to take every quarter of an hour, and I shall never forget the uneasy and frightened looks she cast towards me. Notwithstanding my profound affliction, I was greatly affected by it; in fact, she thought every moment I was about to breathe my last. In an interval of quiet, I heard her sobbing, and opening the curtain that hid her from my view, I saw her in the middle of the room, with



her back turned towards me, on her knees, with her hair dishevelled, her hands stretched out, and her head raised towards heaven. She was praying with the fervour of an angel, and I was surprised at seeing her kneeling, for the members of her sect do not pray in this posture; when I called her to me, she came in the utmost confusion, and threw herself on my bed, exclaiming: "I have vowed to God to become a Catholic if he preserves your life!" I pressed her in my arms, and burst into tears; it seemed to me that she had ransomed me from the powers of death, and restored me to life—the feelings of that moment can neither be described nor conceived!—— . . .

One hour afterwards a crisis came on, which I bore perfectly well; and when M. Licht was called in by Jenny, at seven in the morning, he declared that I was out of danger, and that my recovery was altogether miraculous. It was so in reality. Jenny is alive, and can testify to the scrupulous correctness of this statement. My convalescence was very long and tedious, for I was unable to leave my bed for more than two months. My niece came to see me, and to take me to Hamburg; the road we took was very agreeable; as we passed by Kiel, and I had the pleasure of seeing the Baltic sea, which I was delighted at being

enabled to mingle with my recollections of the Mediterranean. At Hamburgh I again went to live with the worthy widow, but I only remained a fortnight. The King of Prussia died, and I knew that the prince royal during his life-time had publicly blamed the treatment I had received. I had kept up a constant correspondence with Mademoiselle Bocquet, and she now entreated me earnestly to return to her house at Berlin, and advised me to write to the king in person. I followed her advice, and received, by the return of post, an answer from the king of the most gracious kind, authorizing me to return to Berlin, where *I should always find peace and safety*, and adding, that if I found any obstruction on the road, I might use his letter, which would serve instead of a passport. This letter I retain. Though still extremely weak, I immediately set out with my dear Jenny, and arrived at Berlin in safety, where Mademoiselle Bocquet received me with delight. She had prepared for me a charming apartment, immediately adjoining her own. I had a handsome chamber, and a large fine parlour, fitted up with all the attention of kind friendship.

My parlour had two doors, one leading into my chamber, the other leading to a private staircase that led to the court, so that I had two ways of

leaving my apartment. On the landing-place was a door, exactly opposite mine, leading to an apartment inhabited by an emigrant, who, as Made-moiselle Bocquet said, was of a solitary disposition, and knew none of the inmates of the house. I had received a present of two pots of fine hyacinths, and as I was afraid of the smell of flowers by night, and wished to leave my parlour door open to admit the fresh air, I took it into my head on going to bed, to place them on the landing-place between my neighbour's door and mine. Next morning I went to take in the flowers, and was disagreeably surprised at seeing my beautiful hyacinths cut in pieces, and scattered round the pots. I could easily guess that my emigrant neighbour was the author of this deed, which doubtless, in spite of French gallantry, the libels published against me had incited him to commit. As I did not wish to tell the incident that had occurred, I did not ask for any more hyacinths from the person who had given me the former, but I told a servant to buy me some; she could not find any, but brought me some other flowers with which I filled the pots, and pasted on one of them a slip of paper, with this notice: *Destroy my works, if you will, but respect those of God.* I put the pot in the landing-place, immediately before going to

bed, and was anxious next morning to ascertain the fate of my flowers; I hurried thither, and was highly pleased that the stranger had been satisfied with watering them. I took them into the parlour, and in placing them on a table, I perceived hanging from two of the flowers two green silk threads, each bearing a beautiful cornelian ring. The emigrant had been desirous of repairing the wrong he had done, and evidently knew that at this time I was forming a collection of little cornelian trinkets; I had rings of cornelian, seals, hearts, little boxes, &c. All my resentment was removed by this demeanour. The most singular thing was, that the emigrant went not a step farther, never wrote to me, did not ask to see me, sent no communication of any kind; I imitated his discretion and prudence, and this adventure formed the first and the sole connexion we ever had together.



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